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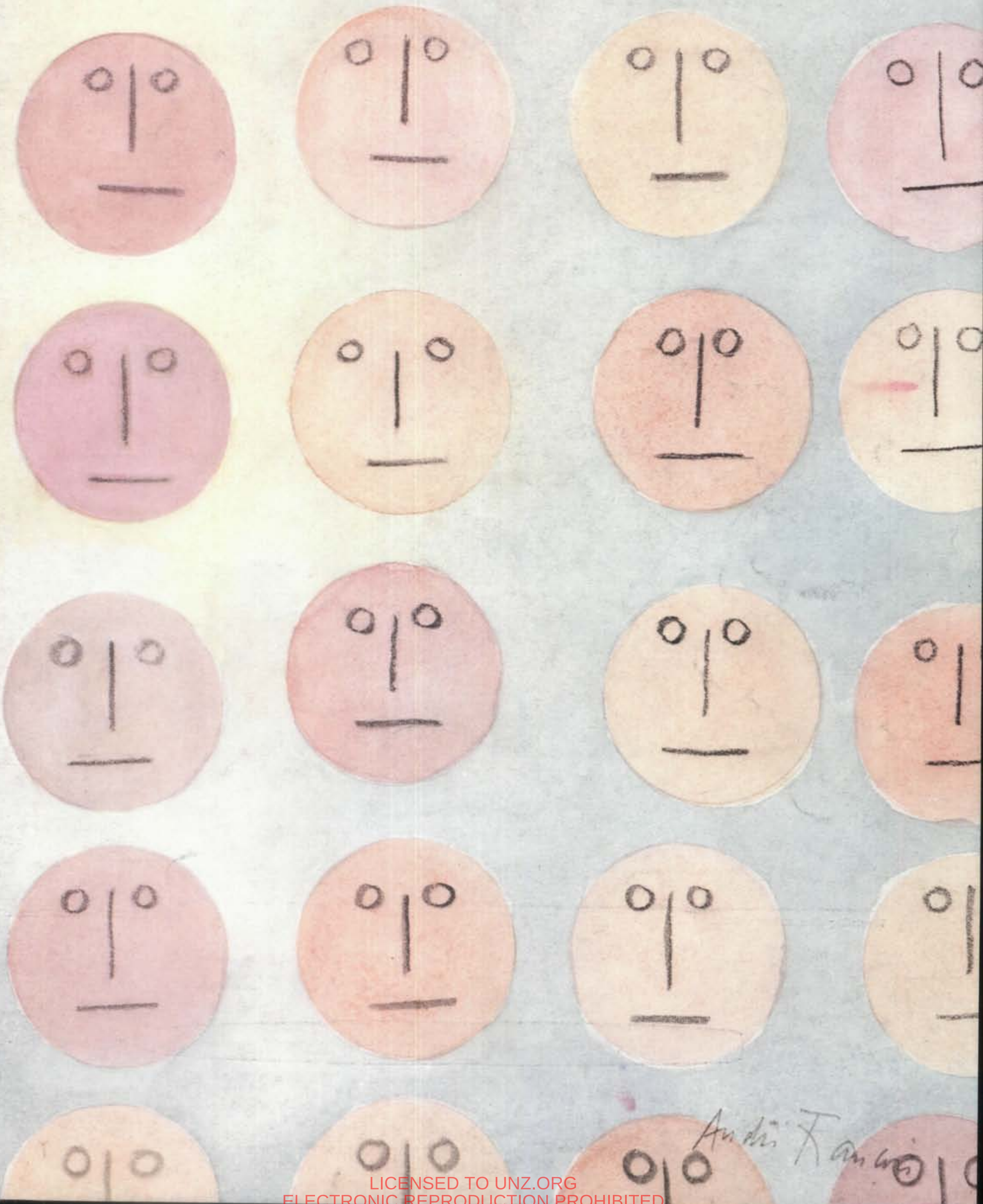
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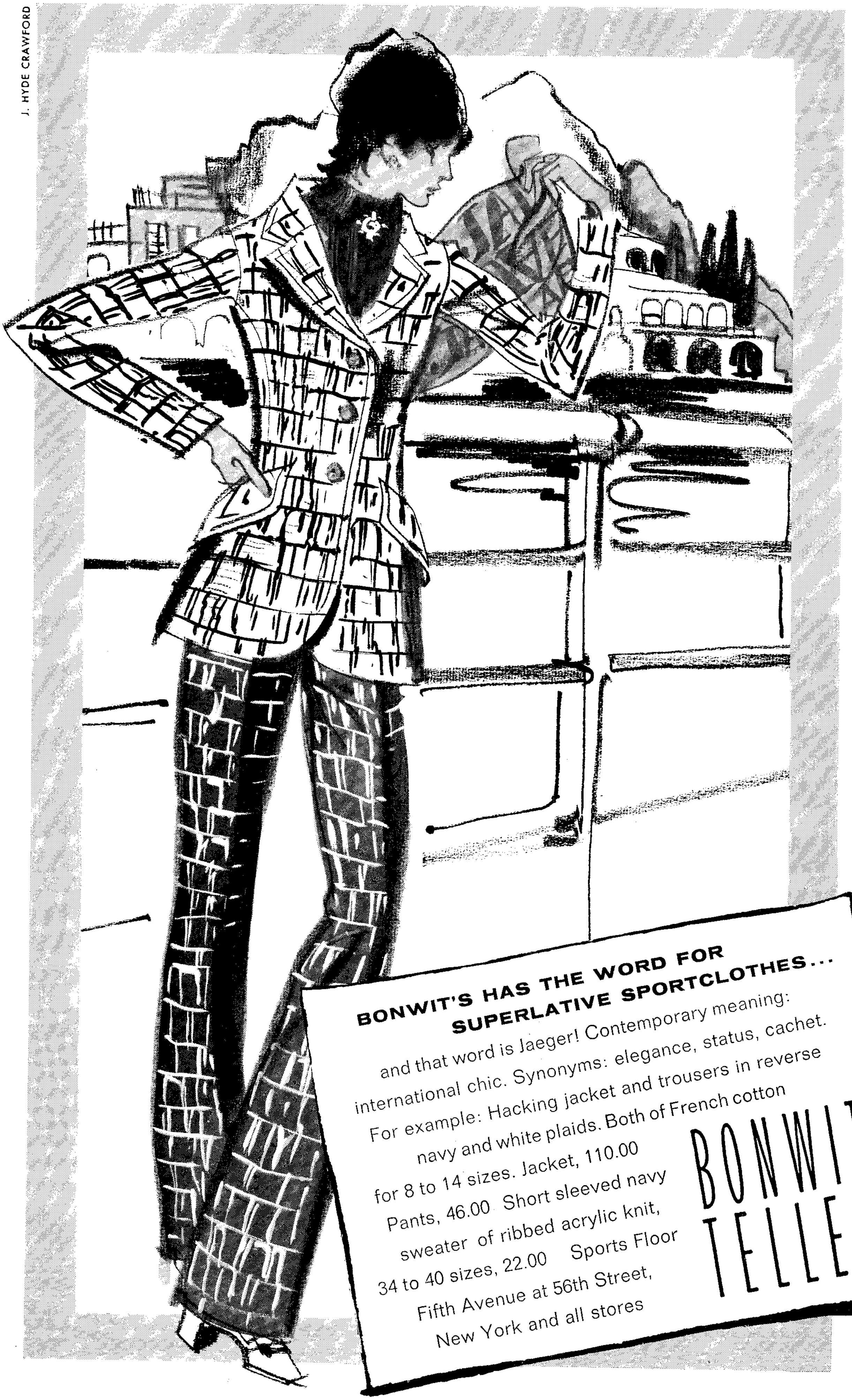

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—A violent and merry evening with Brendan Behan, brilliantly reincarnated by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—A pair of brief imports by a British playwright named Stanley Eveling. Their prevailing cuteness becomes quite exasperating at times, but they are literate and entertaining all the same. With Kevin O'Connor, Catherine Burns, and Penelope Allen. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Engagement Baby—Barry Nelson and Constance Towers in a comedy by Stanley Shapiro. The director is Gene Frankel. Previews through Wednesday, May 20. Opens officially on Thursday, May 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inquest—A mock-documentary about the spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Well acted by Anne Jackson and George Grizzard, but the roles they play are, as written, totally unconvincing. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moths—A play by Ralph Arzoomanian, with Philip Bruns. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 6.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Broadhurst 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rabelais—*A two-week engagement of the* Jean-Louis Barrault production, which he wrote and directed, and in which he stars. Opens Tuesday, May 19, and will run through Sunday, May 31. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of the 1924 George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy, **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**, will be the final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 13. Opens officially on Thursday, May 14, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, June 27. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... ¶At the Forum, in the same building: **LANDSCAPE** and **SILENCE**, two one-acters by Harold

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pinter. Each is an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are good, but the performances, with a couple of exceptions, are not. (Wednesday through Saturday at 8:45. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:45. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Room Service—Ron Leibman in a revival of the John Murray-Allen Boretz comedy. Directed by Harold Stone. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Shepherd of Avenue B and **Steal the Old Man's Bundle**—The first play of this double bill is by Lawrence Holofcener, and the second by Kenneth Pressman. Previews through Thursday, May 14. Opens officially on Friday, May 15, at 7. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

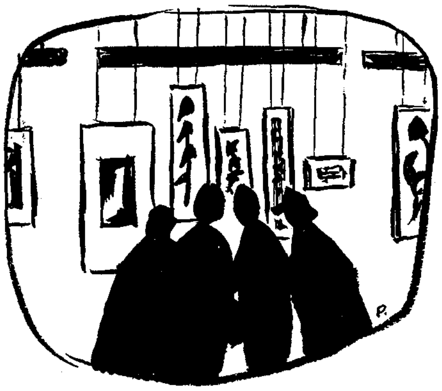
Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Voskovec, Billy Dee Williams, and Madeline Miller are the entire cast of this revival of William Hanley's play. Opens Wednesday, May 13. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the concept:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **forty carats:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the year. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan in a jaunty revival of the mock-musical of the early fifties, if you remember that far back. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Dean Jones, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Drunkard—A surprisingly jolly musical adaptation of that old Victorian nuisance. Songs by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to attractive samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—Supposedly about the Marx Brothers, whose reputations are ill-served. With Shelley Winters as their abounding mother, and with Lewis J. Stadlen doing an admirable imitation of Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mod Donna—A fierce, sporadically entertaining, but not very musical musical, which demonstrates and sets forth the ideas of the Women's Liberation movement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **the fantasticks:** I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother. He had spoken himself into boldness. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **fiddler on the roof:** Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly: —I am not thinking of the offence to my mother. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** —Of what, then? Buck Mulligan asked. —Of the offence to me, Stephen answered. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hair:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.) ... **promises, promises:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Tuesday, May 19, and Friday, May 22, at 2:30, and no performances those evenings.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they dance they will dance at the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.

Royal Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 13: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time" (première), and "Birthday Offering."...¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Romeo and Juliet." ...¶ Friday evening, May 15: "The Nutcracker."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 16: "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 17: "Giselle." ...¶ Tuesday evening, May 19: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time," and "Birthday Offering."...¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 20-21: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time," and "Birthday Offering."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 23: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 31.)

City Center American Dance Season—End of a spring series of appearances by seven companies. **LUCAS HOVING DANCE COMPANY** and **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, May 13, at 8: "Opus '69," "Aubade II," "Icarus," "Eidolons," "Dances in Projected Space," and "Harambee."...¶ Friday, May 15, at 8: "Icarus," "Satiana," "Opus '69," "Eidolons," "Dances in Projected Space," and "Harambee."... **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY** and **LOUIS FALCO AND COMPANY.** Thursday, May 14, at 8: "Footnotes," "Pain," "Caviar," and "Timewright."...¶ Saturday, May 16, at 2:30: "Excursions," "Cut Flowers," "Fatal Birds," "Caviar," and "Huescape."... **MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY.** Saturday, May 16, at 8: "Landscapes," "Intersection," "Proximities," and "Junk Dances." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Yvonne Rainer and Group—In a dance recital. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

Jean Léon Destiné—With his Afro-Haitian dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Negro Ensemble Company Benefit—An evening of entertainment by Godfrey Cambridge, Shirley MacLaine, Lena Horne, Nancy Wilson, Melba Moore, Leon Bibb, Chico Hamilton, Roy Ayers, Rosalind Cash and the Magnificent Men, and the N.E.C. and its student workshop. Music by Coleridge Taylor Parkinson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. Sunday, May 17, at 6. For information about tickets, call 265-7460.)

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1970," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Thursday, May 21, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. Al Kooper and his new trio will be here from Thursday, May 14, until Wednesday, May 20, when a rock group called Brass Buttons will arrive. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Joe Beck fingers a provocative electric guitar, while another musician assists him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

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Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A quintet paced by Bob Brookmeyer's valve trombone and Richie Kamuka's tenor sax is doing some lively things at the moment. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Oliver Jackson plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Name-dropping is essential when such men as Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Kai Winding, Budd Johnson, and Mousey Alexander are assembled under one wing and Benny Morton, Hank Jones, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman are assembled under another. The respective wing commanders are Eddie Condon and Buck Clayton; the music reaches toward the beginning. Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to seven-thirty for tea dancing, and every night but Sunday from then on until twelve-thirty or one for dining and dancing.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Charles Mingus quintet. The Lee Morgan quintet will open on Tuesday, May 19. Closed Mondays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—The Elmer Crumbley-George Clarke Chickasaw Syncopators (with Ray Tunia, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones) will play an eight-to-eleven session Sunday, May 17. Other music can be heard Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio entertains. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk's quartet (Kirk on several reeds) sometimes sounds as if it were afflicted with mass hyperthyroidism, but dig it. On Tuesday, May 19, the Roy Haynes quintet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday.)

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four, live entertainment of a folky sort, and meatless dinners.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds of Quarry alternate with high-powered recorded sounds until Wednesday, May 20, when Hamilton Face will move in. Sunday, May 17, from 2 P.M. until 2 A.M., there will be a benefit for the Hell's Angels' Defense Fund. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are available.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music, Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The mood is suave and the view is magnificent, and late dinners are available for those who are not too busy dancing. Things run until three or four

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

each night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, the Jesters Four come out and play and sing and so forth. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Are you looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen? Gentle reader, look no further. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the Foxey Ladies. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are billeted in this fine old Arabian city, where they produce music from nine until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. Ron Eliran, whose weapon is merely a guitar, compensates by being a pleasing singer of Israeli pop. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Mondays are holidays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The national treasury of humor known as Milton Berle, who is very much onstage in the Royal Box during dinner and supper, has unaccountably set his clock back thirty-five years, and some of his skits could set show business that far back, too. On Monday, May 18, Wayne Newton, perhaps a perennial boy wonder, starts singing and talking in place of Mr. B. The admirable purring sounds before and after the appearances of the main event are made by the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, the Men of La Mancha, tilt earnestly at windmills in the sky and blow pretty bubbles in the air. It may be the original definition of "quixotic." Every single night. . . . ¶ Juan Jimenez (guitar) and José Sordilla (tenor), the new flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

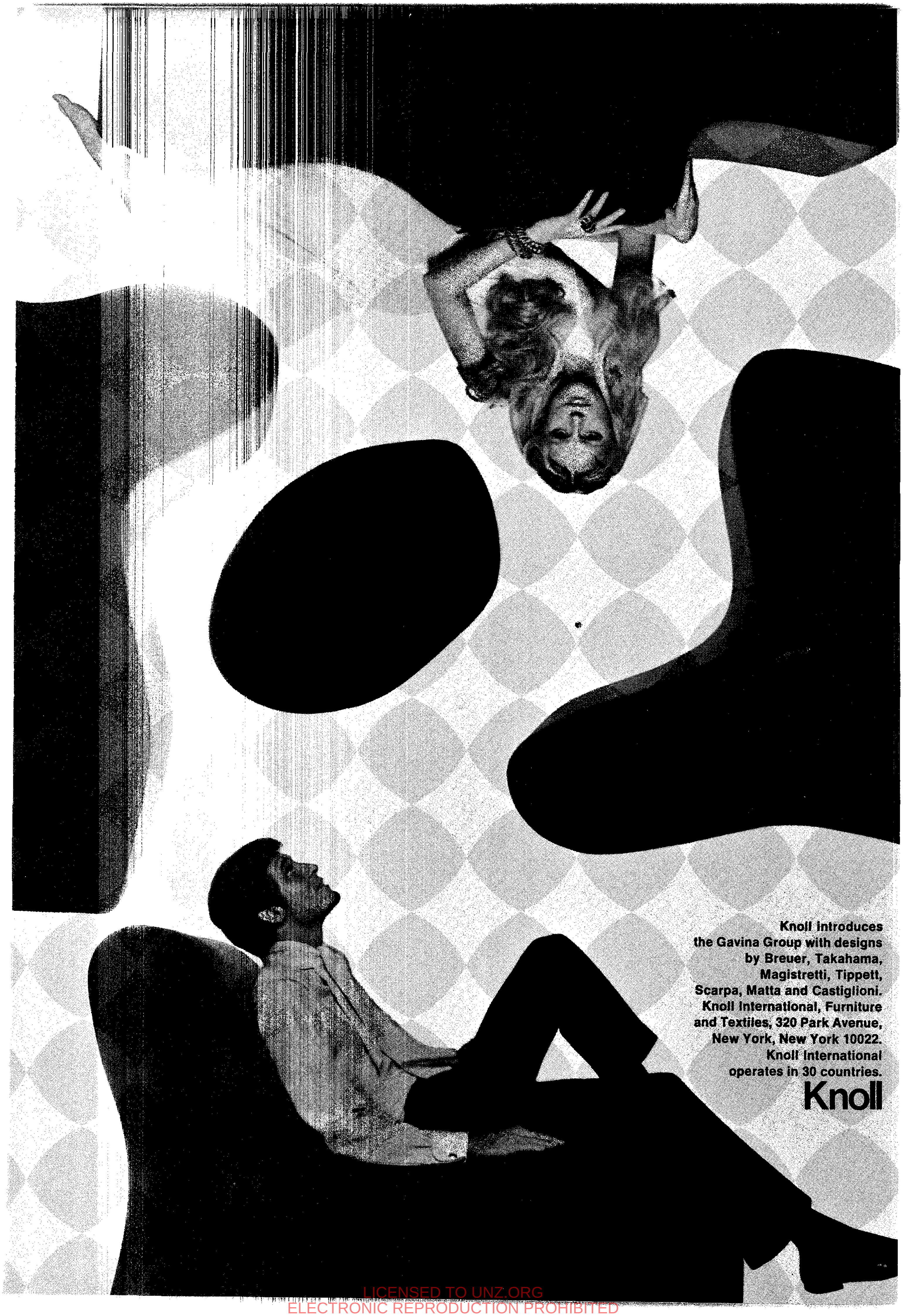
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Gospel truth is on the lips of the pearly Dionne Warwick, and so is the Romance language of Burt Bacharach. Enough said, even without the forthright jazz of Woody Herman's crew. On Thursday, May 14, the place will be taken over by Paul Anka, who sings for the youngest of our generations, and cleverly. Everyone works twice a night, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver, sort of a master builder for one band after another, is putting himself, his trumpet, his voice, and his men to pretty good use. The music won't let the best of the bygones be bygones—not a bad idea at all. Lou Stein's threesome is added, for very good measure. On Friday, May 15, a new cast of music-makers arrives, and Dakota Staton begins to sing. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan, the dinner and supper soprano of the Persian Room, has now gone quite a distance down the road to Nashville, but not beyond recall from Tin Pan Alley. On Wednesday, May 20, at ten-fifteen, Vikki Carr, another strong-minded caroller, will replace her. Two-a-night will be her routine thenceforward. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** the Ramsey Lewis trio is providing the food for thought; the music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive threesome. Dinner (and music) at eight, and supper, too, later on. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Felicia Sanders dramatization of any song makes it into a silk purse—not that she ever chooses anything that even resembles a sow's ear. This refreshment occurs during dinner and supper; the trumpet of Jonah Jones and the interplay of his sidemen (Cozy Cole among them) happen more often. On Monday, May 18, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Part II of a celebrated dynasty, starts singing in their stead. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Wednesday, May 20, is moving day in the Maisonette for the orchestras of Hal Turner and Quintero, as well as for benign Vaughn Monroe, the mellowed-by-time Voice of the Deep, who sings during dinner and again (only Friday and Saturday) during supper. Next evening's arrivals are Him, He & Me, a glee club with a distinct flavor of



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folk. A bundle of new dance musicians will also check in. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—John Davidson, a well-brought-up young man and a well-brought-up young singer, finishes his stay (dinner and supper) in the Empire Room on Saturday, May 16. On Monday, May 18, the Lettermen, a cheery choral crew, but of ironclad whimsicality, moves in. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo will continue to function smoothly for all occasions. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Almost the only word game in town, which is to say the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, who, along with his right and left bowers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, keeps the evenings bright, shiny, and sly. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): It's easy to get the impression that no one over twenty-one will be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but that would not be completely accurate; anyway, no one minds the scarcity of even semi-senior citizens. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit sort of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, suddenly goes operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock, though not at all on a Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (283-8439): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is casual piano every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. No sound on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is the property of George Feyer. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from six to midnight, Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Harmaty make musical sounds that are all tributaries of the Danube; Sundays and Mondays, during the same hours, a piano and bass discourse. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until after the theatre, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written and still being played as they should be. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, who for so many years dispensed well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating the act here from five to ten except on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has moved his pianoforte into this seaside resort, and he occupies the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

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ist; through Saturday, May 23. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Berger and Jason Crum—Plastic sculptural paintings by the former and oil paintings by the latter; through May 24. (Mindscape, 496 Broome St., at West Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Bill Bollinger—Fifteen large constructions which use industrial materials and most of which contain water; through Wednesday, May 20. (Starrett-Lehigh Building, nineteenth floor, 601 W. 26th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Check Boterf—Shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gandy Brodie—Expressionist paintings with figure and landscape elements; through May 28. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Caro—Abstract works by a leading British sculptor; through Thursday, May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Carsman—A first one-man show, consisting of Pennsylvania landscapes; through June 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Daum—Large freely painted abstractions; through May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Dorothy Dehner—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes, some with totemic suggestion; through Saturday, May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through May 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Robert Grosvenor—Three large painted wall sculptures; starting Thursday, May 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Harris—Figurative paintings by an old-timer; through Saturday, May 16. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St.)

Paul Harris—Lithographs and sculptures; through Thursday, May 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—Highly personal semi-Surrealist paintings; through May 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sheila Isham—Large cloud-like paintings; through May 30. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Paintings by a well-known constructivist; through May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Sheet-aluminum figurative sculptures, often witty caricatures; through June 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyman Kipp—Painted-steel sculptures; through May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Seven works in a series called "veil" paintings; through Saturday, May 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings by an influential Minimalist; through May 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Micossi—Views of Venice in colored etchings; through Thursday, May 21. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Joan Miró—New bronzes and ceramics, also graphics; through May 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; through Saturday, May 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Two showings of sculptures of the sixties. Carvings in marble and travertine; through May 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Bronzes; through Saturday, May 16. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through Saturday, May 23. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 16. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Videotapes, films, and slides by an earthworks artist; through May 30. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—Wall paintings incorporating shovels, light bulbs, and other objects, in a French artist's first show in New York; through Saturday, May 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jesse Reichek—Pattern paintings by a West Coast artist; through May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—One huge segmented painting; starting Saturday, May 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract Expressionist paintings showing traces of the city and the countryside; through Saturday, May 16. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Paul Sample—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by a veteran American; through May 29. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Lothar Schreyer (1886-1966)—Paintings by a member of the Bauhaus in Weimar; through Saturday, May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Seawright—Seven electronic constructions; through May 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster figures in a variety of realistic settings; through May 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Burton Silverman—Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and sculptures of people and places; through Saturday, May 16. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Decorative paintings by a Russian who associated with Cubists in Paris; through May 30. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

David E. Thompson—Paintings incorporating words, and sculptures in the forms of letters; starting Tuesday, May 19. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings by the leading Optical artist; through May 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Early oils and watercolors by a prominent American of the Paris School; through May 30. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through June 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert White—Works by a former sculptor in residence at the American Academy in Rome; through May 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Derrick Woodham—Large outdoor sculptures in steel with a baked-enamel finish, by a Briton; through May 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Sculptures and paintings, some featuring the female figure, by a German Surrealist; through Saturday, May 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1970 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 16, from 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper**, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts.: Works by gallery artists and guests; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Ernst, Fahlström, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, and Ossorio (to name a few); through June 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through Saturday, May 23. (Closed Mon-

THE TYPEWRITER THAT BEAT THE ORINOCO RIVER.

In the dark heart of Venezuela flows a river of heavy green water. The Orinoco. On either bank, the jungle chokes on its own growth…plants soaking in the sun by day, sweating it out by night.

This steamy, uncomfortable, exotic place is the business address of missionary Nancy Dillin. As she works, she keeps notes and records for the outside world, typing them all up on her Hermes 3000.

Like Nancy, the Hermes is indomitable. Engineered in snowy Switzerland, it can equally stand up to the heat of the tropics…and to the eternal jungle humidity that saturates clothes, blankets, bones, metals.

The only permanent highway through that rampant vegetation is the river. So Nancy and her Hermes travel from village to village by boat. Up to a couple of years ago, the boat they were using was somewhat old—had grown old, in fact, in missionary service. One day, right in mid-stream, the worn timbers gave way and the boat began to sink fast. There was just enough time to save the passengers, but Nancy's Hermes went down to the bottom.

Now the Orinoco is deep, murky and dangerous, so Nancy gave her typewriter up for lost. It lay on the river bed for almost three months and then by a freakish piece of luck it was fished out. One look at the poor muddy, weedy thing and Nancy felt like throwing it right back. Still, she gave it a chance. She cleaned the river out of it and dried it in the sun and dabbed on a bit of oil. And to her perpetual astonishment, it thunked away as good as ever.

Nancy paid $129.50 for her Hermes 3000.

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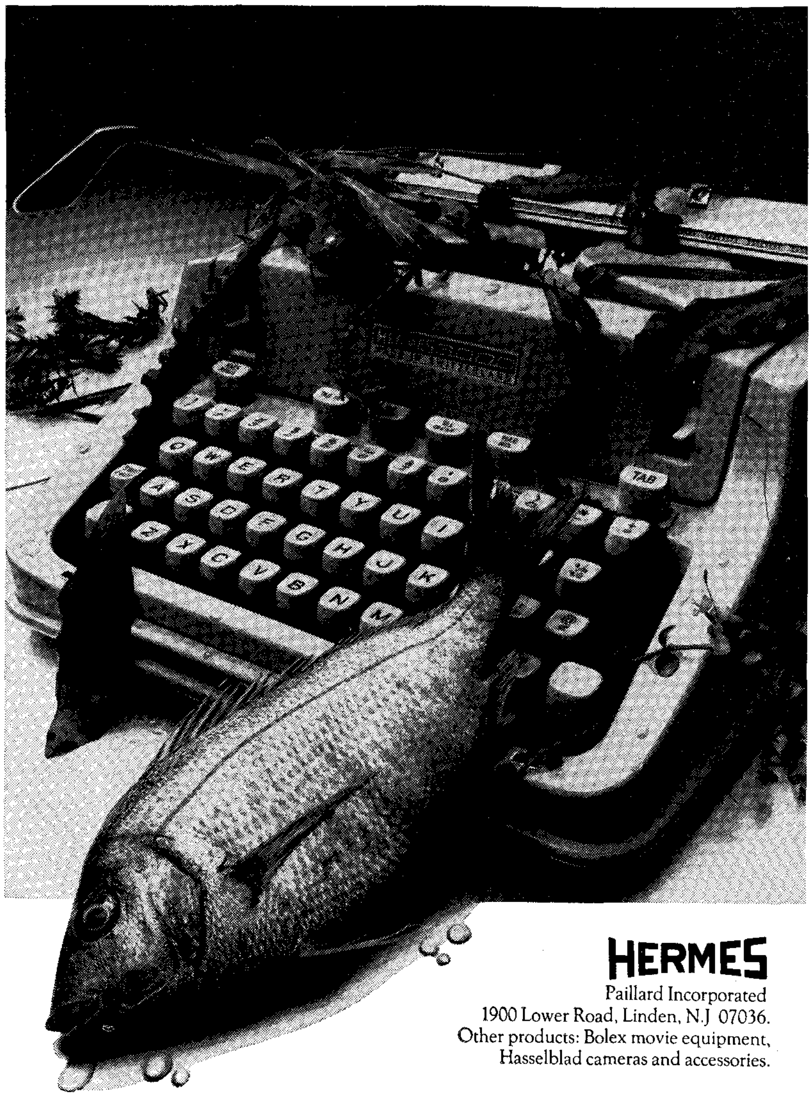

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-five American portraits from the eighteenth century through the early twentieth; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **MELTZER**, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: An exhibition of a private collection that includes, among other things, paintings by Marin, O'Keeffe, and Tobey; through Saturday, May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; starting Tuesday, May 19.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seventy-three works, ancient and modern, from the collections of directors and curators of such New York institutions as the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the New York Cultural Center, and Asia House; through May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by John Clem Clarke, known for his copying of familiar paintings; mixed medium sculptures by Thomas Bang; and sculptural objects from the twenties and thirties. Through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American narrative paintings of the nineteenth century by, for example, Blythe, Rimmer, and Vedder; through May 29.... **U.S. PLYWOOD**, 777 Third Ave., at 49th St.: The Art Directors show of advertising art; through Friday, May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by black artists; through May 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as contemporaneous Americans, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; starting Monday, May 18.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that the spectator does things to or that do things to him; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Twenty winners of the Sculptors Guild's third annual young sculptors competition; through May 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)... ¶ Nineteenth-century American drawings by Homer, Eakins, Sargeant, and others; also architectural drawings. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31.... ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7.... ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; starting Tuesday, May 19.... ¶ Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through June 21.... ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through June 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31.... ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fun and games, in which spectators are invited to join, by three Austrian object-makers; starting Friday, May 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

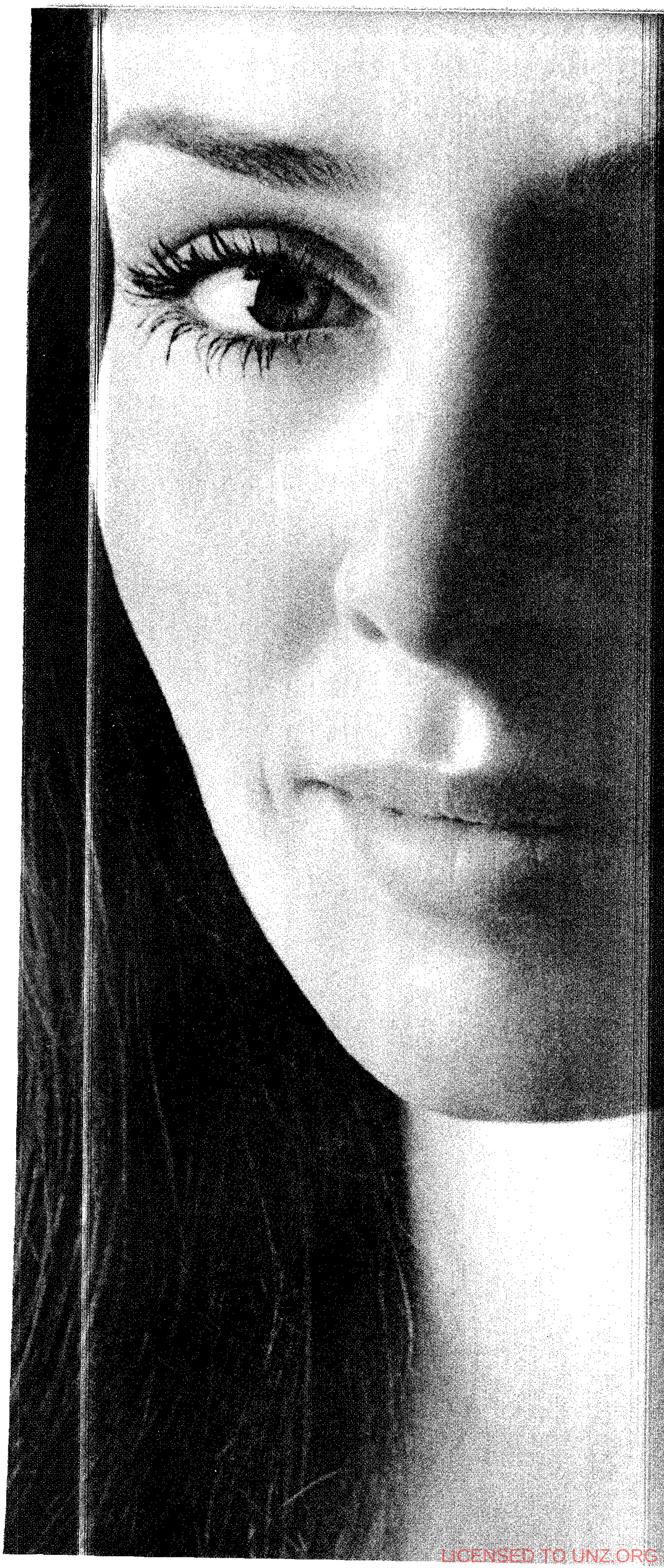
New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably).... ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-



If her lips
are newly young
and her
cheeky-shine
is younger
with flicky-kicky
silvery lights

. . . if her mouth
is newly bright
with candy-sweet
color that
looks good
enough to nibble

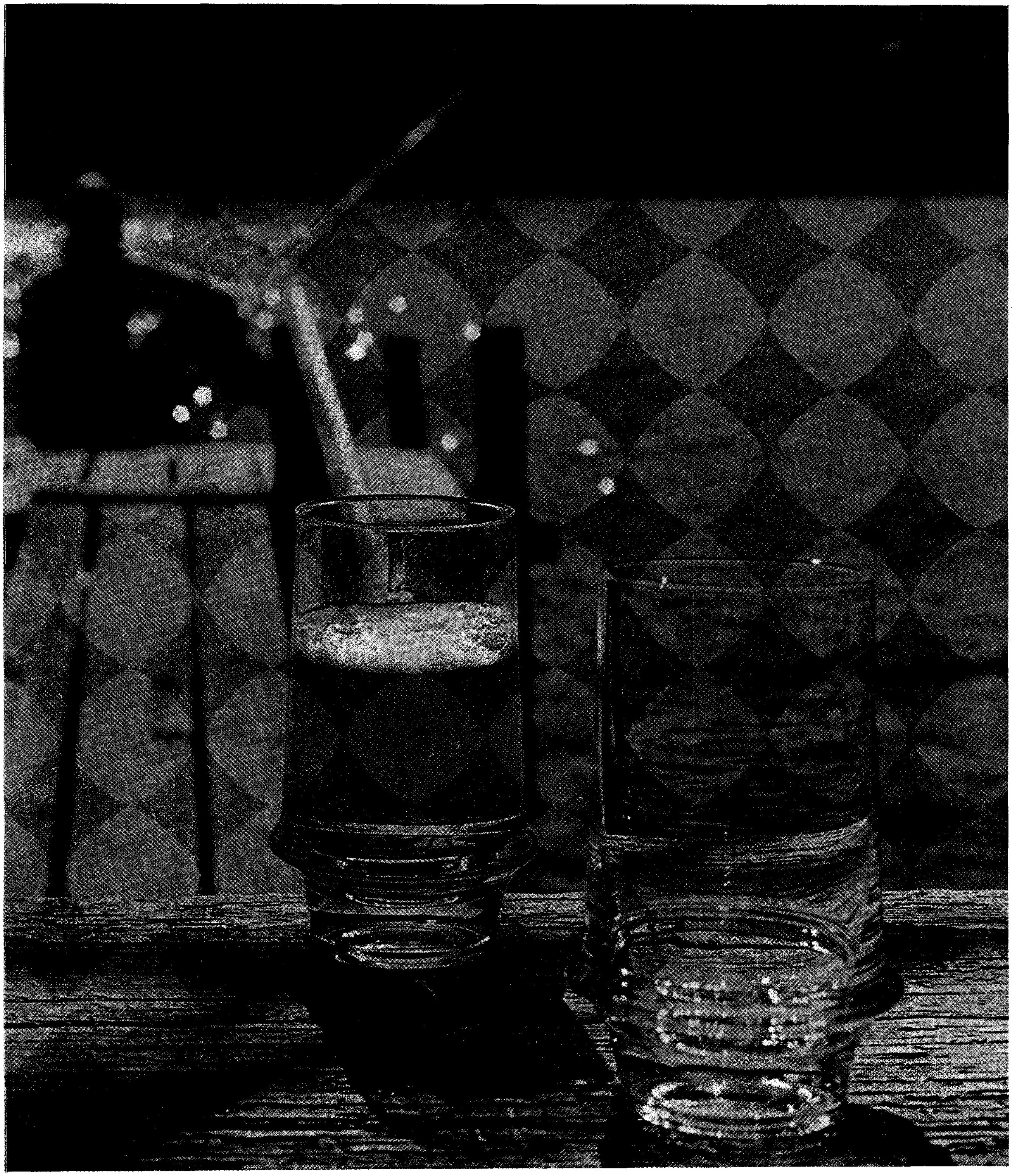
. . . and if her skin
is sleek and
sun-gilded as
an Island-hopper
(when you *know*
she was mopey-wan
with a cold
until today)

. . . then she's into
the delectably
different look
of *just-out*
flushed and frosted
Super-Moist Lipstick
and Gel Rouge,
with an under-glow
of Super-Moist
bronze-tinted Cream.

SUPER-MOIST CREAM

Super-Moist Lipstick, Gel Rouge and
Super-Moist bronze-tinted Cream all by

Germaine Monteil



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1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Saverio Mercadante's "Il Giuramento." Staged by Tito Capobianco, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Bruno Maderna. (Juilliard Theatre, Lincoln Center. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8:15, and Sunday, May 17, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, May 14, at 8:30; Friday, May 15, at 2; Saturday, May 16, at 8:30; and Monday, May 18, at 7:30 (all with Israela Margalit, piano); and performances of Schumann's "Das Paradies und die Peri" on Thursday, May 21, at 8:30; Friday, May 22, at 2; and Saturday, May 23, at 8:30 (all with Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Carol Smith, mezzo-soprano; Helge Brilioth, tenor; Keith Engen, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Senior Concert Orchestra of Local 802—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—George Schick conducting, with Peter Vinograad, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, May 19, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Syracuse University Chorus and Orchestra—Howard Boatwright directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Doris Mayes, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and Donald Miller and Daniel Walsh, baritones. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with soloists and the Orchestra of America. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society—Siegfried Landau directing a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, May 17, at 3.)

Pro Arte Double Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

Fine Arts Quartet—The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8:15.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 13, at 8:40, the last in a series of programs—by different quartets—presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 15, at 8:30, with Julius Baker, flute, the last in a series of all-Mozart programs. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"Years of Casals"—An exhibit of memorabilia, plus photographs by Albert E. Kahn, of the Maestro; through June 1. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Creedence Clearwater Revival—With others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Grateful Dead—With the New Riders of the Purple Sage. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday, May 15, at 8 and 11:30.)

Guess Who, Cold Blood, and Buddy Miles—Fill-

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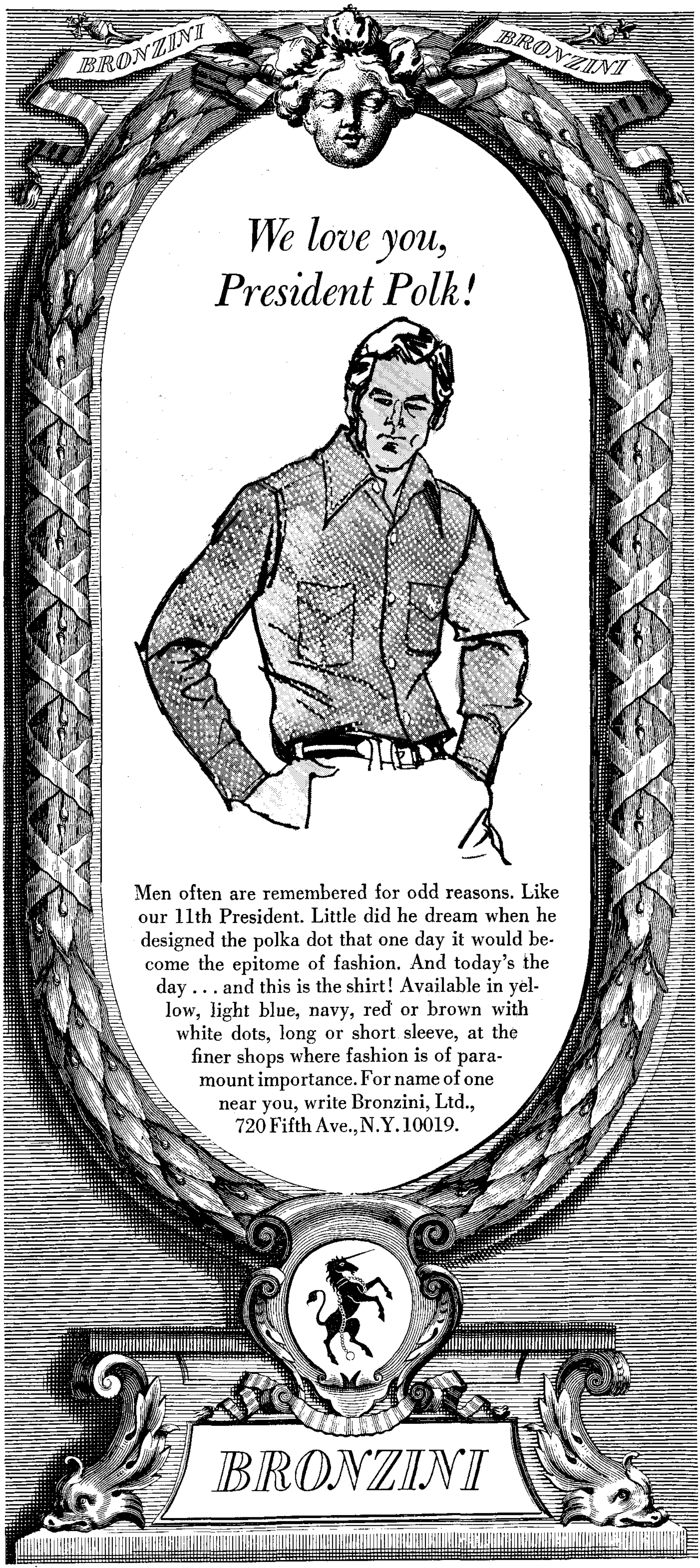

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more East. Saturday, May 16, at 8 and 11:30.

Jethro Tull, Clouds, and John Sebastian—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 15, at 8; Saturday, May 16, at 2; and Sunday, May 17, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday and Tuesday, May 18-19, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, at 8. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 23, at 2:15.

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. Saturday, May 16.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, May 16.) . . . ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 20, and Saturday, May 23.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Youthful, Wednesday, May 13; the Acorn, Saturday, May 16; the Roseben Handicap, Monday, May 18; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 23. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, May 30. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 16. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **dragon marionettes:** "Puss in Boots," Saturday, May 16, at 2. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday, May 23, at 2. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, May 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, May 17, and Saturday, May 23, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Pinocchio." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **performing arts repertory theatre:** "Wizard of Oz," Thursday, May 14, at 10. . . . ¶ "Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill," Friday, May 15, at 10. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **bronx zoo:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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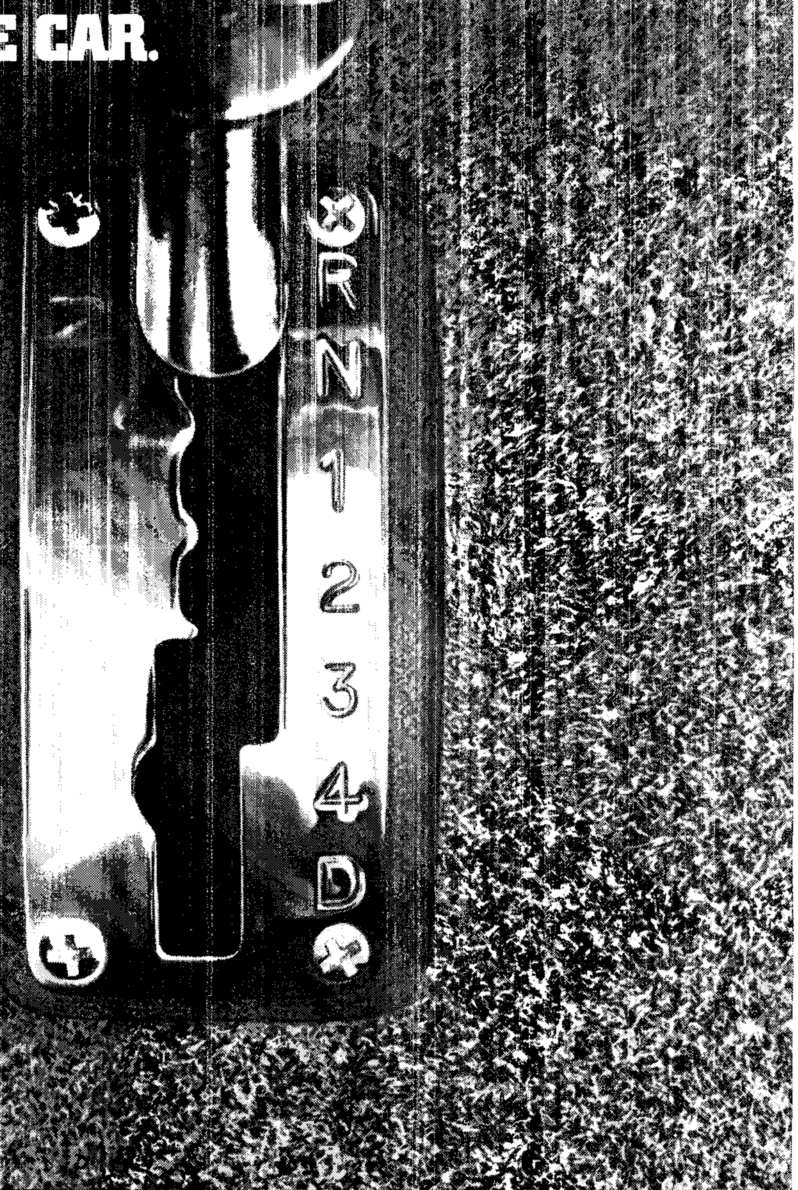

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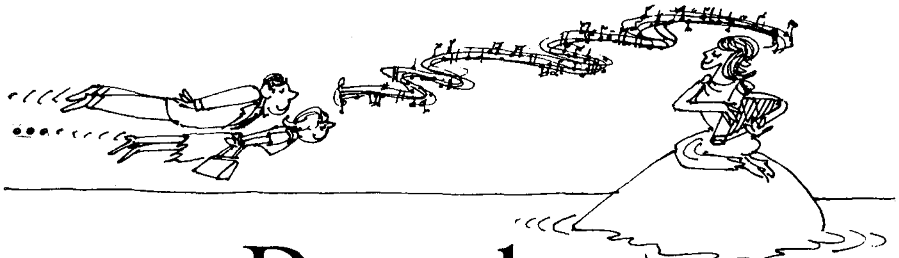

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It's okay for my wife (husband) to use the account
Name__________
I have a checking account at__________
And charge accounts at__________
Send my bills to__________
Signature__________ Date______

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

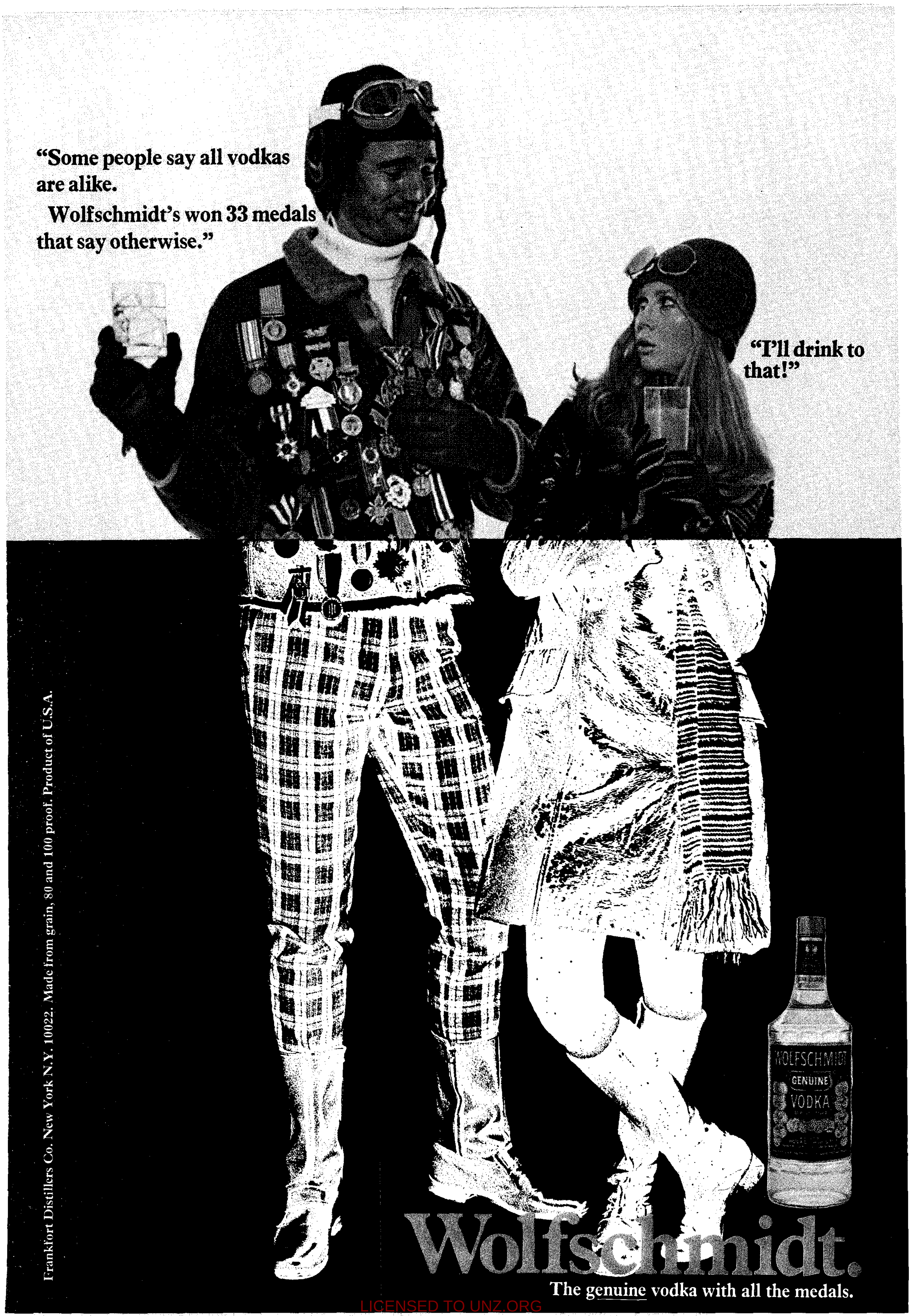
resentatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 92nd Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 16.

Flower Show—The May Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York on Wednesday, May 20, from 12 to 4. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S.)

Walking Tour—"The Fifties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 17. Meets in front of the International Building on Fifth Ave. between 50th and 51st Sts., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 13, at 2: English and American silver, from many owners.... ¶ Wednesday, May 13, at 8: Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures by such artists as Rouault, Utrillo, Matisse, and Giacometti; from several sources.... ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 10:15 and 2: Wedgwood, Meissen, Vienna, and other European porcelains; from various collectors, among them the late Leopold R. Gellert.... ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 8: Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Pollock, and others; from many owners. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Friday, May 15, at 2: Part V of the Melvin Gutman collection, comprising gold, silver, and bronze rings from the Classical period to the nineteenth century, and medals dating from the Renaissance to the seventeenth century.... ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from a number of sources.... ¶ Tuesday, May 19, at 2: Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis paperweights, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Antique clocks and watches, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 16.... ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8: Indian portraits by Charles Bird King, from the Redwood Library and Athenaeum, together with American paintings, drawings and watercolors, from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 16.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: May 13 at 2 and 5:30, "Nakano Army School" (1967); May 14 at 2 and 5:30, "The Four Seasons of Childhood, Part I" (1939); May 14 at 8, "The Four Seasons of Childhood, Part II" (1939); May 15 at 2 and 5:30, "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" (1966); May 16 at 3, "Men of Tohoku" (1960); May 16 at 5:30, "The Most Beautiful" (1944); May 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Children Hand in Hand" (1964); May 18 at 8 and May 19 at 2, "Samurai Assassin" (1965); May 20 at 2 and 5:30, "The Lost Alibi" (1960); May 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "A Picture of Madame Yuki" (1950).... ¶ May 16 at 11:30: "M" (1932), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.... ¶ May 18 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Mikado" (1939), with Martyn Green and Kenneth Baker.... ¶ May 19 at 5:30: A program of works by ten filmmakers under twenty-one. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 13: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), with Mae West and W. C. Fields.... ¶ May 14: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart.... ¶ May 15: "The Bank Dick" (1940), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel.... ¶ May 16: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers.... ¶ May 17: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines.... ¶ Starting May 20: A program of short films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)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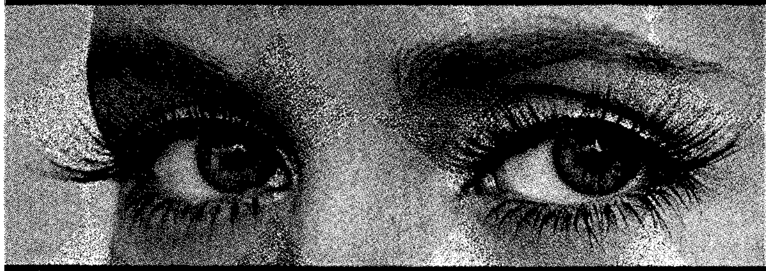
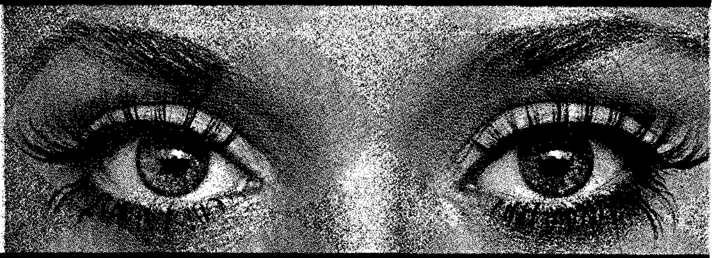


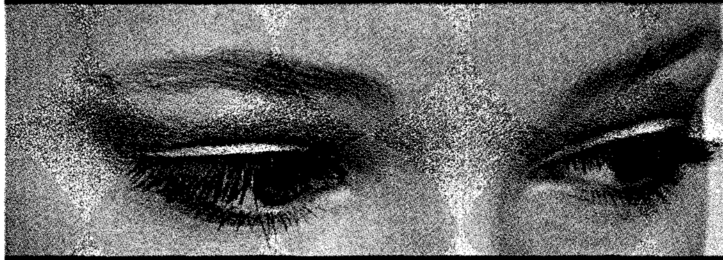
THE TYPE:
Deep-Set Eyes

THE TIP:
Zoom them up with extra-long LONG JANES, fine and feathery, with saucy upturned tips. Another eye-surfacing trick: the LOWER LID lashes, on a transparent band that heightens the illusion of being your very own.

THE TYPE:
Turned-Up Eyes

THE TIP:
Really turn on their smile, with MEDIUM SPIDERY lashes that silken your eyes, sweep your cheek. (Or fashion's newest EXOTICS with the first transparent band, for a spaced-out linerless look.) Make it a double play, by adding LOWER LID lashes.



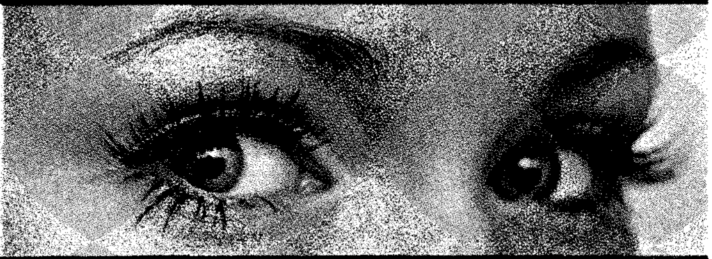


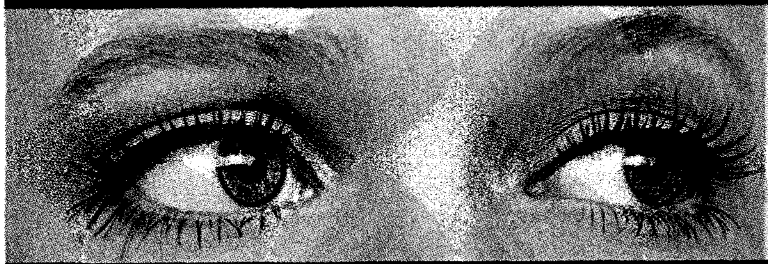
THE TYPE:
Wide-Set Eyes

THE TIP:
Bring them closer together with NATURAL MEDIUM FLUTTERS, zigzagged in length for a stagger-lash effect that's the ultimate in naturalness. (Also in Heavier and Extra-Heavy versions, as well as Demi style shown elsewhere.)

THE TYPE:
Small, Close-Set Eyes

THE TIP:
Create the illusion of larger eyes, wider-set, by wearing filmy FEATHERY lashes with greater length at outer corners. Add to the eye-opening effect with LOWER LID lashes on transparent band, to make eyes seem even bigger, brighter.



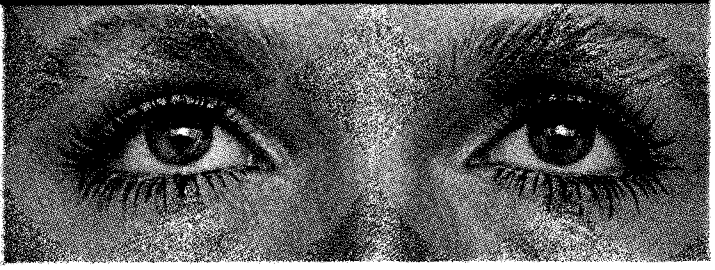


THE TYPE:
Shallow-Set Eyes

THE TIP:
Watch prominent eyes recede, when you wear NATURAL SUNBURST lashes with their close clusters. (Also in Standard version, with flared outer ends.) *Continue the recession*, by concealing full lower lid with LOWER LID lashes on transparent band.

THE TYPE:
Down-Slanted Eyes

THE TIP:
Make the most of your crescent eyes, with a *winning combination of long LOWER LID lashes and* MEDIUM DEMI FLUTTERS. Accents the downbeat, minimizes the upper lid...for a downright provocative look all your own.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII, and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—The great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; through May 19.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; through May 19.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 19.)

The Damned—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 20.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 17.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Although the material isn't exciting—sensuality, adultery, and crimes of passion being the oldest French movie staples—Claude Chabrol must have polished this new super-civilized thriller until he ran out of spit. With Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through May 19.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19-21.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 16-19.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 20.)

John and Mary—Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are the cuddly, infantile lovers who are meant to be darling. Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Remember when that man in "The Graduate" told Hoffman to go into plastics? Well, he did when he made this one. Directed by Peter Yates. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 19.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 16-19.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 15-18.)

Loving—A beautifully sustained piece of moviemaking by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusions that he can be an artist. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 19.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A small, endearing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride from France through the classified ads. Catherine Deneuve plays the bride. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 14-15.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and excellently acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; through May 19.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19-21.)

The Sicilian Clan—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 17.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 17.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 19.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very fine, subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 15-18.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 14.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's film, but the "her" of the title seems to be Paris. This most Brechtian of pictures is one of Godard's best—a passionate piece of witness to an epoch that strikes him as both barbarous and majestic. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 20.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Part II: through the afternoon of May 14. Part I: May 15-21.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

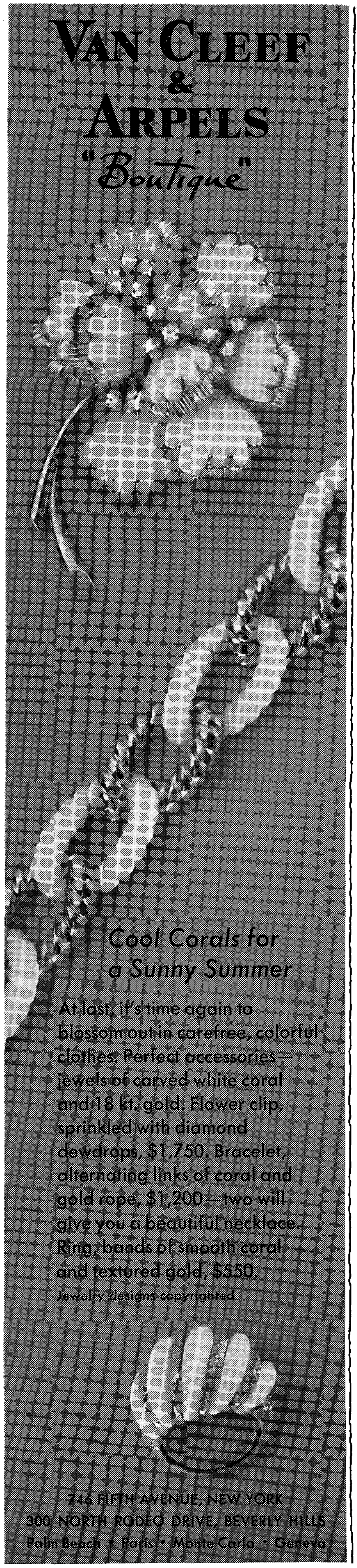
Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival, which was the mob scene we got away with. None of the troubles are shown; none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth, so that the picture emerges with an odd obsequiousness to the law-and-order paternalists who want mostly manners out of the young. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's comedy-satire, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 17.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie—a disaster. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Note—At **town hall**, 113 W. 43rd St. (JU 2-4536): The last two in a series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. May 13 and 15, at 5:30: "Pack Up Your Troubles" (1932), "Chickens Come Home" (1931), and "Scram" (1932). . . . ¶ May 18-20 and 22, all at 5:30: "Sons of the Desert" (1934), "Blotto" (1930), and "The Chimp" (1932). . . . **brooklyn academy of music**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434): Two in a series of eight black-film programs. May 15 at 8: "God's Step Children" (1938). . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Bronze Buckeroo" (1939) and "Ten Bob in Winter" (1963).



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through May 19: To be announced.
From May 20: "I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 19: **JOHN AND MARY**; and "A Flea in Her Ear" (1968), Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris.
From May 20: **THE DAMNED**; and **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
LOVING.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 17: "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian).
From May 18: "Marital Fulfillment," a semi-documentary film.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serafino" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 19: "Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson.
From May 20: "The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bloody Mama," Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 19: **CACTUS FLOWER.**
From May 20: "I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 19: **LOVING.**
From May 20: "How the West Was Won" (1963).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 19: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From May 20: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 19: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.
From May 20: "The Last Grenade," Stanley Baker, Alex Cord.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
May 13: A program of short films by Godard, Boroczyck, and others.
May 14-15: **MONIKA** (in Swedish); and "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922).
May 16-19: **KING KONG**; and **THE GREAT CHASE.**
From May 20: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 17: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).
From May 18: "Naked Hearts" (in French); and "The Passenger" (in English and Polish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 19: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman; and "True Grit" (1969), John Wayne, Glen Campbell.
From May 20: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 17: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).
From May 18: "Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 19: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.
From May 20: "The Last Grenade," Stanley Baker, Alex Cord.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
WAR AND PEACE. (No evening performance on Thursday, May 14.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Leo the Last," Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Forbin Project," Eric Braeden, Susan Clark.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"In Search of Gregory," Julie Christie, Michael Sarrazin.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 19: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."
From May 20: To be announced.

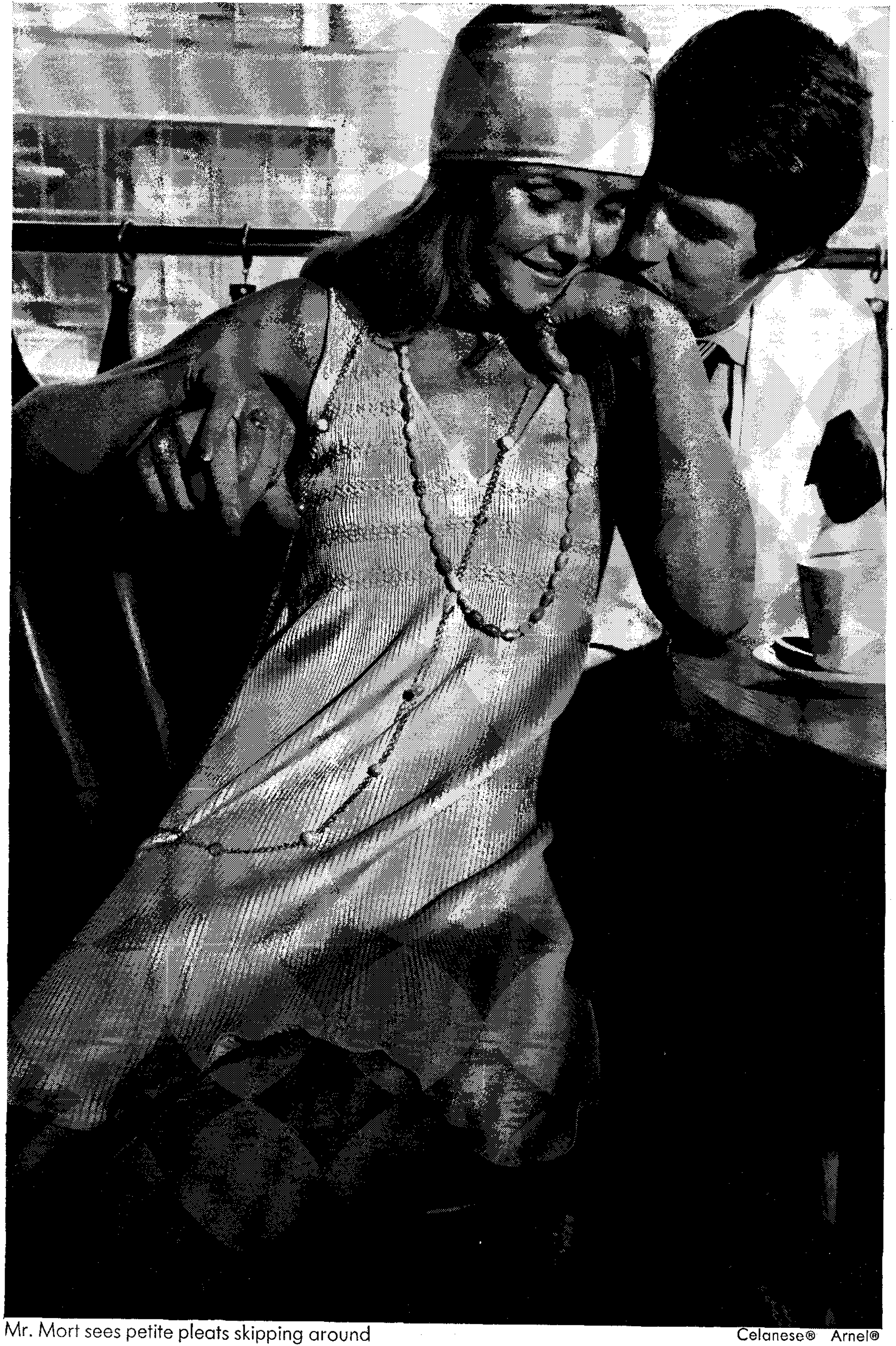
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 13: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French).
May 14-20: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French); and "Earth Entranced" (in Portuguese).
From May 21: "Raven's End" (in Swedish); and "Letter from Siberia," a Chris Marker film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 19: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**
From May 20: "Ben-Hur" (1959), Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 14: **TOP HAT**; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.
May 15-18: **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD**; and **LOVE HAPPY.**
May 19-21: **THE GHOST GOES WEST**; and **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 19: "Female Animal," Arlene Tiger.
From May 20: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Shimmer knit about town in Arnel by Mr. Mort



Mr. Mort sees petite pleats skipping around
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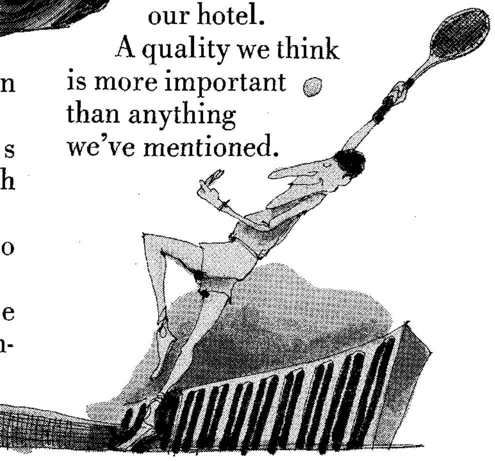
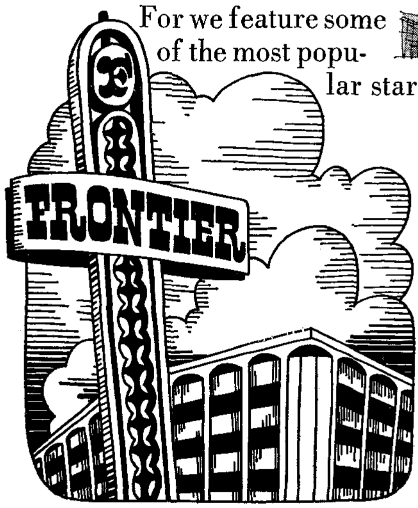
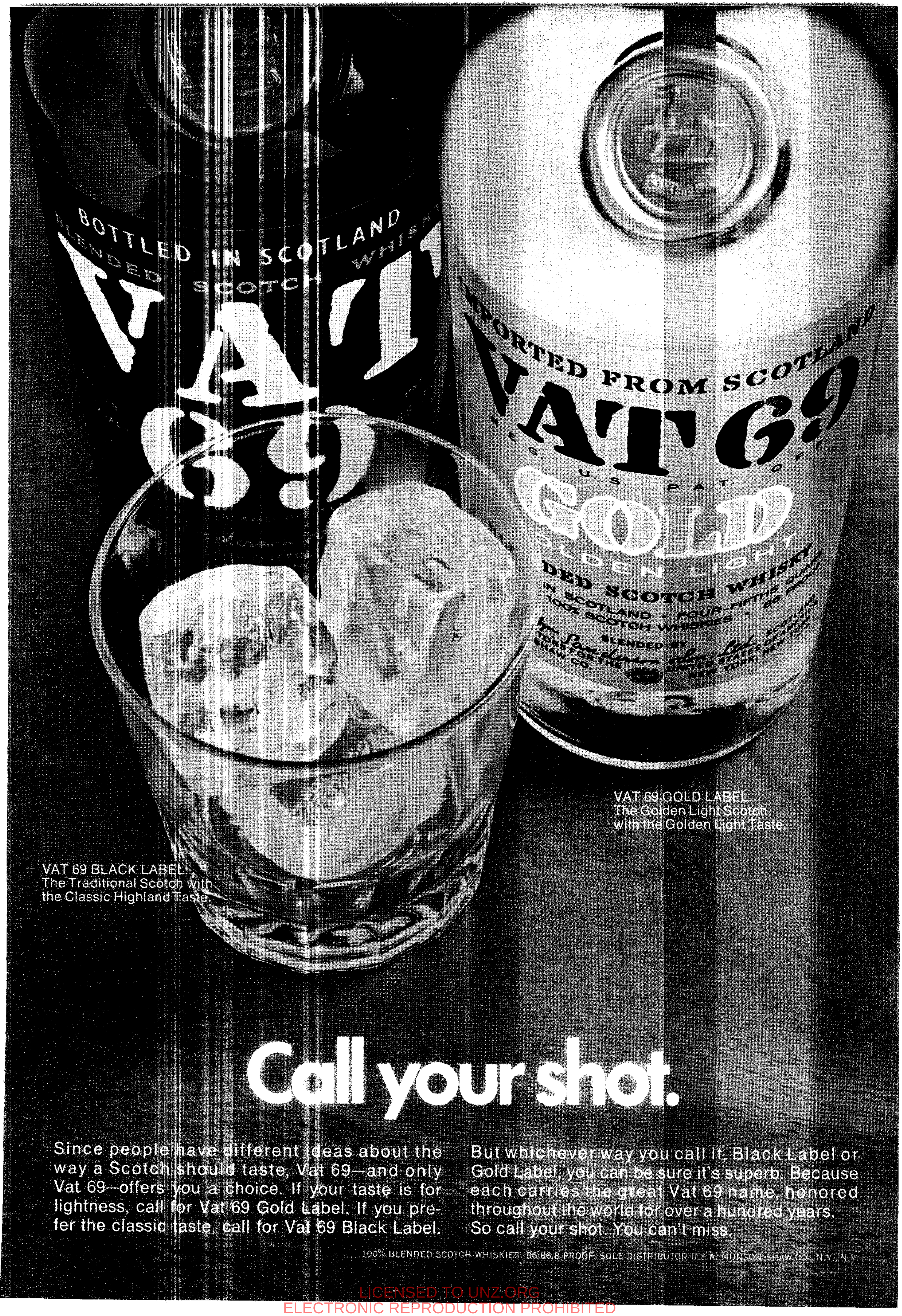
A Hughes Resort Hotel







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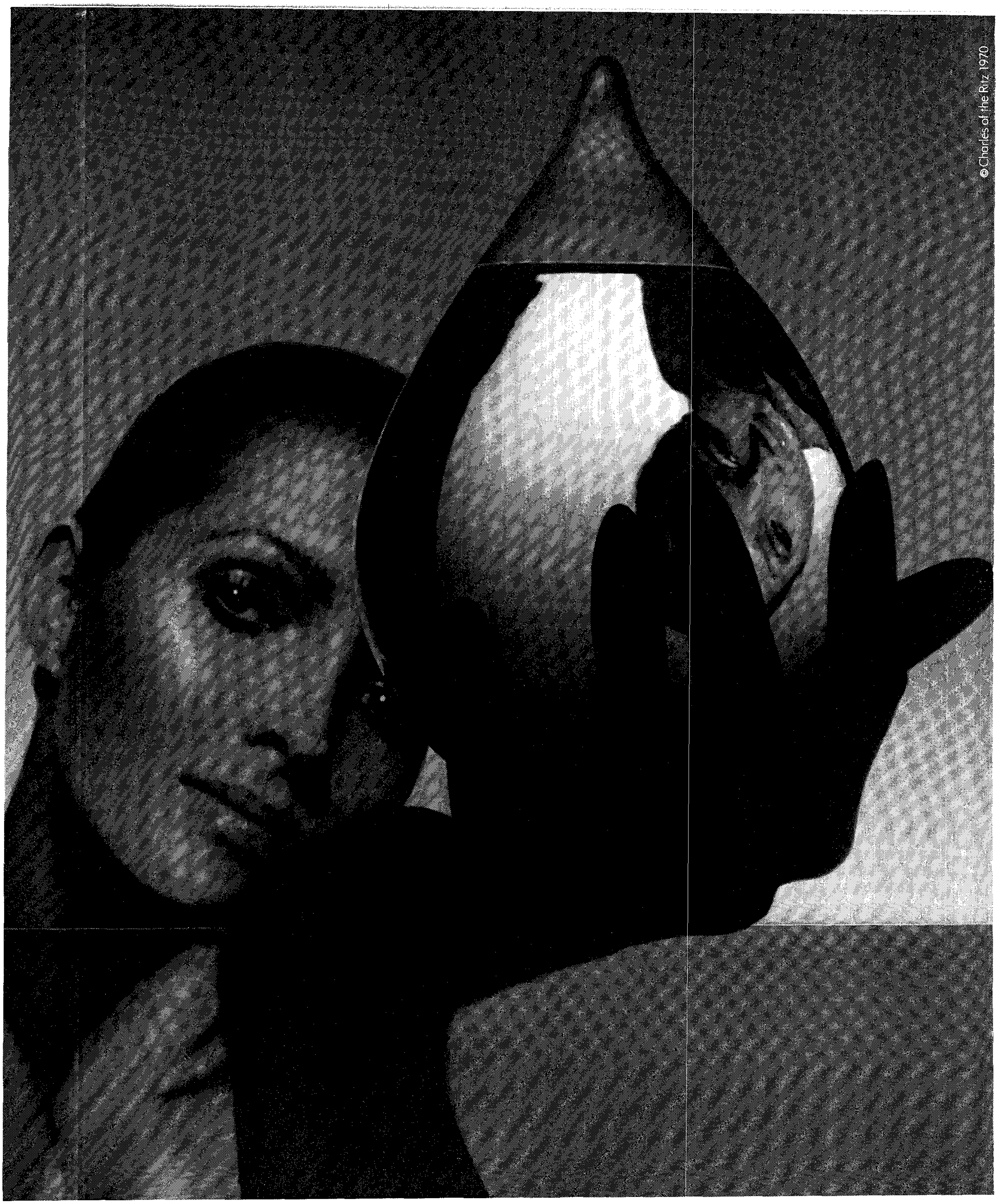
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THE NEW YORKER

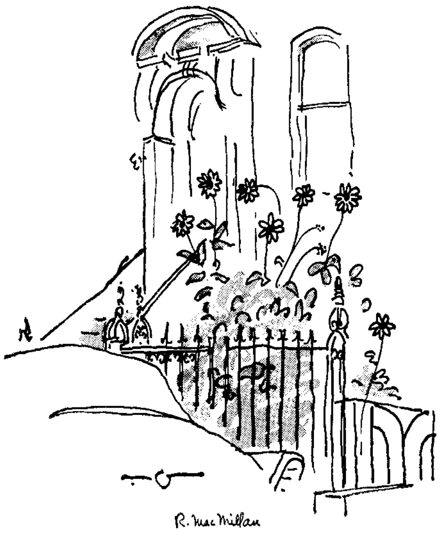
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the defeated British regiments marched past the files of French and American troops at Yorktown, the British bands, in detached resignation, played "The World Turned Upside Down." The same tune would have been an appropriate accompaniment to the events of last week. For the two-hundred-year-old American system came under its most serious attack in modern times, not from the poor, the blacks, or the students but from the White House—the fount, the pinnacle, the keystone of the established order. President Nixon became the first President in the history of the United States deliberately to order American forces to invade another nation on his own, without seeking congressional approval or support. This order was in disregard of the Constitution, the tempering strictures of our history, and the principles of the American democracy. It was, therefore, an act of usurpation.

Few prohibitions are more clearly set forth in the Constitution. That document makes the President Commander-in-Chief, and explicitly states that only Congress shall have the power to declare war or raise armies. The Federalist Papers reaffirm what the law makes clear: the term "Commander-in-Chief" meant only that the President could direct the conflict after Congress had decided to make war. Hamilton wrote that the President's power would be much less than the power of the British King, for "it would amount to nothing more than the supreme command and direction of the military and naval forces, as first General and Admiral of the Confederacy; while that of the British King extends to the declaring of war and to the raising and regulating of fleets and armies—all which, by the Constitution under consideration, would appertain to the legislature." This was no casual division. The fear of military power under the control of a central government was one of the most serious popular objections to the establishment of the new nation. The only way this could happen, the founders responded, was by a "continued conspiracy" between the executive and the legislature. In this case, Hamilton advised, "the people should resolve to recall all the powers they have heretofore parted with out of their own hands . . . in order that they may be able to manage their own concerns in person." As sophisticated men, the Founding Fathers foresaw some of the dangers that lay ahead. They recognized explicitly that formal declarations of war were going out of style, but they still required our legislature to declare war. They saw "how easy would it be to fabricate pretences of approaching danger," but they said that this would demand "a combination between the executive and the legislative, in some scheme of usurpation." In other words, the Constitution would protect the American people against the misuse of military power by prohibiting the executive from going to war without congressional approval and prohibiting Congress from directing the war it had started. Even this was dangerous, they acknowledged, but it was the best that could be done.

For over a hundred and sixty years, the Constitution was followed. Congress declared the War of 1812, the Mexican War (even though there had been a somewhat provoked attack on our troops), the Spanish-American War, and both World Wars. In the period after the Second World War, things began to change. The development of Soviet atomic power, the military impotence of Western Europe, and the shock of Korea impelled us toward the creation of a large peacetime standing Army—the first in our history. It was seen that a sudden emergency might require instant action, with no time to go to Congress. This implied exception to Constitutional principle was based on the technological realities of atomic war, and it has been invoked only once—when we intervened in the Dominican Republic. That intervention, however, was based on the claim that action within hours was necessary to protect the lives of Americans trapped between the contending forces—simply a traditional rescue operation. This claim may well have masked other motives, but American forces were not committed to combat, and support of the congressional leadership was sought and received within hours of the order to intervene and before the Marines had actually landed.



R. MacMillan

In Korea in 1950, President Truman acted pursuant to a resolution of the Security Council, whose powers had been confirmed by the Senate when it consented to ratification of the United Nations Charter. In addition, Truman met with the congressional leadership of both parties before ordering combat forces into action, and he received their unanimous support, along with that of the defeated Republican nominee, Thomas Dewey. Nor was there any doubt of the overwhelming public and congressional approval of his action—at least in the beginning. (The same week, the draft was extended with only four dissenting votes.) President Eisenhower sought, and received, congressional resolutions authorizing him to act in the Middle East and in the Formosa Strait. President Johnson himself asked for a resolution at the time of the Gulf of Tonkin incident, and it was the literal verbal scope of this resolution that was construed as authorizing all subsequent action in Vietnam. Yet such a construction was clearly an evasion, and it was at this point that the great Constitutional principle began to decay.

Now President Nixon has taken a giant step. Not only has he evaded the spirit of the Constitutional division of powers but he has deliberately ignored its plain meaning and intent. He has decided that he will go to war in Cambodia because he feels it necessary, no matter what Congress wants or what the people think. He has even implied that such willful disregard of the people and their elected representatives is an act of noble self-sacrifice, and has hinted that we should admire his courage in exceeding the limits of his Constitutional powers. The war in Cambodia was not an emergency. There was time enough to present the matter to Congress for a swift decision. Indeed, unconcealed debate within the executive branch went on long enough to permit the Vietcong to evacuate the threatened area. But the President did not follow the precedent of all his postwar predecessors by seeking assurance of congressional support, either formally or through meetings with the leadership. Rather, he made war by fiat. He has thus united in himself the powers that the Constitution divides and that have remained divided through our history. And this comes from an Administration that proclaims its devotion to "strict construction."

This is not a technical, legal question. In import, it transcends a challenge to the wisdom of the war itself. The President, in effect, has said, "I, and I alone, have decided to go to war in Cambodia." Where does he get that power? The Constitution denies it to him. He is not acting under the necessity of instant reaction. He has the power only because he asserts it, and because the armies follow. In a world in which conflicts are interrelated, there is no limit to the possibilities unfolded by this reasoning. He can invade Laos and Thailand, where Communists are active. He can enter North Vietnam itself. He can attack China, which is both a sanctuary and a source of supply for the North Vietnamese. Nor is the Soviet Union exempt, since it, too, helps our adversaries in Vietnam. Such an assertion of authority is not among the prerogatives of a democratic leader in a republic of divided powers. Our democracy is not an elective dictatorship. It is a government in which all elected officials have carefully limited powers. Suppose the President said he was going to change the tax laws, because the rates were unjust. What an outcry we would hear. Yet how trivial such an act would be, compared to concentrating the power over war and peace in a single office. The life of democracy depends on a common acceptance, by people and government, of the limits of power. What if, two years from now, the President should cancel the elections, on the ground of national need? Would it be easy to revolt against an armed force of three and a quarter million men if they remained obedient to their Commander-in-Chief? The possibility now seems absurd. But it illuminates the fact that our system works only because men have felt constrained by its assumptions. Courts and legislatures have neither guns nor treasuries to enforce their will. Now one of the most basic of these liberating assumptions has been swept away. It must be restored.

The first duty of resistance lies with the legislative branch. For years, its members have been abdicating their responsibility, watching almost without protest while their authority was eroded and their mandates were evaded. They have allowed their power to be usurped. Now they are scorned and ignored, because the President is confident that they have neither the courage nor the will to challenge his action—that each, looking to his own interest, will allow the common cause to decay. If this is a true judgment and the President's act is not repudiated, then they will have denied the oath they took to uphold the Constitution. For Congress is the people's guardian. The authors of the Federalist Papers reassured the doubtful that "in the only instances in which the abuse of the executive authority was materially to be feared, the Chief Magistrate of the United States would . . . be subjected to the control of a branch of the legislative body. What more could be desired by an enlightened and reasonable people?" What more indeed?

The other possibility is the Supreme Court. In 1952, President Truman seized the steel mills, because, he claimed, a steel strike was endangering the war effort in Korea. The Supreme Court decided that he had no such power and ordered him to return the mills. The Court's opinion concluded, "The Founders of this Nation entrusted the lawmaking power to the Congress alone in both good and bad times. It would do no good to recall the historical events, the fears of power and the hopes for freedom that lay behind their choice. Such a review would but confirm our holding that this seizure order cannot stand." How much more does this invasion transgress those same hopes and fears.

There are many ways to bring the issue to the Supreme Court. The Senate itself might instruct its leaders to bring an action to restrain the President or the Secretary of Defense from ordering further combat in Cambodia. This would be an unprecedented response to an unprecedented act. However, the issue is Constitutional, and is thus within the jurisdiction of the federal courts. And surely no individual or institution has greater standing to bring such an action than a branch of the very body whose powers have been taken away. Another route lies through the recent Massachusetts statute that makes it unlawful to require any resident of that state to serve outside the United States in an undeclared war. The Attorney General of Massachusetts has been instructed by the law to bring an action in the Supreme Court in order to prevent such service from being required. In relation to Vietnam, the passage of the bill was a symbolic action. In the case of the Cambodian invasion, the law could be a vehicle for resolving a momentous issue. Would the Court decide? No one can be sure. But it alone can decide, and that is its responsibility. Discussing the Supreme Court, Hamilton wrote that it must have the power to invalidate all acts by the other branches of government which are contrary to the Constitution. "To deny this," he said, "would be to affirm that the deputy is greater than his principal; that the servant is above his master; that the representatives of the people are superior to the people themselves; that men acting by virtue of powers may do not only what their powers do not authorize but what they forbid."

The President has now declared himself superior to the people, to the legislature, and to the laws. We have lasted as a functioning democracy for almost two hundred years. The foundation of that democracy has been a vigilant regard for the principle that no one man or institution shall impose an unrestrained will on the decisions that shape the nation. If the American people now let this principle be eroded, while the capacity for resistance still remains, then we will deserve our fate. For we will have lost the ultimate protection of liberty, stronger than governments, more enduring than constitutions—the will of a people to be free.

•

LAST Wednesday, near the end of a day during which the student uprising against the invasion of Cambodia had spread, in one form or another, to all of New York's forty-two colleges and universities, Mayor Lindsay left Gracie Mansion for the Hotel Plaza, where he was to speak before the American Society of Magazine Editors. The Mayor, who had interrupted his schedule twice that day to address anti-war rallies—one at New York University Law School and the other, organized by city employees, in City Hall Plaza—looked tired and grim. In the limousine, he stretched out his long legs, resting his feet against the back of the front seat, and talked about the events at Kent State University. "The shooting down of these four young boys and girls, in mainstream America—this has had an impact that has sunk deeper than anything else," he said. "The same thing has happened on campuses before, but nobody paid too much attention to it, because the students who were killed were black. Before this, it has been difficult to get across to people the message about what is happening in the country."

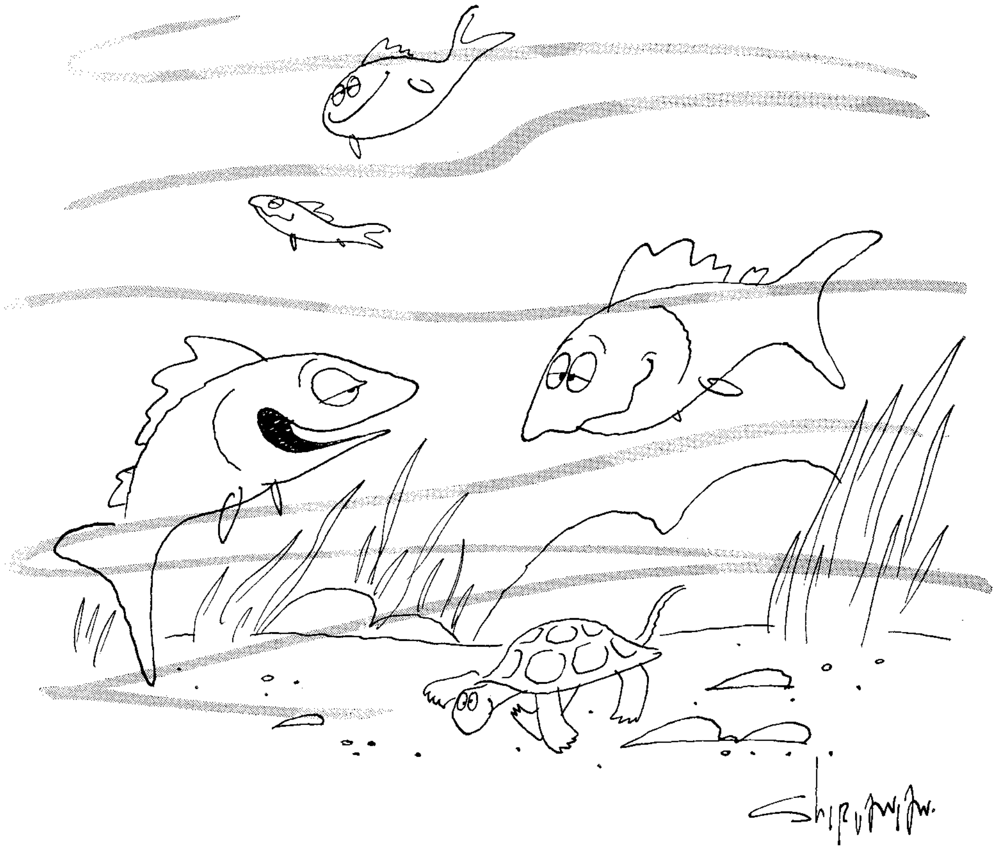
The red blinker on the dashboard flashed on and off as the limousine turned a corner, and the Mayor continued, "Our job is to hold the city together, to run a rational government, and to build housing, schools, and health clinics in the process. I have to translate to people in these terms the meaning of the Indo-China war. There is a relationship there, and to me it is terribly pronounced, because I have to run a city. I do believe that the Vietnam war was from the beginning a futile and immoral action from every point of view. And every time we escalate that war it makes it more difficult to keep the city stable."

When the Mayor arrived at the Baroque Room of the Plaza, the television men turned on their lights, and the magazine editors applauded. In his speech, he described the bitterness on every hand since the extension of the war, and he said, "These sights, sounds, and feelings are the result of national policies that have spawned a polarization and hostility so fundamental that, for the first time in a century, we are not sure there is a future for America."

He continued, "We must stop driving the disaffected to despair and violence by prolonging and extending the agony of an immoral and degrading war. There is a whole new generation that comprehends with far greater clarity than their scarred and weary elders the reality behind the dry language of the military bureaucrat. Escalation: that means more dead human beings. Pacification: that means more uprooted families. Bombing: that means more man-made deserts God never dreamed of. After half a decade, the disquieting awareness of what the war really means, of how profoundly unworthy it is of this country, still and again stirs protest and dissent. The response to pleas to end this debasement of America's claim of peace and liberty has been a decision to wage a wider war—it is said, temporarily. . . . The violence that started long ago in some obscure Vietnamese village, reinforced and magnified by years of folly and killing, has done to America what no enemy has done for a hundred years. It has turned our land into a battlefield."

Here the Mayor read an Associated Press dispatch reporting that the Governor of Kentucky had ordered National Guardsmen to patrol a campus with fixed bayonets and live ammunition. "It will not be easy to turn this business around," he went on. "The same arguments invoked to sanction violence in Indo-China function, with a fine impartiality, to rationalize for some students the ethic of domestic violence. When you tell the disaffected that riot and bloodshed are not the way, they reply that this nation is following a similar way in Southeast Asia. When you counsel restraint and peaceful action, their reply is 'If the system spreads violence in the name of peace, we'll do the same.' "

The Mayor appealed to the peace movement to organize itself politically in order to elect anti-war representatives and senators and encourage Congress to withhold funds for the war, and he catalogued the enormous cost, to New York and other cities, of the war. And he concluded, "But even as the cities cannot wait, young Americans—sons and fathers and friends—who are dying in Vietnam and Cambodia can wait even less. And that is what it is really all about now—the simple decency of caring for human life. What we do not want—what no one should want—is hatred and bitterness, bombs and burning. Our hold on the future is very frail; we cannot sustain it by war or with the rhetoric and the weapons of angry division. That future—all that we are and all that we can be—dies a little bit each day the war goes on, and it dies whenever we succumb to the easy conclusion that the con-



"We're lucky. This stream could be next to a paper mill instead of a brewery."

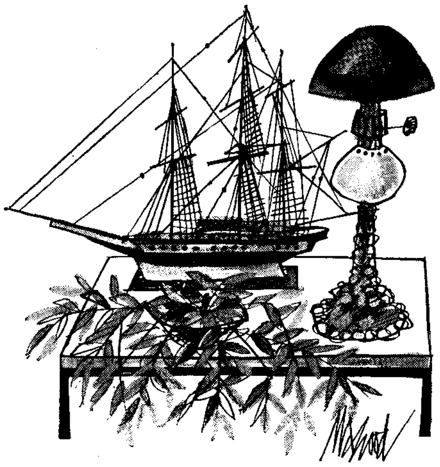
testants there or here are gooks or devils, bums or pigs. We must not forget that we all bleed.”

•

ON Thursday morning last week, a funeral service for Jeffrey Glenn Miller, one of the four students killed by Ohio National Guardsmen at Kent State University, was held in Riverside Memorial Chapel, at the corner of Seventy-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and a memorial service and vigil were held simultaneously in the street outside. It was a cool, bright, and breezy day, and by eleven o'clock, half an hour before the service was scheduled to begin, nearly a thousand mourners—mostly young men and young women—had gathered behind police barricades on either side of the avenue. Other mourners, including several hundred students from Pratt Institute who had walked from Brooklyn, over the Manhattan Bridge, were converging upon the scene, and within the next fifteen minutes the crowd had doubled and had begun to fill Seventy-sixth Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway. Marshals appointed by the West Side Peace Committee, a coalition of peace groups and Reform Democratic Clubs in the neighborhood, moved through the throng, urging everyone to be orderly and to remain behind the barricades, but this seemed hardly necessary, for it was obvious that the people who had come to the vigil were not there to create any kind of disturbance. Instead, hushed and solemn, they stood or sat and, like a silent, accusing chorus, stared impassively through what appeared to be a sea of steel-rimmed spectacles at a crowd of policemen, photographers, television cameramen, and reporters milling about before the entrance to the chapel.

By eleven-thirty, when the last of the family, friends, and official mourners of Jeffrey Glenn Miller had entered the chapel, the crowd outside had grown to nearly four thousand. Then a group of Jewish mourners arrived, and set bouquets of pink flowers and candles in glass jars bearing Hebrew inscriptions upon a rectangular table that had been placed in the middle of the intersection of Seventy-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue. A young woman from the West Side Peace Committee climbed up on the table and, using a police bullhorn, asked for volunteer marshals to clear a way for the funeral cortege at the conclusion of the service. She was followed by a Presbyterian minister, a rabbi, and a Catholic priest, each of whom read psalms and prayers. At eleven-forty-five, a gray hearse that had been parked in front of a luncheonette just south of the chapel entrance was driven a few yards forward to the north of the entrance. Directly across from it, several young men had draped a large blue banner over a police barricade, which showed a white dove of peace carrying the peace symbol above a field of white stars. Nearby, another young man was holding up a photograph of Robert Kennedy, and still another young man held up a photograph of one of the dead students at Kent State with the word “AVENGE” written across it in red letters.

At ten minutes to twelve, a pair of loudspeakers that had been set up on top of the marquee above the chapel entrance were turned on, so that the crowd could hear the funeral service inside, and for the next few minutes all eyes were riveted on the loudspeakers, which carried the voice of Senator Charles E. Goodell, barely audible above the racket of a red-and-white helicopter circling overhead. Senator Goodell was preceded by Dr. Benjamin Spock and followed by Rabbi Harold Saperstein, who, on behalf of the New York Board of Rabbis, offered condolences and expressed shock and dismay over the tragic death of Jeffrey Glenn Miller. The crowd, straining to hear his words, loudly shushed a police captain who was giving orders to a group of patrolmen carrying nightsticks and riot helmets. At noon, a nearby Civil Defense siren gave a wail as Rabbi Julius Goldberg said, “For God's sake, in the name of humanity, give peace a chance.” Then the Kaddish for the dead was intoned over the loudspeakers, the doors of the chapel were opened, and the engines of the gray hearse and a black limousine that had been parked behind it were started up. A few minutes later, a cordon of policemen moved some photographers and television cameramen back from the entrance, and a plain wooden casket was carried out of the chapel by pallbearers wearing black *yarmulkes*, and placed in the hearse. The appearance of the casket was acknowledged spontaneously by thousands of hands raised in the V-for-peace sign. Behind it walked the parents, a grandmother, and a brother of Jeffrey Glenn Miller. As they crossed the sidewalk, everyone in the crowd continued to hold his hand aloft in the peace sign, and there was almost complete silence. Then, with the marshals clearing a way through the throng, the hearse started slowly up the avenue, followed by two rabbis on foot, by the limousine and two other cars, and, finally, by the crowd, which fell in behind. A majority of the people in the procession were dressed in the manner in which the new generation has chosen to differentiate itself sartorially from its elders, which is to say that for the most part they wore bluejeans, Army field jackets, leather jackets, mackinaws, ponchos, and floppy hats. But there were also young matrons in dresses wheeling infants in strollers, a few elderly people, a dozen or so white-coated internes from Mount Sinai Hospital and the New Jersey College of Dentistry, and some boys from Trinity School, wearing blue blazers with the school's emblem on the breast pockets. The marchers proceeded slowly as far as Eighty-sixth Street, where they turned left and started toward Broadway, on their way to a rally at Columbia University. At that point, the gray hearse and the limousine picked up speed, and, with the sun glinting on their polished rooftops, sped alone up the avenue and out of the city.



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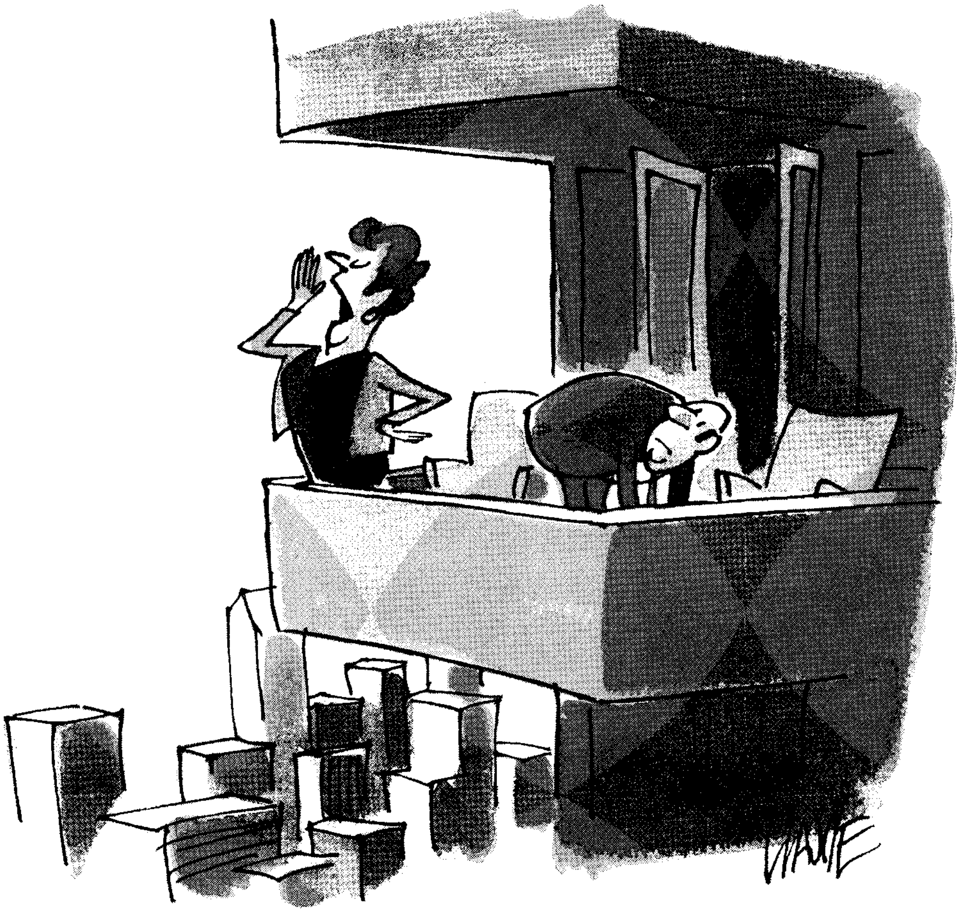
PERHAPS the most astonishing thing about last week—surely the most critical week this nation has endured in more than a century—is that its agonies and bitterness could yield, just a little and at the end, to a stubborn hope. Only the very young are capable of such a quick and deep swing of emotions, but the week belonged to the young; they provided its victims, its rage and energy, most of its history, and all of its sense of a future reopened. It is almost insufferable, of course, to talk about “the young” just now, for if the week had any lesson for us, it was that most people who are not themselves young had been understanding them too quickly in the past. All too often, mere approval of their social and political concern has, in the jargon, co-opted their causes and deadened them; mere disapproval of their violence has tempted people to ignore the sources of such passion. Maybe that



"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! My husband can still touch his toes at the age of fifty!"

• •

kind of patronizing has ended now. The young, in the week of Kent State, asked more—*insisted* on more—and in so doing restored breath to a country that had seemed in many ways close to extinction. The insistence came in various forms, some of them violent. There were strikes, fire bombings, and street fights; there were prayers and marches and assemblages. All, perhaps, were inevitable, and were necessary to awaken a sense of remaining alternatives in a people who had lapsed into despairing apathy, exhausted by a meaningless, unending war, silenced by the smiling orthodoxy of an Administration that condoned the most vicious attacks on almost every form of dissent, and half believing that indeed there might be no choice left save between the flag-wavers and the building-trashers, between the police and the mob. The young, last week, insisted otherwise, and as we counted their numbers (the chanting coming up from the street below, the secretaries wearing armbands, all those intent new faces in the newspapers) and signed their petitions of grievance ("Won't you join us in . . ." and the smudgy mimeographed sheet extended shyly) and listened to their accounts of rallies and plans ("*All* the faculty was there!" from a young man, and a young woman smiling and murmuring "Wow!" and, in that lovely gesture, flinging back her hair with one hand), we experienced, for the first time in many months, a feeling about our country that was something other than anger.

More than four hundred colleges and universities across the country were closed by student strikes or by faculty decision, and many administrators, including such heroic friends as President Kingman Brewster, of Yale, suggested that this forsaking of education was a sacrifice inappropriate to the occasion. We disagree. Last week, there appeared a new national campus, which will be kept open, now and for months to come, at all costs. The size of its enrollment (voters, legislators, statesmen) is not yet known, but it is clear that most of its curriculum will be in the hands of our college students. Trained to complexity, accustomed to examining difficult and disconnected phenomena and searching them for patterns and connections, they have drawn the conclusions that the rest of the American people must now understand if this last opportunity is not to be lost. We offer some of these conclusions in précis: The war in Southeast Asia has brought this country to the very edge of political self-destruction. The war has shattered our economy. The war has deepened every social and racial and economic division in our society. The war has destroyed our confidence in ourselves as a people and in many of the traditions and freedoms by which we once identified ourselves. The war has made us warlike. The war has so dulled our moral capacities as to make some of our soldiers capable of mass murder and some of our civilians capable of applauding or willfully ignoring that murder. The war has caused us to be scorned or feared or detested by other nations. The war, in its infinite prolongation, has made impossible any realistic consideration of the immediate crises in ecology, in race, in urban decay, in poverty, in education, and in the daily content of life which now await us. The war, in its recent extension and in the manner of that extension, has deepened all these divisions and crises, and has made us suspicious of our leaders and cynical about their ability to lead us and their willingness to hear us. The war must be ended. The war must be ended now.

We don't believe that President Nixon agrees with these interlocking conclusions that the young presented to the nation last week. In spite of his dawn journey to the Lincoln Memorial to meet a handful of students, in spite of his protestation at his press conference that "everything I stand for is what they want," we don't believe that he yet understands or much respects the young. But hope persists now, because last week it became evident that the young had emerged as a new and significant national constituency. Most of the students we have talked to who made the trip to Washington told us that there seemed to be an agreement among those scores of thousands gathered in the Ellipse on that steamy Saturday that this would be the last rally; from now on, they said, they would no longer be willing merely to stand and be counted, like bodies. From now on, they would persuade, they would lobby, they would round up votes, they would educate. The national campus, in short, was open, and many of its instructors departed from Washington early Saturday afternoon, leaving the banners and the crowds, and the silent goggled police, and the amplified sounds of speeches echoing off the trees and up toward the White House. They were going home to begin work.

USING 1957-59 AS A BASE, TRY STEALING HOME

NO one speaks of the pinch of inflation anymore, inflation's thumb and forefinger having long ago met in the thinning upper arm of the middle class and moved on up to the jugular. Newspapers and popular magazines have been striving valiantly to hold off ultimate disaster for their readers by filling their pages with practical advice on beating the money squeeze. As a service to those consumers who are still strong enough to sit up and read, a few of the more usable ideas are summarized below:

TRAVEL: The family vacation budget is often the first to be slashed when money is tight, but the new airline package plans offer savings that can make the difference between taking that dreamed-of trip and merely continuing to dream. Trans-Ocean Airways, for instance, has got up an all-expense trip to Japan that costs no more than the air fare alone on competing lines. With the theme "Expo '70 Panorama," flights will depart every Saturday at 4 P.M., fly non-stop to Osaka, circle the exposition grounds twice at ten thousand feet, and return in time to stack up over Kennedy promptly at 8 A.M. Monday.

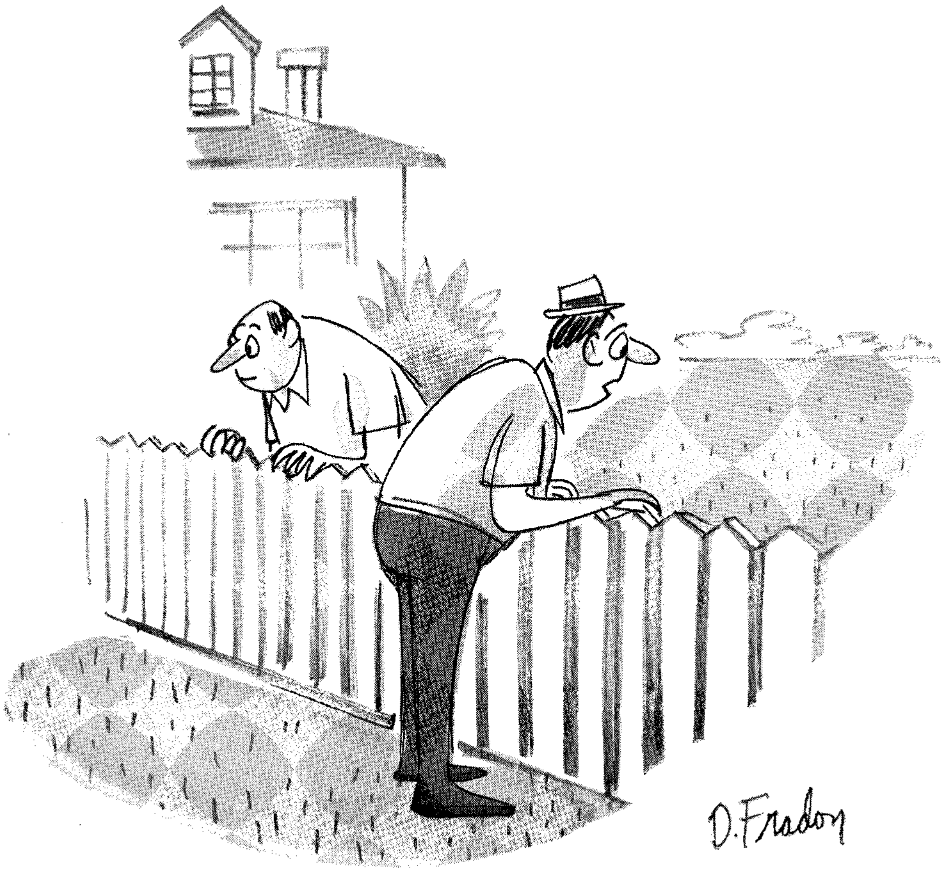
For the domestic adventurer, Bi-Coastal Airlines has an attractive California vacation combination that includes rental of an automobile with unlimited heat and radio, two pails of balls at the Gardena Golf Driving Range, all the white table grapes that one can carry from the vineyards of Sunnyvale Growers through the pickets, a ten-per-cent discount at Frederick's of Hollywood, and either a combination book to Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm or twenty-four terror-filled hours at the Esalen Institute. It would be difficult to estimate what these items would cost if separately contracted for, as a man who was dispatched last fall to ascertain exactly that has not yet shown up with his report. The California Caravan is open to all adult travellers in groups of fifteen or more who will spend at least sixty-one and no more than ninety-four days in California and who are also bona-fide members of the National Rifle Association and charter subscribers to *Sunset.*

WINES AND LIQUORS: Surprising savings are available to the canny shopper in an area that often bites deep into the home-entertainment budget. One reasonable Scotch-type liquor in a traditionally overpriced field is Skirler's Delight, which is manufactured with old-country patience in Newark, New Jersey, from a distillate of barley husks, cranberry rushes, and coffee grounds, and which makes an ideal second bottle, once the party is firmly launched. The embossed label is clearly marked "Made in Scotland," and it is.

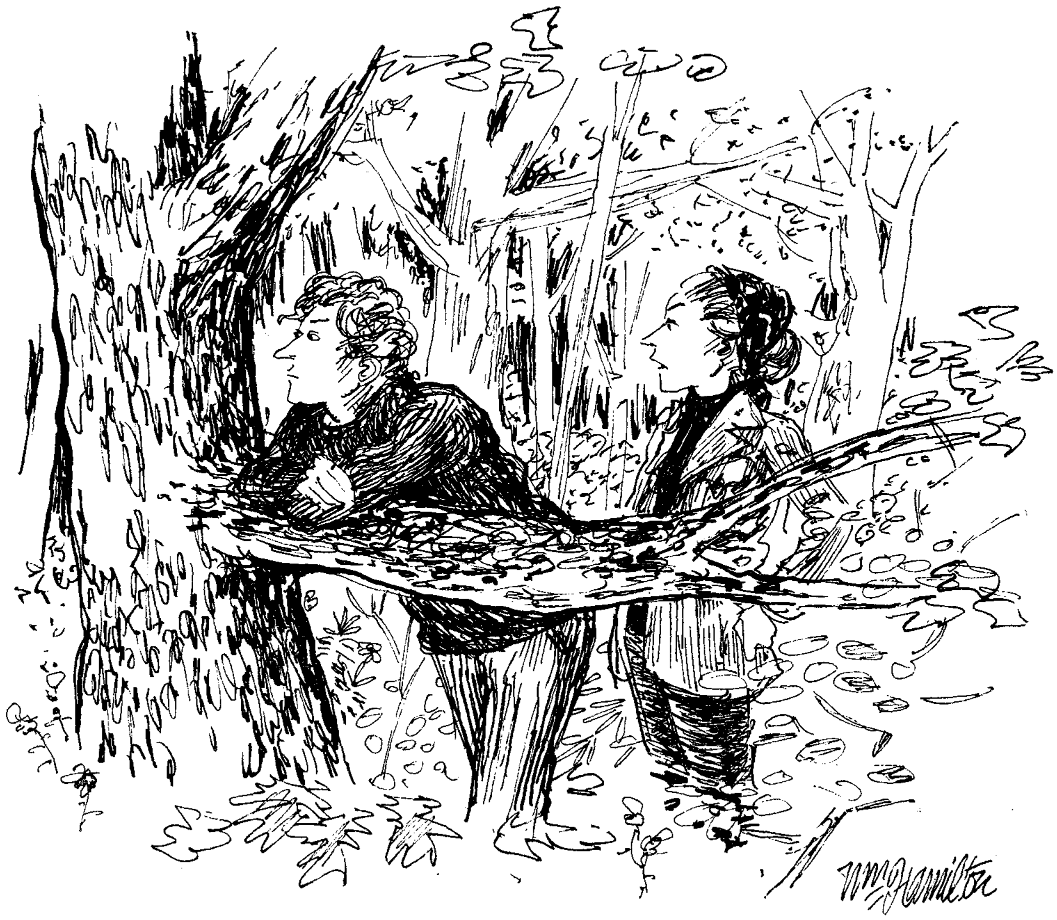
Tip on imported wines: Sizable discounts will accrue to those who bypass the handling costs of the bottled product. One modest *vin gris*, Fleur du Midi, serves as ballast on tankers that would otherwise return empty to Galveston from Helsinki. An expert rates it no better than "rudely assertive," but there were no complaints from the terns and spoonbills that were seen lapping it up when the Tulsa Queen recently ran aground in Tampa Bay.

RECREATION: This is another area often sacrificed when the squeeze is on. Actually, there is no reason to equate fiscal retrenchment with reduced leisure-time activity, and some households are rising to the challenge of finding creative substitutes for that budget-draining evening on the town. National sales of jigsaw puzzles and taffy-pulling equipment are said to be up, and, to cite another trend, a forty-three-per-cent rise in membership is reported by a Depauw, Indiana, wife-swapping club.

IN-HOME MONEY MANAGEMENT: Families across the country have been scrutinizing their daily cash flow to trim the fat and add muscle. Last September, the Hamish Brewsters, of Medford, Massachusetts, began meeting after dinner every Thursday night to spitball on family money management, and the skull sessions have so far produced the following measurable results: (1) Mr. Brewster dropped his barber in favor of Mrs. Brewster, (2) the twice-a-week hired girl was let go, (3) Mr. Brewster kept on using his old tennis balls until the fuzz was completely off them, and turned over the cans to Mrs. Brewster, who filled them with bacon fat and then used them to shore up the front porch, (4) Mrs. Brewster cleverly ran up her fall wardrobe from two of Mr. Brewster's old sweatsuits, (5) Mr. Brewster learned to make his calls to his mother in Fresno over the office phone, and stopped specifying "extra-dry" for his lunchtime Martinis, (6) the second car was sold, thus freeing Mrs. Brewster to walk to her school-hours job at



"I couldn't disagree with you more. I think yours is greener."



"I suppose that sensitive gaze means you think you're more aware of the beauty of these woods than I am!"

* * *

the cement works, and (7) Mrs. Brewster returned to her parents in Lowell, who have agreed to foot the entire cost of the divorce.

Hedge Buying: Make a list of commodities you can buy now for which you would have to pay more later. For example, your list would not include a clock-barometer set in a plaster trylon and perisphere, and probably some other things. A Racine man who laid in eleven thousand cans of green turtle soup just this past August is already being called "Mr. Perspicacity" by the neighbors.

Budget Advisers: Some heads of households have been discovering that significant savings occur—up to ten per cent in many cases—when they dismiss their professional money managers. So widespread has dismissal of money managers become in the Cleveland area that at least one concerned professional, Raoul Kalady, has simply refused to be taken off cases. Kalady continues to submit his bill to clients who have informed him repeatedly of his dismissal; he explains his stand by insisting that he provides a non-cancellable service. "Can you dismiss street lights?" he reasons. "Can you cancel chalk in the schools?" His determination to service reluctant clients has resulted in some embarrassing scenes. Last month, he was ejected from an automobile showroom still shouting "You've got Thunderbird eyes but a Mustang wallet!" to a client as the salesman pitched him out a door being held open by the credit manager. Last fall, upon observing a onetime client inside a warehouse poised to sign a credit contract that was far beyond his means, Kalady released the brake on a furniture van out front, catapulting into Lake Erie the patsy's entire living-room suite, including the fold-away conversation pit, hooded fireplace, and inflatable ottoman and breakfront. Kalady is known to lie in wait in supermarkets frequented by wives of unwilling clients and to follow them down the aisle screaming instructions: "Not the white eggs, dummy! The brown are the better buy!" Most of the housewives stoically ignore his ministrations, but their interest in Kalady usually quickens on the first of the month, when, right on the dot, his bill of $895.75 for professional services turns up in the mail.

Moonlighting: Nobody can make do with one job anymore. Here are some examples of how a few local people are getting the most out of their work potential. Mark L—— is president of a midtown bank, which is good, because he gets through work early enough to have a leisurely supper at home before reporting to his job as night equipment-maintenance supervisor for the Long Island Railroad. Angelo B——, a fast-food franchisee, closes Georges Simenon's Soup's On at 2 A.M., after a fourteen-hour stint, and goes down to the New York *Post*, where he works, according to his own report, as a typeshrdlu. Linda K——, an actress in the Off Broadway drama "The Investigation, Hearing, and Suspension of Denny McLain," puts in mornings as a packer in a wheat-germ factory and afternoons at Western Union, where she works as a chocolate dipper in the Candy-Gram department. Monday evenings, when Off Broadway is dark, she attends local college protest meetings as a police spy. Most other nights, after she has removed her makeup she goes uptown to Penn Station and picks up Mark L—— (see above), who punches out at midnight, and the two of them then "do something" together. Last Wednesday, they stuck up Angelo B——'s joint just as he was closing, and netted a much appreciated hundred and seventy-three dollars. Angelo reported the loss to his insurance company somewhat differently, and he was able to pocket, on quick settlement of the claim, two hundred and sixty-five dollars, which he can certainly use in these difficult times.

—Gordon Cotler

* * *

UPON SHAVING OFF ONE'S BEARD

The scissors cut the long-grown hair;
The razor scrapes the remnant fuzz.
Small-jawed, weak-chinned, big-eyed, I stare
At the forgotten boy I was.

—John Updike

THE DRIVER'S SEAT

I

"AND the material doesn't stain," the salesgirl says.

"Doesn't stain?"

"It's the new fabric," the salesgirl says. "Specially treated. Won't mark. If you spill, like, a bit of ice cream or a drop of coffee, like, down the front of this dress it won't hold the stain."

The customer, a young woman, is suddenly tearing at the fastener at the neck, pulling at the zipper of the dress. She is saying, "Get this thing off me. Off me, at once."

The salesgirl shouts at the customer, who, up to now, has been delighted with the bright-colored dress. It is patterned with green and purple squares on a white background, with blue spots within the green squares, cyclamen spots within the purple. This dress has not been a successful line; other dresses in the new stainless fabric have sold, but this—of which three others, identical but for the sizes, hang in the back storeroom awaiting the drastic reductions of next week's sale—has been too vivid for most customers' taste. But the customer, who now steps speedily out of it, throwing it on the floor with the utmost irritation, had almost smiled with satisfaction when she had tried it on. She had said, "That's my dress." The salesgirl had said it needed taking up at the hem. "All right," the customer had said, "but I need it for tomorrow."

"We can't do it before Friday. I'm sorry," the salesgirl had said.

"Oh, I'll do it myself, then," the customer had said, and turned around to admire it sidewise in the long mirror. "It's a good fit. Lovely colors," she said.

"And it doesn't stain," the salesgirl had said, with her eye wandering to another unstainable and equally unsalable summer dress, which evidently she hoped now to offer the satisfied customer.

"Doesn't stain?"

The customer has flung the dress aside. The salesgirl shouts, as if to assist her explanation. "Specially treated fabric. . . . If you spill, like, a drop of sherry, you just wipe it off. . . . Look, Miss, you're tearing the neck."

"Do you think I spill things on my clothes?" the customer shrieks. "Do I look as if I don't eat properly?"

"Miss, I only remarked on the fabric, that when you tell me you're going abroad for your vacation—there is always the marks that you pick up on your journey. Don't treat our clothes like that, if you please. Miss, I only said stain-resisting, and then you carry on, after you liked it."

"Who asked you for a stain-resisting dress?" the customer shouts, getting quickly, with absolute purpose, into her own blouse and skirt.

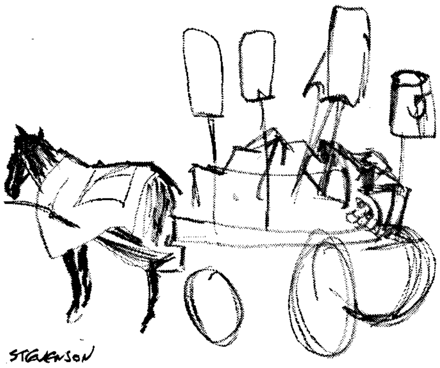
"You liked the colors, didn't you?" shouts the girl. "What difference does it make, so it resists stains, if you liked the fabric before you knew?"

The customer picks up her bag and goes to the door almost at a run, while two other salesgirls and two other customers gasp and gape. At the door, she turns to look back and says, with a look of satisfaction at her own dominance over the situation, with an undoubtable excuse, "I won't be insulted!"

THE young woman walks along the broad street, scanning the windows for the dress she needs, the necessary dress. Her lips are slightly parted—she whose lips are usually pressed together with the daily disapprovals of the accountants' office where she has worked continually, except for the months of illness, since she was eighteen; that is to say, for sixteen years and some months. Her lips, when she does not speak or eat, are normally pressed together like the ruled lines of a balance sheet, marked straight with her old-fashioned lipstick, a final and a judging mouth, a precision instrument, a detail-warden of a mouth; she has five girls under her, and two men. Over her are two women and five men. Her immediate superior had given her the afternoon off, in kindness—Friday afternoon. "You've got your packing to do, Lise. Go home; pack and rest."

She had resisted. "I don't need a rest. I've got all this work to finish. Look—all this."

The superior, a fat, small man, looked at her with frightened eyeglasses. Lise smiled and bent her head over her desk. "It can wait till you get back," said the man, and when she looked up at him he showed courage and defiance in his rimless spectacles. Then she had begun to laugh hysterically. She finished laughing and started crying all in a flood, while a flurry at the other desks, the jerky backward movements of her little fat superior, conveyed to her that she had done again what she had not done for five years. As she ran to the lavatory, she shouted to the whole office, who somehow or other were trying to follow or help her, "Leave me alone! It doesn't matter. What does it matter?"



Half an hour later, they said, "You need a good holiday, Lise. You need your vacation."

"I'm going to have it," she said. "I'm going to have the time of my life," and she had looked at the two men and five girls under her, and at her quivering superior, one by one, with her lips straight as a line that could cancel them all out completely.

Now, as she walks along the street after leaving the shop, her lips are slightly parted, as if to receive a secret flavor. In fact, her nostrils and eyes are a fragment more open than usual; imperceptibly but thoroughly, they accompany her parted lips in one mission—the sensing of the dress that she must get.

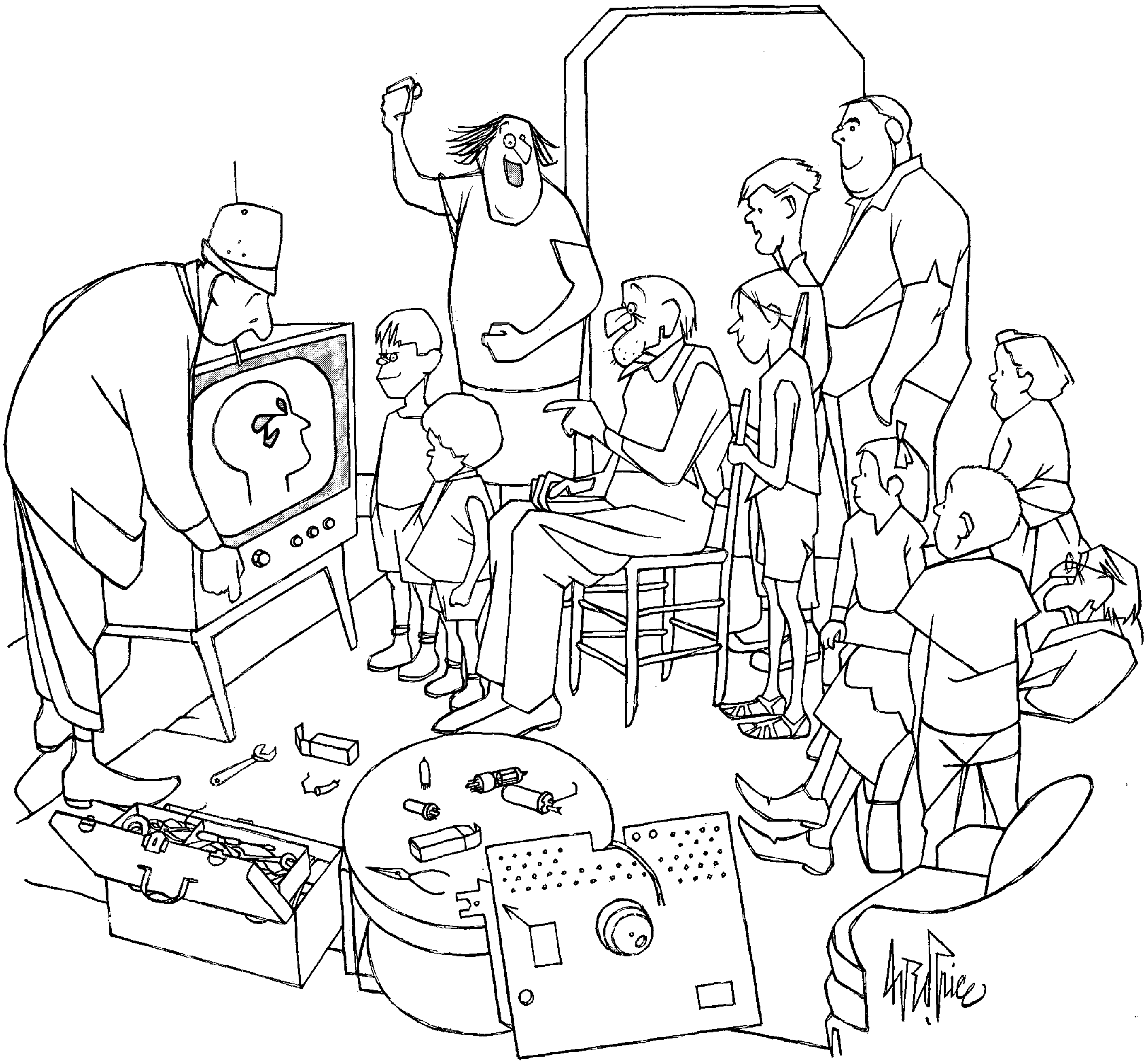
She swerves in her course at the door of a department store and enters. Resort Department—she has seen the dress: a lemon-yellow top with a skirt patterned in bright Vs of orange, mauve, and blue. "Is it made of that stain-resisting material?" she asks when she has put it on and is looking at herself in the mirror.

"Stain-resisting! I don't know, Madam. It's a washable cotton, but if I were you I'd have it dry-cleaned. It might shrink." Lise laughs, and the girl says, "I'm afraid we haven't anything really stain-resisting. I've never heard of anything like that."

Lise makes her mouth into a straight line. Then she says, "I'll have it." Meanwhile, she is pulling off a hanger a summer coat with narrow stripes, red and white, with a white collar. Very quickly she tries it on over the new dress.

"Of course, the two don't go well together," says the salesgirl. "You'd have to see them on separate."

Lise does not appear to listen. She studies herself. This way and that, in the mirror of the fitting room. She lets the coat hang open over the dress. Her lips part and her eyes narrow; she breathes for a moment as in a trance.



"O.K., gang. Let's hear it for Mr. Kirby."

• •

The salesgirl says, "You can't really see the coat at its best, Madam, over that frock."

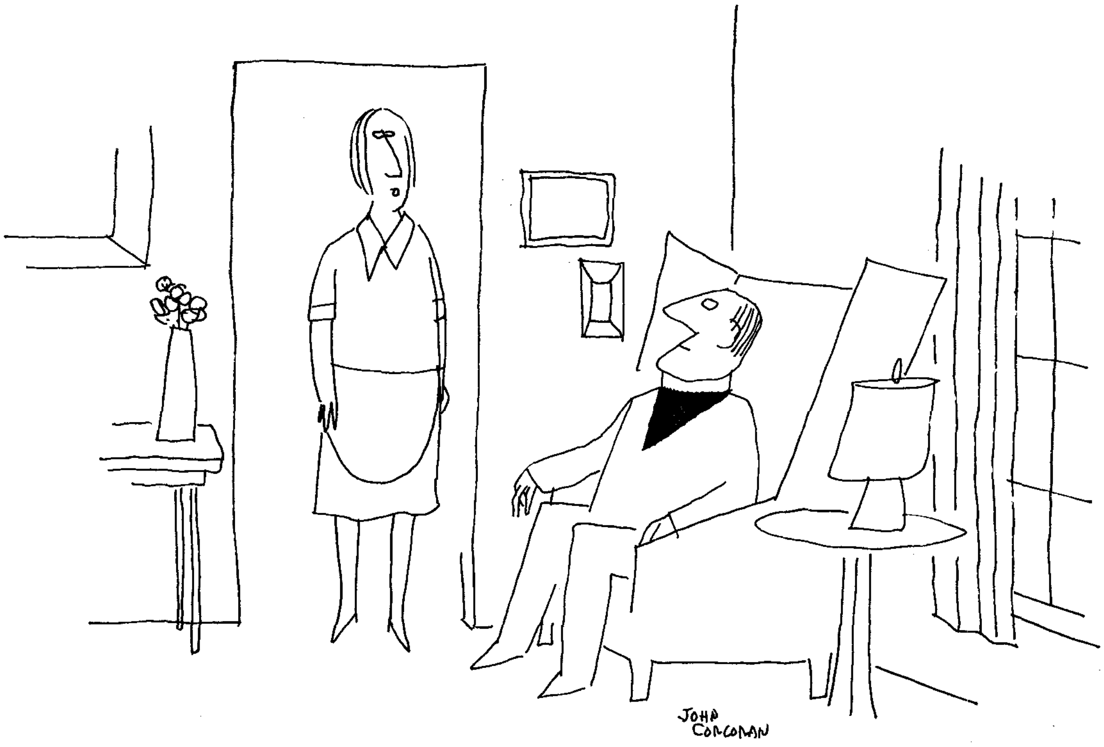
Lise appears suddenly to hear, opening her eyes and closing her lips. The girl is saying, "You won't be able to wear them together, but it's a lovely coat, over a plain dress, white or navy, or for the evenings—"

"They go very well together," Lise says, and, taking off the coat, she hands it carefully to the girl. "I'll have it. Also, the dress. I can take up the hem myself." She reaches for her blouse and skirt and says to the girl, "Those colors of the dress and the coat are absolutely right for me. Very natural colors."

The girl, placating, says, "Oh, it's how you feel in things yourself, Madam, isn't it? It's you's got to wear them."

Lise buttons her blouse disapprovingly. She follows the girl to the shop floor, pays the bill, waits for the change, and when the girl hands her first the change, then the large bag of heavy paper containing her new purchases she opens the top of the bag enough to enable her to peep inside, to put in her hand and tear a corner of the tissue paper which enfolds each garment. She is obviously making sure she is being handed the right garments. The girl is about to speak, probably to say, "Everything all right?" or "Thank you, Madam, goodbye," or even "Don't worry; everything's there all right." But Lise speaks first. She says, "The colors go together perfectly. People here in the north are ignorant of colors. Conservative. Old-fashioned. If only you knew! These colors are a natural blend for me. Absolutely natural." She does not wait for a reply; she does not turn toward the lift; she turns instead toward the down escalator, purposefully making her way through a short lane of dresses that hang in their stands.

She stops abruptly at the top of the escalator and looks back, then smiles as if she sees and hears what she had expected. The salesgirl, thinking her customer is already on the escalator out of sight, out of hearing, has turned to another black-frocked salesgirl. "All those colors together!" she is saying. "Those incredible colors! She said they were perfectly natural. Natural! 'Here



"What we are about to receive will be another ten minutes."

in the north,' she said . . ." Her voice stops as she sees that Lise is looking and hearing. The girl affects to be fumbling with a dress on the rack and to be saying something else without changing her expression too noticeably. Lise laughs aloud and descends the escalator.

"WELL, enjoy yourself, Lise," says the voice on Lise's telephone. "Send me a card."

"Oh, of course," Lise says, and when she has hung up she laughs heartily. She does not stop. She goes to her washbasin and fills a glass of water, which she drinks, gurgling, then another, and, still nearly choking, she drinks another. She has stopped laughing and, now breathing heavily, says to the mute telephone, "Of course. Oh, of course." Still heaving with exhaustion, she pulls out the hard wall seat that adapts to a bed and takes off her shoes, placing them beside the bed. She puts the large carrier bag containing her new coat and dress in a cupboard beside her suitcase, which is already packed. She places her handbag on the lamp shelf beside the bed and lies down.

Her face is solemn as she lies, at first staring at the brown pinewood door as if to see beyond it. Presently, her breathing becomes normal. The room is meticulously neat. It is a one-room flat in an apartment house. Since it was put up, the designer has won prizes for his interiors; he has become known throughout the country and far beyond and is now no longer to be obtained by landlords at a moderate price. The lines of the room are pure; space is used as a pattern in itself, circumscribed by the dexterous pinewood outlines that ensued from the designer's ingenuity and austere taste when he was young, unknown, studious, and strict-principled. The company that owns the apartment house knows the worth of these pinewood interiors. Pinewood alone is now nearly as scarce as the architect himself, but the law, so far, prevents them from raising the rents very much. The tenants have long leases. Lise moved in when the house was new, ten years ago. She has added very little to the room; very little is needed, for the furniture is all fixed, adaptable to various uses, and stackable. Stacked into a panel are six folding chairs, should the tenant decide to entertain six for dinner. The writing desk extends to a dining table, and when the desk is not in use it, too, disappears into the pinewood wall, its bracket lamp hinging outward and upward to form a wall lamp. The bed is by day a narrow seat with overhanging bookcases; by night it swivels out to accommodate the sleeper. Lise has put down a patterned rug from Greece. She has fitted a hopsacking cover on the seat of the divan. Unlike the other tenants, she has not put unnecessary curtains in the windows; her flat is not closely overlooked, and in summer she keeps the venetian blinds down over the windows and slightly opened to let in the light. A small pantry-kitchen adjoins this room. Here, too, everything is contrived to fold away into the dignity of unvarnished pinewood. And in the bathroom as well, nothing need be seen, nothing need be left lying about. The bed supports, the door, the window frame, the hanging cupboard, the storage space, the shelves, the desk that extends, the tables that stack—they are made of such pinewood as one may never see again in a modest bachelor apartment. Lise keeps her flat as clean-lined and clear to return to after her work as if it were uninhabited. The swaying tall pines among the litter of cones on the forest floor have been subdued into silence and into obedient bulks.

Lise breathes as if sleeping, deeply tired, but her eye slits open from time to time. Then her hand moves to her brown leather bag on the lamp shelf and she raises herself, pulling the bag toward her. She leans on one elbow and empties the contents on the bed. She lifts them one by one, checking carefully, and puts them back; there is a folded envelope from the travel agency containing her air ticket, a powder compact, a lipstick, a comb. There is a bunch of keys. She smiles at them, and her lips are parted. There are six keys on the steel ring—two Yale door keys, a key that might belong to a functional cupboard or drawer, a small silver-metal key of the type commonly belonging to zip-fastened luggage, and two tarnished car keys. Lise takes the car keys off the ring and lays them aside; the rest go back in her bag. Her passport, in its transparent-plastic envelope, goes back in her bag. With straightened lips, she prepares for her departure the next day. She unpacks the new coat and dress and hangs them on hangers.

Next morning, she puts them on. When she is ready to leave, she dials a number on the telephone and looks at herself in the mirror, which has not yet been concealed behind the pinewood panels that close upon it. A voice answers, and Lise touches her pale-brown hair as she speaks. "Margot, I'm just off now," Lise says. "I'll put your car keys in an envelope and I'll leave them downstairs with the doorkeeper. All right?"

The voice says, "Thanks. Have a good holiday. Have a good time. Send me a card."

"Yes, of course, Margot."

"Of course," Lise says again when she has replaced the receiver. She takes an envelope from a drawer, writes a name on it, puts the two car keys in it, and seals the envelope. Then she telephones for a taxi, lifts her suitcase out to the landing, fetches her handbag and the envelope, and leaves the flat.

When she reaches the street floor, she stops at the windows of the doorman's wood-lined cabin. Lise rings the bell and waits. No one appears, but the taxi has pulled up outside. Lise shouts to the driver, "I'm just coming!" and indicates her suitcase, which the taxi-driver fetches. While he is stacking it in the front of the cab a woman in a brown overall comes up behind Lise. "You want me, Miss?"

Lise turns quickly to face the woman. She has the envelope in her hand and is about to speak when the woman says, "Well, well, my goodness, what colors!" She is looking at Lise's red-and-white striped coat, unbuttoned, and the vivid dress beneath—the mauve, orange, and blue V patterns of the skirt and the yellow top. The woman laughs hugely, as one who has nothing to gain by suppressing her amusement; she laughs and opens the pinewood door into the porter's office; there she slides open the window panel and laughs aloud in Lise's face. She says, "Are you going to join a circus?" Then again she throws back her head, looking down through half-closed lids at Lise's clothes, and gives out the high, hacking, coughlike ancestral laughter of the streets, holding her breasts in her hands to spare them the shakeup.

Lise says, with quiet dignity, "You are insolent." But the woman laughs again, now no longer spontaneously but with spiteful and deliberate noise, forcing the evident point that Lise habitually is mean with her tips, or perhaps never tips the doorman at all.

Lise walks quietly out to the cab, still holding in her hand the envelope that contains the car keys. She looks at this envelope as she goes, but whether she has failed to leave it at the doorkeeper's desk by intention, or whether through the distraction of the woman's laughter, one could not tell from her serene face with lips slightly parted. The woman comes to the street door emitting noise like a brown container of laughing gas until the taxi is out of her scope.

II

LISE is thin. Her height is about five feet six. Her hair is pale brown, probably tinted, a very light streaked lock sweeping from the middle of her hairline to the top of her crown; her hair is cut short at the sides and back, and is styled high. She might be as young as twenty-nine or as old as thirty-six, but hardly younger, hardly older. She has arrived at the airport; she has paid the taxi-driver quickly and with an expression of abstract eagerness to be somewhere else. Likewise with the porter, while he takes her bag and follows her to the desk to have it weighed in. She seems not to see him.

There are two people in front of her. Lise's eyes are widely spaced, blue-gray, and dull. Her lips are a straight line. She is neither good-looking nor bad-looking. Her nose is short and wider than it will look in the likeness constructed partly by the method of Identikit, partly by actual photography, soon to be published in the newspapers of four languages.

Lise looks at the two people in front of her, first a woman and then a man, swaying to one side and the other as she does so, either to discern in the half faces visible to her someone she might possibly know or else to relieve, by these movements and looks, some impatience she might feel.

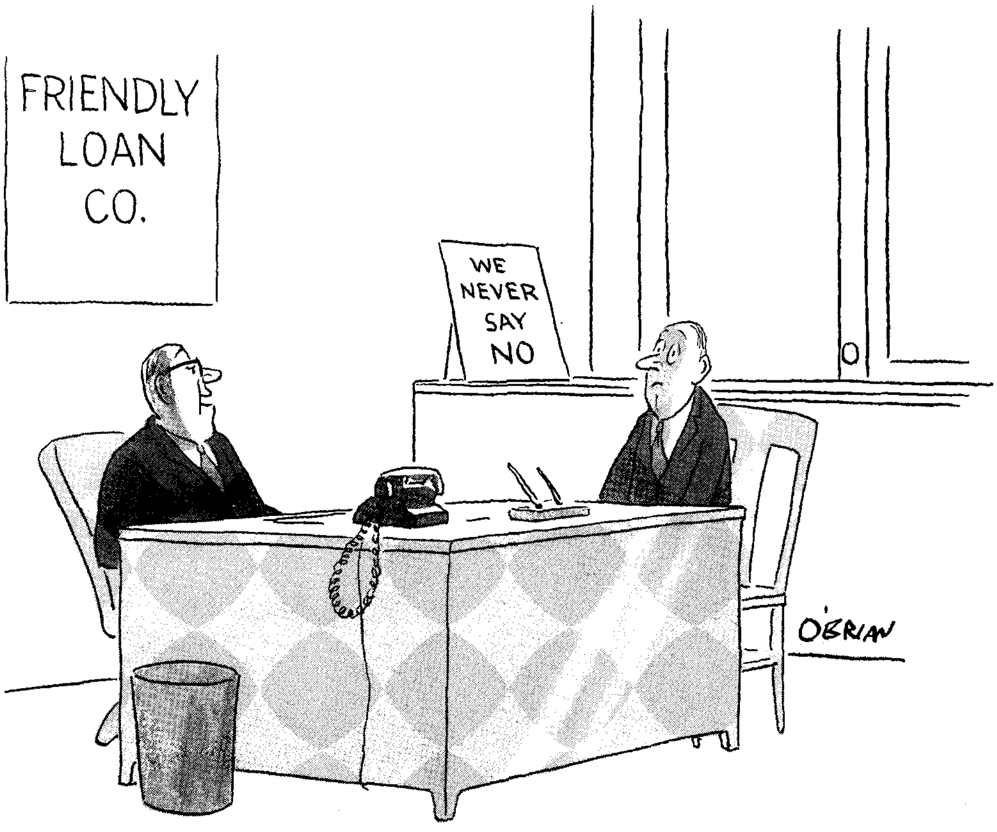
When it comes her turn, she heaves her luggage onto the scale and pushes her ticket to the clerk as quickly as possible. While he examines it, she turns to look at a couple who are now waiting behind her. She glances at both faces, then looks back to the clerk, regardless of their returning her stares and their unanimous perception of her bright-colored clothes.

"Any hand luggage?" says the clerk, peering over the top of the counter.

Lise simpers, placing the tips of her upper teeth over her lower lip, and draws in a little breath.

"Any hand luggage?" The busy young official looks at her as much as to say, "What's the matter with *you*?"

And Lise answers in a voice different from the voice in which she yesterday spoke to the shop assistant when buying her lurid outfit, and has used on the telephone, and in which, early this morning, she spoke to the woman at the porter's desk; she now speaks in a little-girl tone, which presumably is taken by those within hearing to be her normal voice, even if a nasty one. Lise says, "I only have my handbag with me. I believe in travelling light, because I travel a lot and I know how terrible it is for one's neighbors on the plane when you have great huge big



"*Nyet!*"

RADICAL DEPARTURES

Money on the snake   they couldn't stay
There was an end   in Eden   to small talk
That was the first departure   chalk on black
Memoranda   were not so in May

When sin and plaything   were transfigured by
Some dandelion child   with a tin can
Who painted badly   the afternoon
Owed something   more than something   to the sea

But then, who doesn't?   Any shady warehouse
Crammed with the used-up   failures of one life
Proves lifeboats aren't safe   a rusty knife
They cut you up   they screw you   take my advice

It's gloomy   the truth hurts   *c'est dommage*
I've had enough   of voyages and moons
Zebra boardwalk lights   and painted signs
Misdirecting me   like This Garage

Is Open   and then twenty yards away
We're All Filled Up   Get up, go out to Queens
Preferably on a Sunday   when it rains
And take a look at   any cemetery

Jammed with a traffic jam no two-bit crook
Appointed the   Commissioner of Traf-
fic ever fought his way through for the tariff
And when they book you   they throw the whole book

At you   at me   at us   I'm talking about
Radical departures   Jim shot himself
This morning   awful   Eloise and Ralph
Took pills   And Sissy swam the long way out

And around   gin, bourbon   dear alcohol
Always does the trick   Mirrors never lie
Even distorted ones   like Our Old Family
Album   whose dumb positives recall

The negatives behind   the black and whites
Go out to Queens   and take a look around
Highrisers   brick   carefully unzoned
Pile ugliness on ugly   Civil rights

Are getting much less civil   Citizens!
If General Torture, Inc. could have its way
Nothing of memoranda   would be May
It's Can   and Do   Do you remember trains?

Sure I remember trains   I went to Maine
Once   It took a pig to cross the line
At Chicago   You'd better take the plane
Be careful   smoking grass   the main line

Don't mention love   my God   or self-esteem
Quality products   now produced by Thug,
Inc.   The chances aren't good   a bug
Crossing the Atlantic   on a stem

(Interruption: "In colored slides   I'll show
Without a doubt   how each biography
Clean as a whistle on top   is a dirty
Lie at the bottom   and, blow by blow . . .

And other unnatural practices which
Made public   can do a senator in
Real quick   which also goes for everyone
Keep your nose clean   though no one here, natch,

Has anything to fear." At which the screen
Was lowered,   the shot rang out,   and, stunned,
Everyone stared down   at the auto-gunned
Governor   who fell for an ex-Marine.)

The girl from Ipanema   night and day
Won't you do, do, do   all the things you are
This guy's in love with you   eight to the bar
One o'clock jump   after you   take the A

Train   you'll never get from here to there
They're on a yacht   the wine Aegean's prose
Integrate the schools   said Old Man Mose
The Wasp said   The Jew and Negro share

A common fate   Let *them* ask the reasons
One's black   one's white   It's *their* funeral
I think you'd better vote for me, you-all
Intellect at bay   the fate of nations

Goodbye   The thrilling thing to be is stark
Naked   it gets a laugh each time   time is
On time   eats lion   lamb   it's famous
And so is what the dark does to the dark

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

pieces of hand luggage taking up everybody's footroom."

The clerk, all in one gesture, heaves a sigh, purses his lips, closes his eyes, places his chin in his hands and his elbows on the desk. Lise turns around to address the couple behind her. She says, "When you travel as much as I do, you have to travel light, and I tell you, I nearly didn't bring any luggage at all, because you can get everything you want at the other end, so the only reason I brought that suitcase there is that the customs get suspicious if you come in and without luggage. They think you're smuggling dope and diamonds under your blouse, so I packed the usual things for a holiday, but it was all quite unnecessary, as you get to understand when you've travelled about, as you might say, with experience in four languages over the years, and you know what you're doing—"

"Look, Miss," the clerk says, pulling himself straight and stamping her ticket, "you're holding up the people behind you. We're busy."

Lise turns away from the bewildered-looking couple to face the clerk as he pushes her ticket and boarding card toward her. "Boarding card," says the clerk. "Your flight will be called in twenty-five minutes' time. Next, please."

Lise grabs the papers and moves away as if thinking only of the next formality of travel. She puts the ticket in her bag, takes out her passport, slips the boarding card inside it, and makes straight toward the passport boxes. And it is almost as if, satisfied that she has sucessfully registered the fact of her presence at the airport among the July thousands there, she has fulfilled a small item of a greater purpose. She goes to the emigration official and joins the queue and submits her passport. And now, having received her passport back in her hand, she is pushing through the gate into the departure lounge. She walks to the far end, then turns and walks back. She is neither good-looking nor bad-looking. Her lips are slightly parted. She stops to look at the departures chart, then walks on. The people around her are mostly too occupied with their purchases and their flight numbers to notice her, but some of those who sit beside their hand luggage and children on the leather seats waiting for their flights to be called look at her as she walks past, noting without comment the lurid colors of her coat—red and white stripes, hanging loose over her dress, yellow-topped, with its skirt of orange, mauve, and blue. They look as she passes, as they look also at those girls whose skirts are specially short, or those men whose tight-fitting shirts are patterned with flowers or are transparent. Lise is conspicuous among them only in the particular mixture of her colors, contrasting with the fact that her hemline has been for some years an old-fashioned length, reaching just below her knees, as do the mild dresses of many other, but dingy, women travellers who teem in the departure lounge. Lise puts her passport into her handbag and holds her boarding card.

"Separate checks, please."

• •

She stops at the bookstall, looks at her watch, and starts looking at the paperback stands. A white-haired, tall woman, who has been looking through the hardback books piled up on a table, turns from them and, pointing to the paperbacks, says to Lise in English, "Is there anything there predominantly pink or green or beige?"

"Excuse me?" says Lise politely, in a foreign-accented English. "What is it that you're looking for?"

"Oh," the woman says, "I thought you were American."

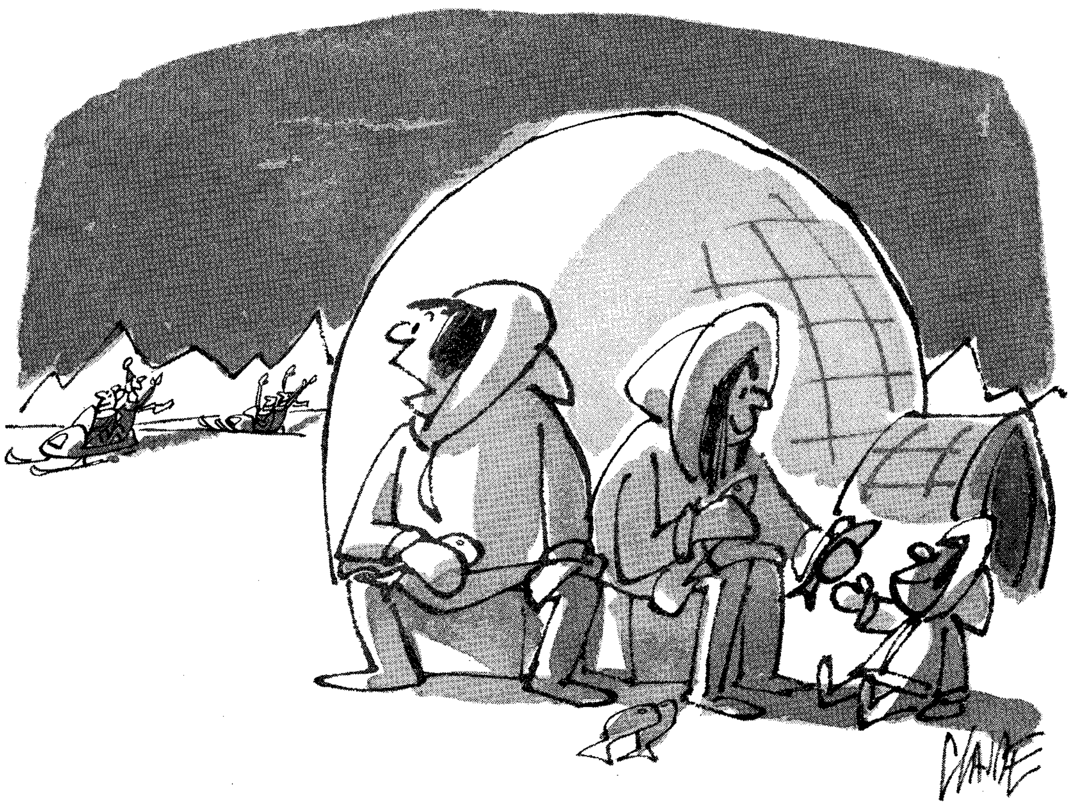
"No, but I can speak four languages, enough to make myself understood."

"I'm from Johannesburg," says the woman, "and I have this house in Jo'burg and another at Sea Point on the Cape. Then my son, he's a lawyer, he has a flat in Jo'burg. In all our places, we have spare bedrooms—that makes two green, two pink, three beige—and I'm trying to pick up books to match. I don't see any with just those pastel tints."

"You want English books," Lise says. "I think you find English books at the front of the shop over there."

"Well, I looked there and I don't find my shades. Aren't these English books here?"

Lise says, "No. In any case, they're all very bright-colored." She smiles



"By God, Nanook, we're done for! It's closing in on us—the Great American Dream!"

then, and with her lips apart starts to look swiftly through the paperbacks. She picks out one with bright-green lettering on a white background, with the author's name printed to look like blue lightning streaks. In the middle of the cover are depicted a brown boy and girl wearing only garlands of sunflowers. Lise pays for the book while the white-haired woman says, "Those colors are too bright for me. I don't see anything."

Lise is holding the book up against her coat, giggling merrily and looking up to the woman as if to see if her purchase is admired.

"You going on holiday?" the woman says.

"Yes. My first after three years."

"You travel much?"

"No. There is so little money. But I'm going to the south now. I went before, three years ago."

"Well, I hope you have a good time. A very good time. You look very gay."

The woman has large breasts; she is clothed in a pink summer coat and dress. She smiles and is amiable in this transient intimacy with Lise, not even sensing in the least that very soon, after a day and a half of hesitancy and after a long midnight telephone call to her son, the lawyer in Johannesburg, who advises her against the action, she nevertheless will come forward and repeat all she remembers and all she does not remember, and all the details she imagines to be true and those that are true, in her conversation with Lise when she sees in the papers that the police are trying to trace who Lise is, and whom, if anyone, she met on her trip, and what she said. "Very gay," says this woman to Lise indulgently, smiling all over Lise's vivid clothes.

"I look for a gay time," Lise is saying.

"You got a young man?"

"Yes, I have my boyfriend!"

"He's not with you, then?"

"No. I'm going to find him. He's waiting for me. Maybe I should get him a gift at the duty-free shop."

They are walking toward the departures chart. "I'm going to Stockholm. I have three-quarters of an hour wait," says the woman.

Lise looks at the chart as the amplified voice of the announcer hacks its way through the general din. Lise says, "That's my flight. Boarding at Gate 14." She moves off, her eyes in the distance as if the woman from Johannesburg had never been there. On her way to Gate 14, Lise stops to glance at a gift stall. She looks at the dolls in folk costume and at the corkscrews. Then she lifts up a paper knife, shaped like a scimitar, of brass-colored metal with inset colored stones. She removes it from its curved sheath and tests the blade and the point with deep interest. "How much?" she asks the girl assistant who is at that moment serving someone else.

The girl says impatiently aside to Lise, "The price is on the ticket."

"Too much. I can get it cheaper at the other end," Lise says, putting it down.

"They're all fixed prices at the Duty-Free!" the girl calls after Lise, as she walks away toward Gate 14.

A small crowd has gathered, waiting for embarkation. More and more people straggle or palpitate, according to temperament, toward the group. Lise surveys her fellow-passengers, one by one, very carefully but not in a manner to provoke their attention. She moves and mingles as if with dreamy feet and legs, but quite plainly, from her eyes, her mind is not dreamy as she absorbs each face, each dress, each suit of clothes, all blouses, all bluejeans, each piece of hand luggage, each voice that will accompany her on the flight now boarding at Gate 14.

III

LISE will be found tomorrow morning dead from multiple stab wounds, her wrists bound with a silk scarf and her ankles bound with a man's necktie, in the grounds of an empty villa, in a park of the foreign city to which she is travelling on the flight now boarding at Gate 14.

Crossing the tarmac to the plane, Lise follows, with her quite long stride, closely on the heels of the fellow-passenger whom she appears finally to have chosen to adhere to. This is a rosy-faced, sturdy young man of about thirty; he is dressed in a dark business suit and carries a black briefcase. She follows him purposefully, careful to block the path of any other traveller whose aimless hurry might intervene between Lise and this man. Meanwhile, closely behind Lise, almost at her side, walks a man who in turn seems anxious to be close to her. He tries unsuccessfully to catch her attention. He is bespectacled, half smiling, young, dark, long-nosed, and stooping. He wears a checked shirt and beige corduroy trousers. A camera is slung over his shoulder and a coat over his arm.

Up the steps they go, the pink and shiny businessman, Lise at his heels, and at hers the hungrier-looking man. Up the steps and into the plane. The stewardess says, "Good morning," at the door, while a steward farther up the aisle of the economy class blocks the progress of the staggering file and helps a young woman with two young children to bundle their coats up on the rack. The way is clear at last. Lise's businessman finds a seat next to the right-hand window in a three-seat row. Lise takes the middle seat, next to him on his left, while the lean hawk swiftly throws his coat and places his camera up on the rack and sits down next to Lise in the aisle seat.

Lise begins to fumble for her seat belt. First, she reaches down the right-hand side of her seat, which adjoins that of the dark-suited man. At the same time, she takes the left-hand section. But the right-hand buckle she gets hold of is that of her neighbor. It does not fit in the left-hand buckle, as she tries to make it do. The dark-suited neighbor, fumbling also for his seat belt, frowns as he seems to realize that she has the wrong part, and makes an unintelligible sound. Lise says, "I think I've got yours."

He fishes up the buckle that properly belongs to Lise's seat belt. She says, "Oh, yes. I'm so sorry." She giggles and he formally smiles and brings his smile to an end, now fastening his seat belt intently and then looking out of the window at the wing of the plane, silvery, with rectangular patches.

Lise's left-hand neighbor smiles. The loudspeaker tells the passengers to fasten their seat belts and refrain from smoking. Her admirer's brown eyes are warm, his smile, as wide as his forehead, seems to take up most of his lean face. Lise says, audibly above the other voices on the plane, "You look like Red Riding Hood's grandmother. Do you want to eat me up?"

The engines rev up. Her ardent neighbor's widened lips give out deep, satisfied laughter, while he slaps her knee in applause. Suddenly her other neighbor looks at Lise in alarm. He stares, as if recognizing her, with his briefcase on his lap and his hand in the position of pulling out a batch of papers. Something about Lise, about her exchange with the man on her left, has caused a kind of paralysis in his act of fetching out some papers from his briefcase. He opens his mouth, gasping and startled, staring at her as if she is someone he has known and forgotten and now sees again. She smiles at him; it is a smile of relief and delight. His hand moves again, hurriedly putting back the papers that he had half drawn out of his briefcase. He trembles as he unfastens his seat belt and makes as if to leave his seat, grabbing his briefcase.

On the evening of the following day, he will tell the police, quite truthfully, "The first time I saw her was at the airport. Then on the plane. She sat beside me."

"You never saw her before at any time? You didn't know her?"

"No, never."

"What was your conversation on the plane?"

"Nothing. I moved my seat. I was afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, frightened. I moved to another seat, away from her."

"What frightened you?"

"I don't know."

"Why did you move your seat at that time?"

"I don't know. I must have sensed something."

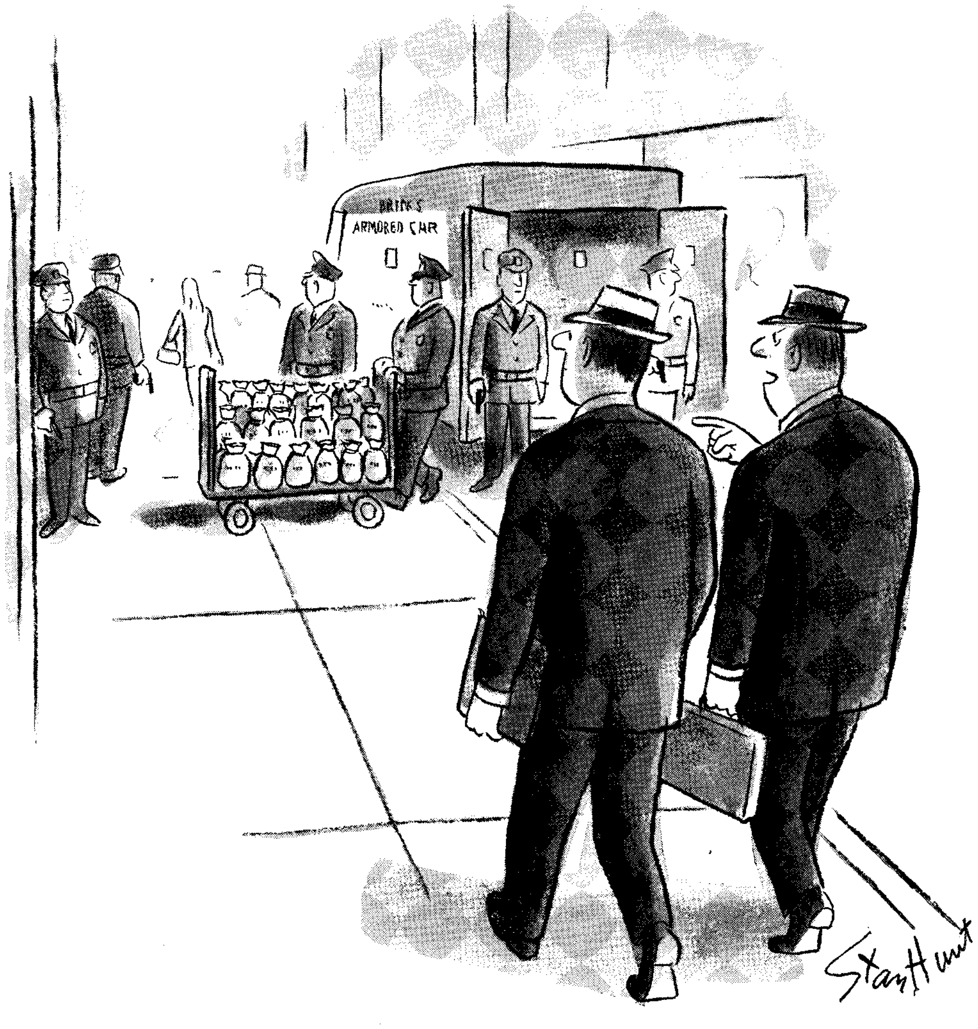
"What did she say to you?"

"Nothing much. She got her seat belt mixed with mine. Then she was carrying on a bit with the man in the end seat."

Now, as the plane taxis along the runway, he gets up. Lise and the man in the aisle seat look at him, taken by surprise at the abruptness of his movements. Their seat belts fasten them to their seats, and they are unable immediately to make way for him as he indicates that he wants to pass. Lise looks, for an instant, slightly senile, as if she felt, in addition to bewilderment, a sense of defeat or physical incapacity. She might be about to cry or protest against a pitiless frustration of her will. But a stewardess, seeing the standing man, has left her post by the exit door and briskly comes up the aisle to their seats. She says, "The aircraft is about to take off. Will you kindly remain seated and fasten your seat belt?"

The man says, in a foreign accent, "Excuse me, please. I wish to change." He starts to squeeze past Lise and her companion.

The stewardess, evidently thinking that the man has an urgent need to



"That's the stuff that gets us up early in the morning and makes us go to bed before the 'Late Show,' Harold."

go to the lavatory, asks the two if they would mind getting up to let him pass and return to their seats as quickly as possible. They unfasten their belts, stand aside in the aisle, and he hurries up the plane with the stewardess leading the way. But he does not get as far as the toilet cubicles. He stops at an empty middle seat, upon which the people on either side—a white-haired fat man and a young girl—have dumped hand luggage and magazines. He pushes himself past the young woman, who is seated on the outside seat, and asks her to remove the luggage. He himself lifts it, shakily, his solid strength all gone. The stewardess turns to remonstrate, but the two people have obediently made the seat vacant for him. He sits, fastens his seat belt, ignoring the stewardess—her reproving questions, her questioning protests—and heaves a deep breath, as if he had escaped from death by a small margin.

Lise and her companion have watched the performance. Lise smiles bitterly. The dark man by her side says, "What's wrong with him?"

"He didn't like us," Lise says.

"What did we do to him?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. He must be crazy. He must be nutty."

The plane now comes to its brief halt before revving up for the takeoff run. The engines roar and the plane is off, is rising and away. Lise says to her neighbor, "I wonder who he is."

"Some kind of a nut," says the man. "But it's all the better for us. We can get acquainted." His stringy hand takes hers; he holds it tightly. "I'm Bill," he says. "What's your name?"

"Lise." She lets him grip her hand as if she hardly knows that he is holding it. She stretches her neck to see above the heads of the people in front, and says, "He's sitting there reading the paper as if nothing had happened."

The stewardess is handing out copies of newspapers. A steward who has followed her up the aisle stops at the seat where the dark-suited man has settled and is now tranquilly scanning the front page of his newspaper. The steward inquires if he is all right now, sir.

The man looks up with an embarrassed smile and shyly apologizes. "Yes, fine. I'm sorry . . ."

"Was there anything the matter, sir?"

"No, really. Please. I'm fine here, thanks. Sorry. It was nothing, nothing."

The steward goes away with his eyebrows mildly raised in resignation to the chance eccentricity of a passenger. The plane purrs forward. The no-smoking lights go out and the loudspeaker confirms that the passengers may now unfasten their seat belts and smoke.

Lise unfastens hers and moves to the vacated window seat. "I knew," she says. "In a way, I knew there was something wrong with him."

Bill moves to sit next to her in the middle seat and says, "Nothing wrong with him at all. Just a fit of puritanism. He was unconsciously jealous when he saw we'd hit it off together, and he made out he was outraged, as if we'd been doing something indecent. Forget him. He's probably a clerk in an insurance brokers', from the looks of him. Nasty little bureaucrat. Limited. He wasn't your type."

"How do you know?" Lise says immediately, as if responding only to Bill's use of the past tense, and, as if defying it by a counter-demonstration to the effect that the man continues to exist in the present, she half stands to catch sight of the stranger's head, eight rows forward in a middle seat, at the other side of the aisle, now bent quietly over his reading.

"Sit down," Bill says. "You don't want anything to do with that type. He was frightened of your psychedelic clothes. Terrified."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. But I'm not."

The stewardesses advance up the aisle bearing trays of food, which they start to place before the passengers. Lise and Bill pull down the tables in front of their seats to receive their portions. It is a midmorning compromise snack composed of salami on lettuce, two green olives, a rolled-up piece of boiled ham containing a filling of potato salad, and a small pickled something, all laid upon a slice of bread. There is also a round cake, swirled with white and chocolate cream, and a corner of silver-wrapped processed cheese with biscuits wrapped in cellophane. An empty plastic coffee cup stands by on each of their trays.

Lise takes from her tray the transparent plastic envelope which contains the sterilized knife, fork, and spoon necessary for the meal. She feels the blade of the knife. She presses two of her fingers against the prongs of her fork. "Not very sharp," she says.

"Who needs them anyway?" says Bill. "This is awful food."

"Oh, it looks all right. I'm hungry. I only had a cup of coffee for my breakfast. There wasn't time."

"You can eat mine, too," says Bill. "I stick as far as possible to a very sensible diet. This stuff is poison, full of toxics and chemicals. It's far too Yin."

"I know," said Lise. "But considering it's a snack on a plane—"

"You know what Yin is?" he says.

She says, "Well, sort of . . ." in a vaguely embarrassed way, "but it's only a snack, isn't it?"

"You understand what Yin is?"

"Well, something sort of like this—all bitty."

"No, Lise," he says.

"Well, it's a kind of slang, isn't it? You say a thing's a bit too Yin . . ." Plainly she is groping.

"Yin," says Bill, "is the opposite of Yang."

She giggles and, half rising, starts searching with her eyes for the man who is still on her mind.

"This is serious," Bill says, pulling her roughly back into her seat. She laughs and begins to eat.

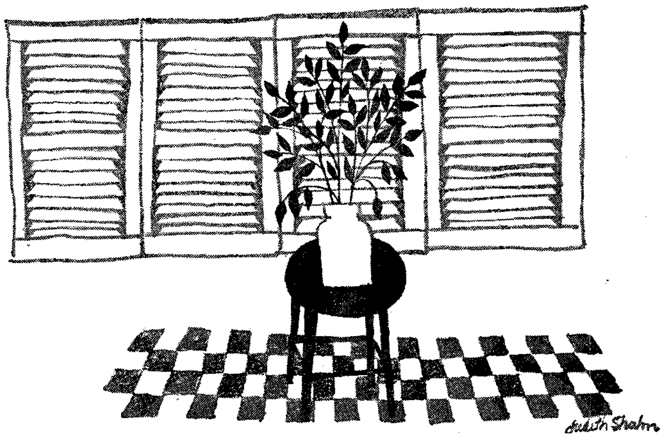
"Yin and Yang are philosophies," he says. "Yin represents space. Its color is purple. Its element is water. It is external. That salami is Yin and those olives are Yin. They are full of toxics. Have you ever heard of macrobiotic food?"

"No, what is it?" she says, cutting into the open salami sandwich.

"You've got a lot to learn. Rice, unpolished rice, is the basis of macrobiotics. I'm going to start a center in Naples next week. It is a cleansing diet. Physically, mentally, and spiritually."

"I hate rice," she says.

"No, you only think you do. He who hath ears let him hear." He smiles widely toward her; he breathes into her face and touches



her knee. She eats on with composure. "I'm an Enlightenment Leader in the movement," he says.

The stewardess comes with two long metal pots. "Tea or coffee?"

"Coffee," says Lise, holding out her plastic cup, her arm stretched in front of Bill. When this is done, "For you, sir?" says the stewardess.

Bill places his hand over his cup and benignly shakes his head.

"Don't you want anything to eat, sir?" says the stewardess, regarding Bill's untouched tray.

"No, thank you," says Bill.

Lise says, "I'll eat it. Or at least some of it."

The stewardess passes on to the next row, unconcerned.

"Coffee is Yin," says Bill.

Lise looks toward his tray. "Are you sure you don't want that open sandwich? It's delicious. I'll eat it if you don't want it. After all, it's paid for, isn't it?"

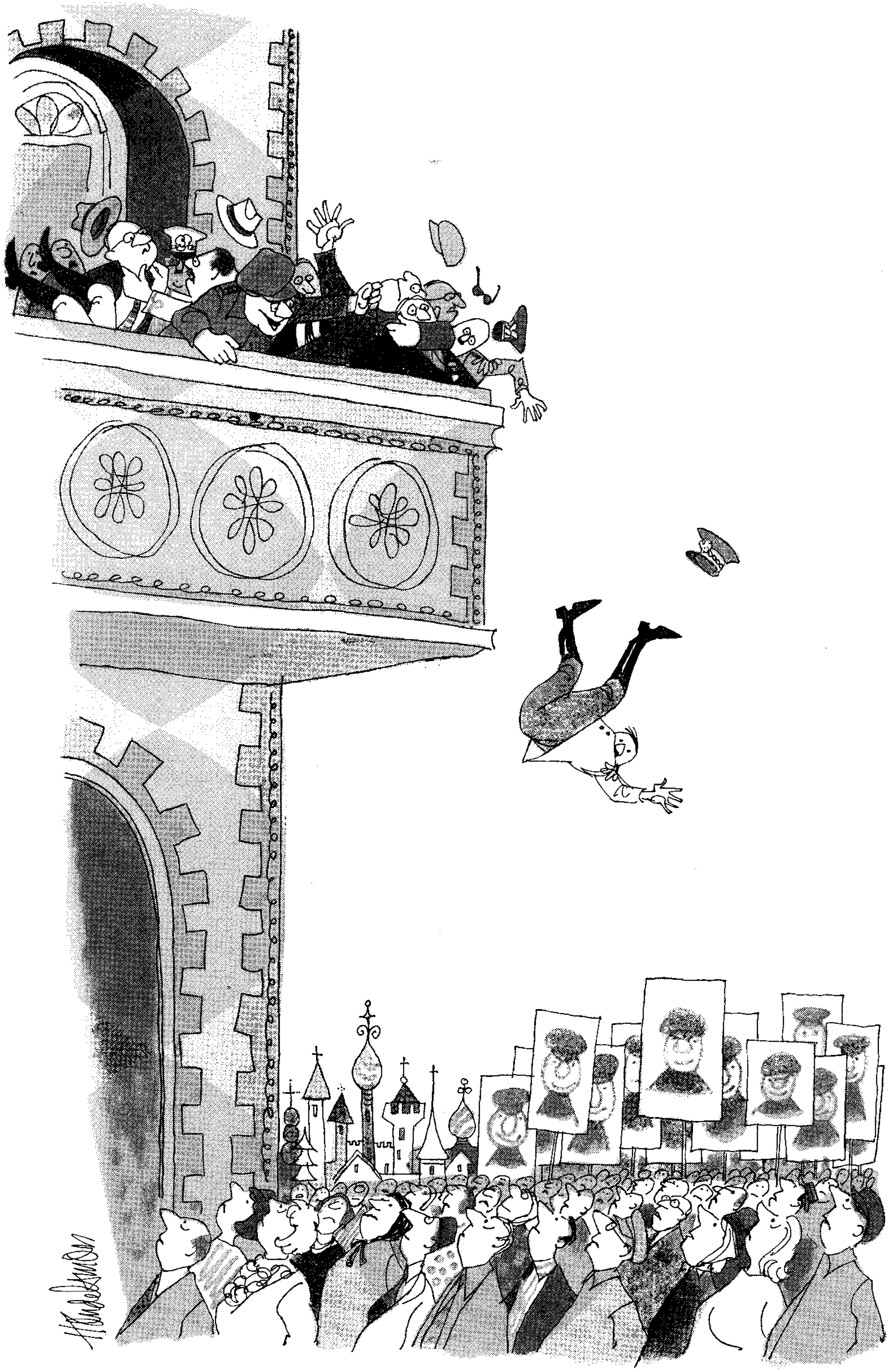
"Help yourself," he says. "You'll soon change your eating habits, though, now that we've got to know each other."

"What ever do you eat when you travel abroad?" Lise says, exchanging his tray for hers, retaining only her coffee.

"I carry my diet with me. I never eat in restaurants and hotels unless I have to. And if I do, I choose very carefully. I go where I can get a little fish, maybe, and rice, and perhaps a bit of goat's cheese. Which are Yang. Cream cheese—in fact, butter, milk, anything that comes from the cow—is too Yin. You become what you eat. Eat cow and you become cow."

A hand fluttering a sheet of white paper intervenes from behind them.

They turn to see what is being offered. Bill grasps the paper. It is the log of the plane's flight, informing the passengers as to the altitude, speed, and present geographical position, and requesting them to read it and pass it on.



"Keep calm, folks. Nothing to worry about. Just a little struggle for power."

• •

Lise continues to look back, having caught sight of the face behind her. In the window seat, next to a comfortably plump woman and a young girl in her teens, is a sick-looking man, his eyes yellow-brown and watery, deep-set in their sockets, his face pale green. It was he who had handed forward the chart. Lise stares, her lips parted slightly, and she frowns, as if speculating on the man's identity. He looks away, first out of the window, then down toward the floor, embarrassed. The woman does not change her expression, but the young girl, understanding Lise to be questioning by her stare the man behind, says, "It's only the flight chart." But Lise stares on. The sick-looking man looks at his companions and then down at his knees, and Lise's stare does not appear to be helping his sickness.

A nudge from Bill composes her, so that she turns and faces forward again. He says, "It's only the flight chart. Do you want to see it?" And since she does not reply, he thrusts it forward to bother it about the ears of the people in front until they receive it from his hand.

Lise starts to eat her second snack. "You know, Bill," she says, "I think you were right about that crazy man who moved his seat. He wasn't my type at all and I wasn't his type. Just as a matter of interest, I mean, because I didn't take the slightest notice of him and I'm not looking to pick up strangers. But you mentioned that he wasn't my type, and, of course, let me tell you, if he thought I was going to make up to him he made a mistake."

"I'm your type," Bill says.

She sips her coffee and looks around, glimpsing through the partition of the seats the man behind her. He stares ahead with glazed and quite unbalanced eyes, those eyes far too wide open to signify anything but some sort of mental distance from reality; he does not see Lise now as she peers at him, or, if so, he appears to have taken a quick turn beyond caring and beyond embarrassment.

Bill says, "Look at me, not at him."

She turns back to Bill with an agreeable and indulgent smile. The stewardesses come efficiently collecting the trays, cluttering one upon the other. Bill, when their trays are collected, puts up first Lise's table and then his own. He puts his arm through hers.

"I'm your type," he says, "and you're mine. Are you planning to stay with friends?"

"No, but I have to meet somebody."

"No chance of us meeting sometime? How long are you planning to stay in the city?"

"I have no definite plans," she says. "But I could meet you for a drink tonight. Just a short drink."

"I'm staying at the Metropole," he says. "Where will you be staying?"

"Oh, just a small place. Hotel Tomson."

"I don't think I know Hotel Tomson."

"It's quite small. It's cheap but clean."

"Well, at the Metropole," Bill says, "they don't ask any questions."

"As far as I'm concerned," Lise says, "they can ask any questions they like. I'm an idealist."

"That's exactly what I am," Bill says. "An idealist. You're not offended, are you? I only meant that if we get acquainted, I think, somehow, I'm your type and you're my type."

"I don't like crank diets," Lise says. "I don't need diets. I'm in good form."

"Now, I can't let that pass, Lise," Bill says. "You don't know what you're talking about. The macrobiotic system is not just a diet, it's a way of life."

She says, "I have somebody to meet sometime this afternoon or this evening."

"What for?" he says. "Is it a boyfriend?"

"Mind your own business," she says. "Stick to your Yin and your Yang."

"Yin and Yang," he says, "is something that you've got to understand. If we could have a little time together, a little peaceful time, in a room, just talking, I could give you some idea of how it works. It's an idealist's way of life. I'm hoping to get the young people of Naples interested in it. I should think there would be many young people of Naples interested. We're opening a macrobiotic restaurant there, you know."

Lise peers behind her again at the staring, sickly man. "A strange type," she says.

"With a room behind the public dining hall, a room for strict observers who are on Regime Seven. Regime Seven is cereals only, very little liquid. You take such a very little liquid that you can make water only three times a day if you're a man, two if you're a woman. Regime Seven is a very elevated regime in macrobiotics. You become like a tree. People become what they eat."

"Do you become a goat when you eat goat's cheese?"

"Yes, you become lean and stringy like a goat. Look at me. I haven't a spare piece of fat on my body. I'm not an Enlightenment Leader for nothing."

"You must have been eating goat's cheese," she says. "This man back here is like a tree. Have you seen him?"

"Behind the private room for observers of Regime Seven," Bill says, "there will be another little room for tranquillity and quiet. It should do well in Naples, once we get the youth movement started. It's to be called the Yin-Yang Young Culture Center. It does

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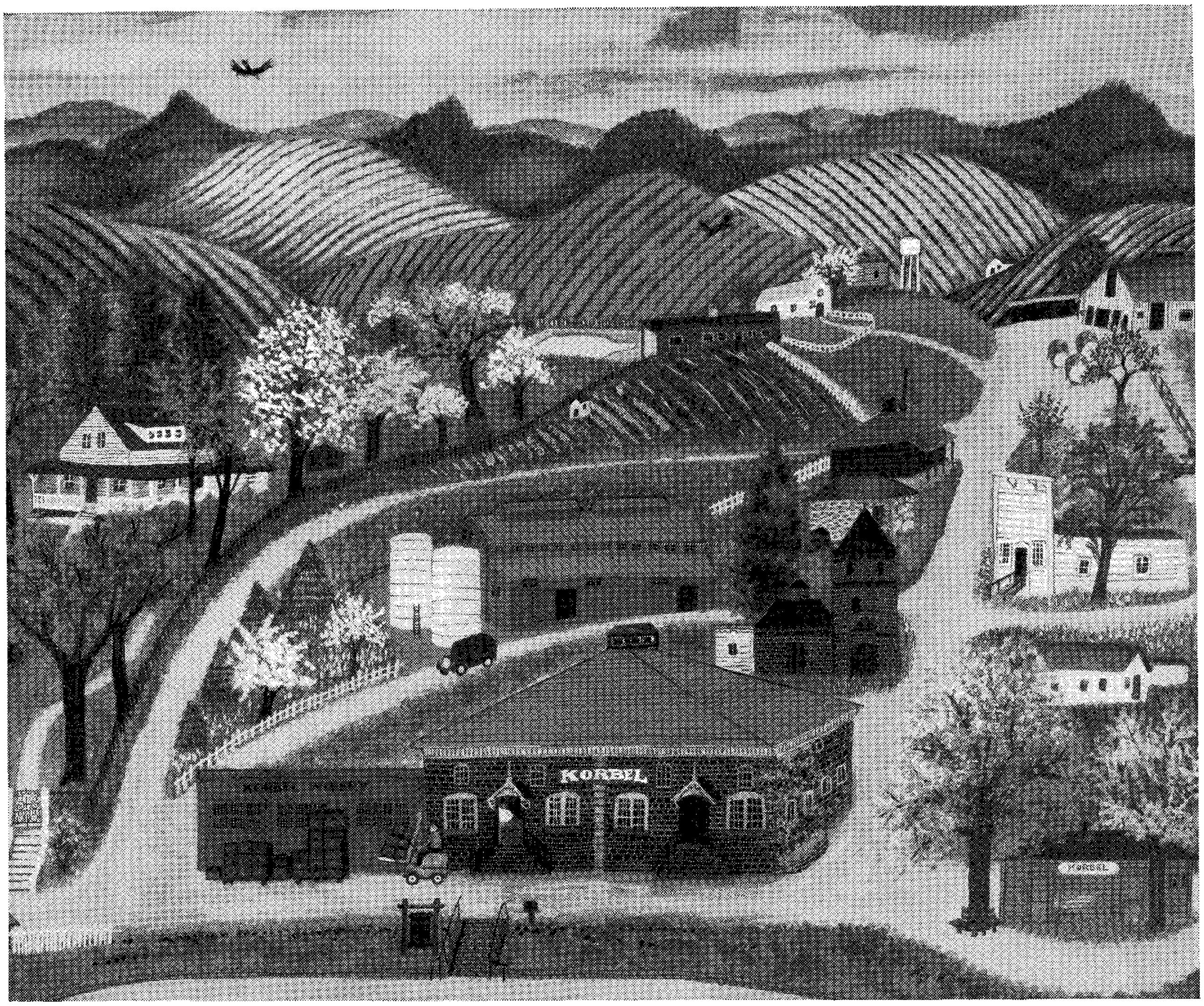
"Look, Pop! Environment!"

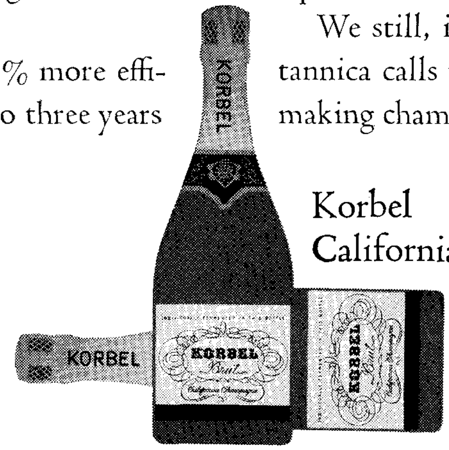


In 1862 it took 250 separate hand operations to make a bottle of Korbel Champagne. We now have it down to 244.

We used to have to handle each bottle of Korbel Champagne 250 times, from the time it first started to ferment in the bottle until the time it finally left our cellars. Nowadays we are a little more efficient. (We no longer stick labels on by hand, for example.)

We are, however, a mere 2.4% more efficient. We still age our wine up to three years in white oak casks. We still let it ferment and age for as much as three more years in the bottle. (The same bottle you will buy.) We still clarify each bottle individually, in order to protect its bouquet from contact with air.

We still, in short, cling to what The Britannica calls the "older, classic method" of making champagne.



**Korbel
California Champagne**

KORBEL FINE OLD CLASSIC CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES Sec • Extra Dry • Brut • Natural • Pink • Sparkling Burgundy • F. Korbel and Bros., Inc., Guerneville, Calif.

well in Denmark. But middle-aged people take the diet, too. In the States, many senior citizens are on macrobiotics."

"The men in Naples are sexy."

"On this diet, the Regional Master for Northern Europe recommends one orgasm a day. At least. In the Mediterranean countries, we are still researching that aspect."

"He's afraid of me," Lise whispers, indicating with a jerk of her head the man behind her. "Why is everybody afraid of me?"

"What do you mean? I'm not afraid of you." Bill looks around impatiently, and as if only to oblige her. He looks away again. "Don't bother with him," he says. "He's a mess."

Lise gets up. "Excuse me," she says. "I have to go and wash."

"See you come back," he says.

She passes across him to the aisle, holding in her hand both her handbag and the paperback book she bought at the airport, and as she does so she takes the opportunity to look carefully at the three people in the row behind: the ill-looking man, the plump woman, and the young girl, who sit without conversing—as it seems, unconnected with each other. Lise stands for a moment in the aisle, raising the arm on which the handbag is slung from the wrist, so that the paperback, now held between finger and thumb, is visible. She seems to display it deliberately, as if she is one of those spies one reads about who effect recognition by prearranged signals and who verify their contact with another agent by holding a certain paper in a special way.

Bill looks up at her and says, "What's the matter?"

She starts moving forward, at the same time answering Bill. "The matter?"

"You won't need that book," Bill says.

She looks at the book in her hand as if wondering where it came from, and, with a little laugh, hesitates by his side long enough to toss it onto her seat before she goes up the plane toward the toilets.

Two people are waiting in line ahead of her. She takes her place abstractedly, standing, in fact, almost even with the row where her first neighbor, the businessman, is sitting. But she does not seem to be aware of him or to care in the slightest that he glances up at her twice, three times—at first apprehensively and then, as she continues to ignore him, less so. He turns a page of his newspaper and folds it conveniently for reading and reads it without looking at her again, settling farther into his seat with the slight sigh of one whose visitor has left and who is at last alone.

IT has turned out that the sick-looking man is, after all, connected with the plump woman and the young girl who sat beside him on the plane. He is coming out of the airport building now, not infirmly but with an air of serious exhaustion, accompanied by the woman and the girl. Lise stands a few yards away. By her side is Bill; their luggage is on the pavement beside them. She says, "Oh, there he is!" and leaves Bill's side, running up to the sick-eyed man. "Excuse me!" she says.

He hesitates and makes an awkward withdrawal—two steps backward—and with the steps he seems to withdraw even more his chest, shoulders, legs, and face. The plump woman looks at Lise inquiringly, while the girl just stands and looks.

Lise addresses the man in English. She says, "Excuse me, but I wondered if you wanted to share a limousine to the center. It works out cheaper than a taxi, if the passengers agree to share, and it's quicker than the bus, of course."

The man looks at the pavement as if inwardly going through a ghastly experience. The plump woman says, "No, thank you. We're being met," and, touching the man on the arm, moves on. He follows as if bound for the scaffold, while the girl stares blankly at Lise before walking round and past her. But Lise quickly moves with the group and once again confronts the man. "I'm sure we've met somewhere before," she says. The man rolls his head slightly as if he had toothache or a headache. "I would be so grateful," Lise says, "for a lift."

"I'm afraid—" says the woman. And just then a man in a chauffeur's uniform comes up. "Good morning, milord," he says. "We're parked over there. Did you have a good trip?"

The man has opened his mouth wide but without making a sound; now he closes his lips tight.

"Come along," says the plump woman, while the girl turns in an unconcerned way. The plump woman says sweetly to Lise while brushing past her, "I'm sorry, we can't stop at the moment. The car's waiting and we have no extra room."

Lise shouts, "But your luggage—you've forgotten your luggage."

The chauffeur turns cheerily and says over his shoulder, "No luggage, Miss; they don't bring luggage. Got all they need at the villa." He winks and breezes about his business.

The three follow him across the street to the rows of waiting cars and are followed by other travellers, who stream out of the airport building.

Lise runs back to Bill. He says, "What are you up to?"

"I thought I knew him," Lise says. She is crying; her tears fall heavily. She says, "I was sure he was the right one. I've got to meet someone."

Bill says, "Don't cry, don't cry; people are looking. What's the matter? I don't get it." At the same time, he grins with his wide mouth, as if to affirm that the incomprehensible needs must be a joke. "I don't get it," he says, pulling out of his pocket two men's-size paper handkerchiefs and, selecting one, handing it to Lise. "Who did you think he was?"

Lise wipes her eyes and blows her nose. She clutches the paper handkerchief in her fist. She says, "It's a disappointing start to my holidays. I was sure."

"You've got me for the next few days, if you like," Bill says. "Don't you want to see me again? Come on, we'll get a taxi; you'll feel better in a taxi. You can't go on the bus, crying like that. I don't get it. I can give you what you want, wait and see."

On the pavement, farther up, among a cluster of people waiting for a taxi, is the sturdy young businessman in his dark suit, holding his briefcase. Lise looks listlessly at Bill, then beyond Bill, and just as listlessly takes in the man, whose rosy face is turned toward her. He lifts his suitcase immediately he catches sight of her and crosses the road amidst the traffic, moving quickly away and away. But Lise is not watching him anymore; she does not even seem to have remembered him.

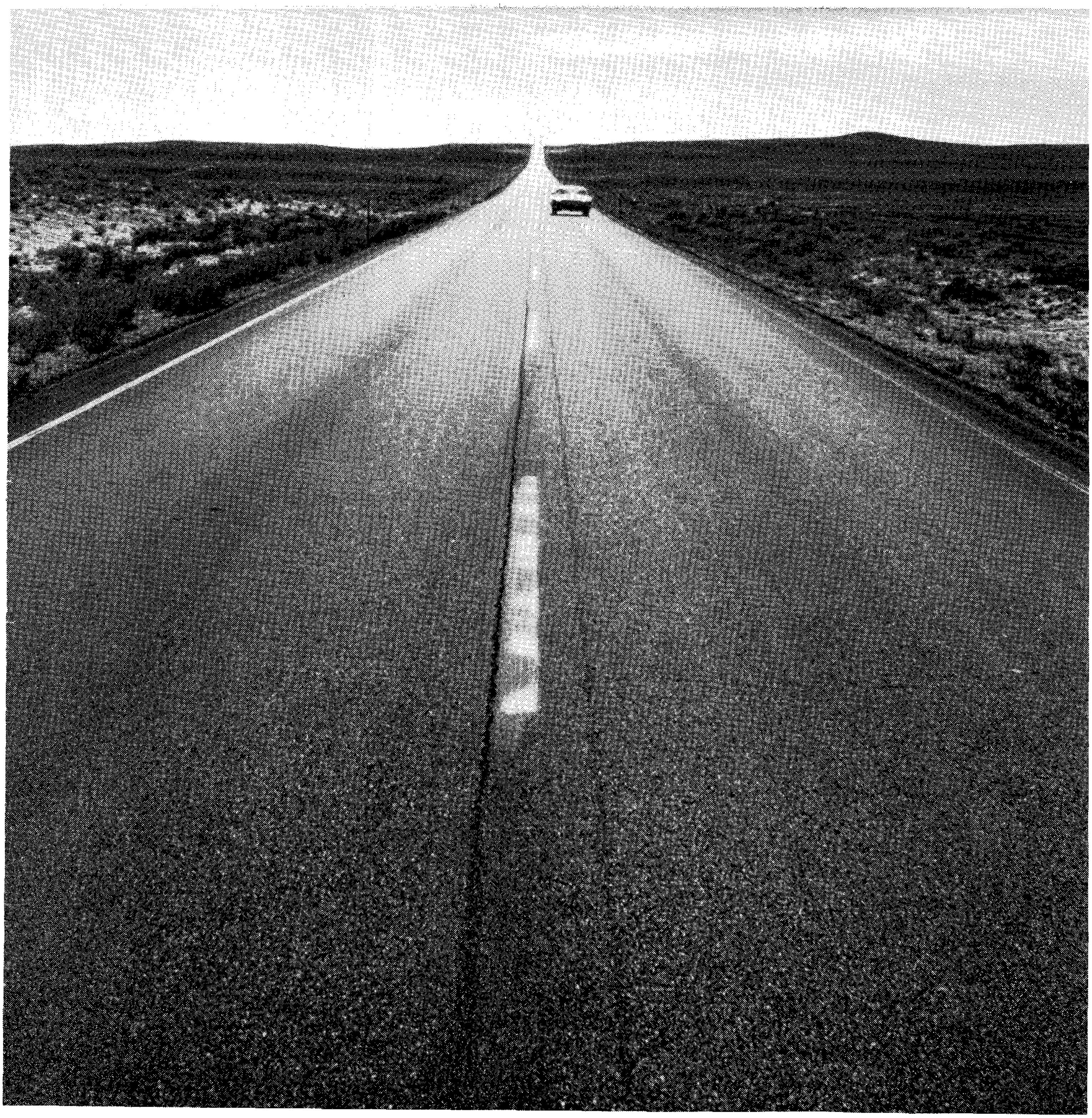
In the taxi, she laughs harshly when Bill tries to kiss her. Then she lets him kiss her, emerging from the contact with raised eyebrows as who should say, "What next?"

"I'm your type," Bill says.

The taxi stops at the gray stone Hotel Tomson. She says, "What's all that on the floor?" and points to a scatter of small seeds. Bill looks at them closely and then at his zipper bag, which has come unzipped by a small fraction.

"Rice," he says. "One of my sample packs must have burst, and this bag isn't closed properly." He zips up the bag and says, "Never mind."

He takes her to the narrow swing doors of the hotel and hands her suit-



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case to the porter. "I'll look for you at seven in the hall of the Metropole," he says. He kisses her on the cheek, and again she raises her eyebrows. She pushes the swing door and goes with it, not looking back.

IV

At the hotel desk, Lise seems rather confused, as if she is not quite sure where she is. She gives her name, and when the concierge asks for her passport she evidently does not immediately understand, for she asks him what he wants, first in Danish, then French. She tries Italian, lastly English. He smiles and responds to Italian and English, again requesting her passport in both languages.

"It is confusing," she says in English, handing over her passport.

"Yes, you left part of yourself at home," the concierge says. "That other part, he is still en route to our country but he will catch up with you in a few hours' time. It's often the way with travel by air—the passenger arrives ahead of himself. Can I send you to your room a drink or a coffee?"

"No, thank you." She turns to follow the waiting page boy, then turns back. "When will you be finished with my passport?"

"Any time, any time, Madam. When you come down again. When you go out. Any time."

He looks at her dress and coat, then turns to some other people who have just arrived. While the boy waits, dangling a room key, to take her up, Lise pauses for a moment to have a good look at them. They are a family: mother, father, two sons, and a small daughter, all speaking German together volubly. Lise is meanwhile gazed back at by the two sons. She turns away, impatiently gesturing the bellboy toward the lift, and follows him.

In her room, she gets rid of the boy quickly, and, without even taking her coat off, lies down on the bed, staring at the ceiling. She breathes deeply and deliberately, in and out, for a few minutes. Then she gets up, takes off her coat, and examines what there is of the room.

There is a bed with a green cotton cover, a bedside table, a rug, a dressing table, two chairs, a small chest of drawers; there is a wide, tall window, which indicates that it had once formed part of a much larger room, now partitioned into two or three rooms in the interests of hotel economy; there is a small bathroom with a bidet, a toilet, a washbasin, and a shower. The walls and a built-in cupboard have been a yellowish-cream but are now dirty with dark marks giving evidence of past pieces of furniture removed or rearranged. Her suitcase lies on a rack table. The bedside light is a curved chromium stand with a parchment shade. Lise switches it on. She switches on the central light, which is encased in a mottled glass globe; the light flicks on, then immediately flickers out, as if, having served a long succession of clients without complaint, Lise is suddenly too much for it.

She tramps heavily into the bathroom and first, without hesitation, peers into the drinking glass as if fully expecting to find what she does indeed find: two Alka-Seltzers, quite dry, having presumably been put there by the previous occupant, who no doubt had wanted to sober up but who had finally lacked the power or memory to fill the glass with water and drink the salutary result.

By the side of the bed is an oblong box bearing three pictures, without words, to convey to clients of all languages which bell push will bring which room attendant. Lise examines this with a frown—as it were, deciphering with the effort necessary to those more accustomed to word-reading the three pictures, which represent, first, a frilly maid with a long-handled duster over her shoulder, next, a waiter bearing a tray, and, lastly, a man in buttoned uniform bearing a folded garment over his arm. Lise presses the maid. A light goes on in the box illuminating the picture. Lise sits on the bed and waits. Then she takes off her shoes and, watching the door for a few seconds more, presses the button for the valet, who likewise does not come. Nor does room service, after many more minutes. Lise lifts the telephone, demands the concierge, and complains in a torrent that the bell pushes bring no answer, the room is dirty, the tooth glass has not been changed since the last guest left, the central light needs a new bulb, and the bed, contrary to the advance specifications of her travel agency, has a too-soft mattress. The concierge advises her to press the bell for the maid.

Lise has started reciting her list over again from the beginning when the maid does appear, with a question mark on her face. Lise puts down the receiver rather loudly and points to the light, which the maid tries for herself, then, nodding her understanding of the case, makes to leave.

"Wait!" says Lise, first in English, then in French, to neither of which the maid responds. Lise produces the glass with its Alka-Seltzers nestled at the bottom. "Filthy!" Lise says in English. The maid obligingly fills the glass from the tap and hands it to Lise. "Dirty!" Lise shouts in French. The maid understands, laughs at the happening, and this time makes a quick getaway with the glass in her hand.

Lise slides open the cupboard, pulls down a wooden hanger, and throws it across the room with a clatter, then lies down on the bed. Presently, she looks at her watch. It is five past one. She opens her suitcase and carefully slides out a short dressing gown. She takes out a dress, hangs it in the cupboard, takes it out again, folds it neatly, and puts it back in the suitcase. She takes out her sponge bag and bedroom slippers, undresses, puts on her dressing gown, and goes into the bathroom, shutting the door. She is taking a shower when she hears voices from her room—a man's and a girl's—and a scraping sound. Putting forth her head from the bathroom door, she sees a man in light-brown overalls with a pair of steps and an electric-light bulb. He is accompanied by the maid. Lise comes out in her dressing gown, without having properly dried herself, in the evident interest of protecting her handbag, which lies on the bed. Her dressing gown clings damply to her. "Where is the tooth glass?" Lise demands. "I must have a glass for water."

The maid touches her head to denote forgetfulness and departs with a swish of her skirt, never to return within Lise's cognizance. However, Lise soon makes known her need for a drinking glass on the telephone to the concierge, threatening to leave the hotel immediately if she doesn't get her water glass right away.

While waiting for the threat to take effect, Lise considers the contents of her suitcase. This seems to present her with a problem, for she takes out a pink cotton dress and hangs it in the cupboard; then, after hesitating for a few seconds, she takes it off the hanger, folds it carefully, and lays it back in her case. It might be that she is indeed contemplating an immediate departure from the hotel. But when another maid arrives with two drinking glasses, apologizes in Italian, and offers the explanation that the former maid has gone off duty, Lise continues to look through her belongings in a puzzled

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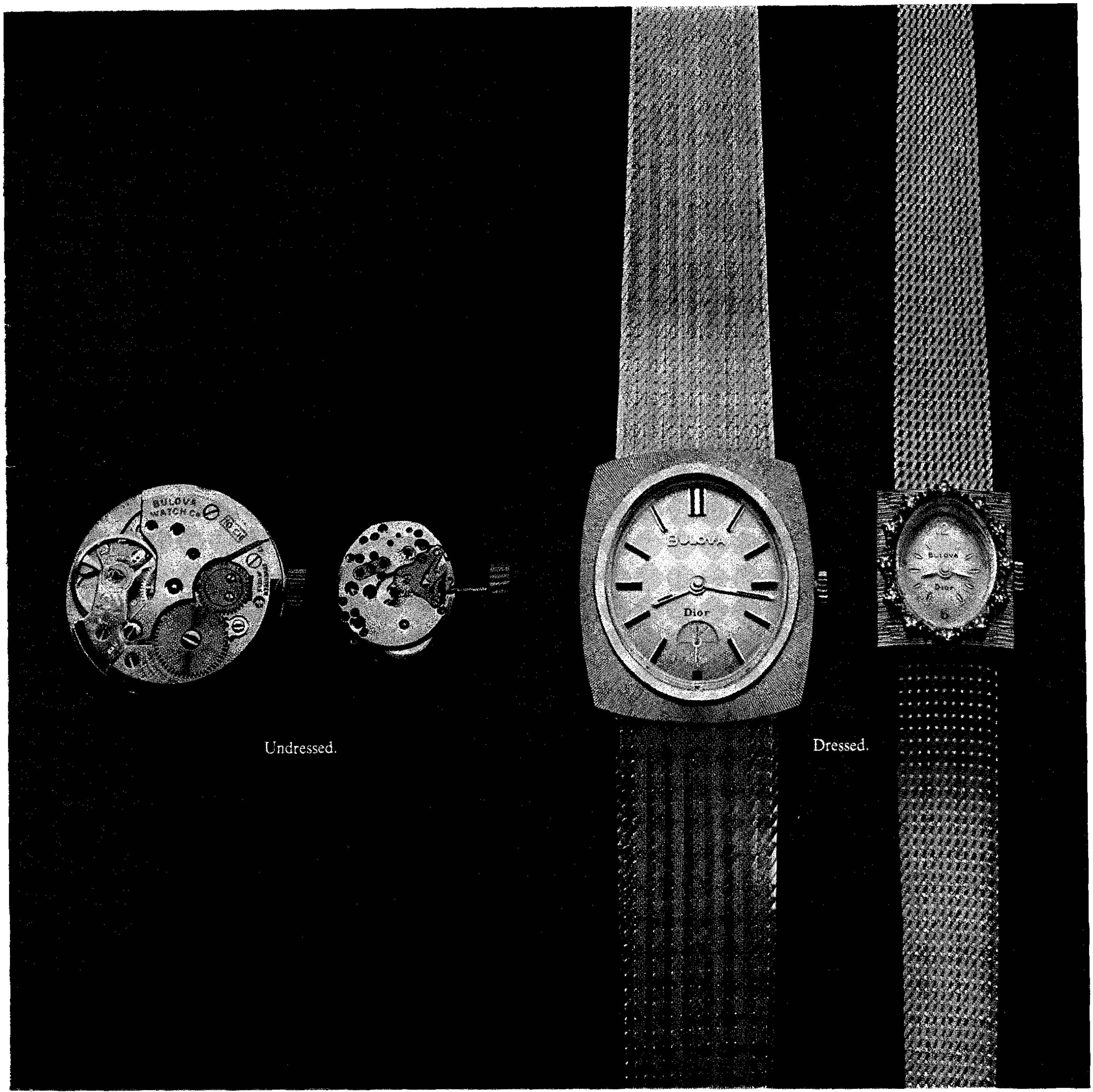

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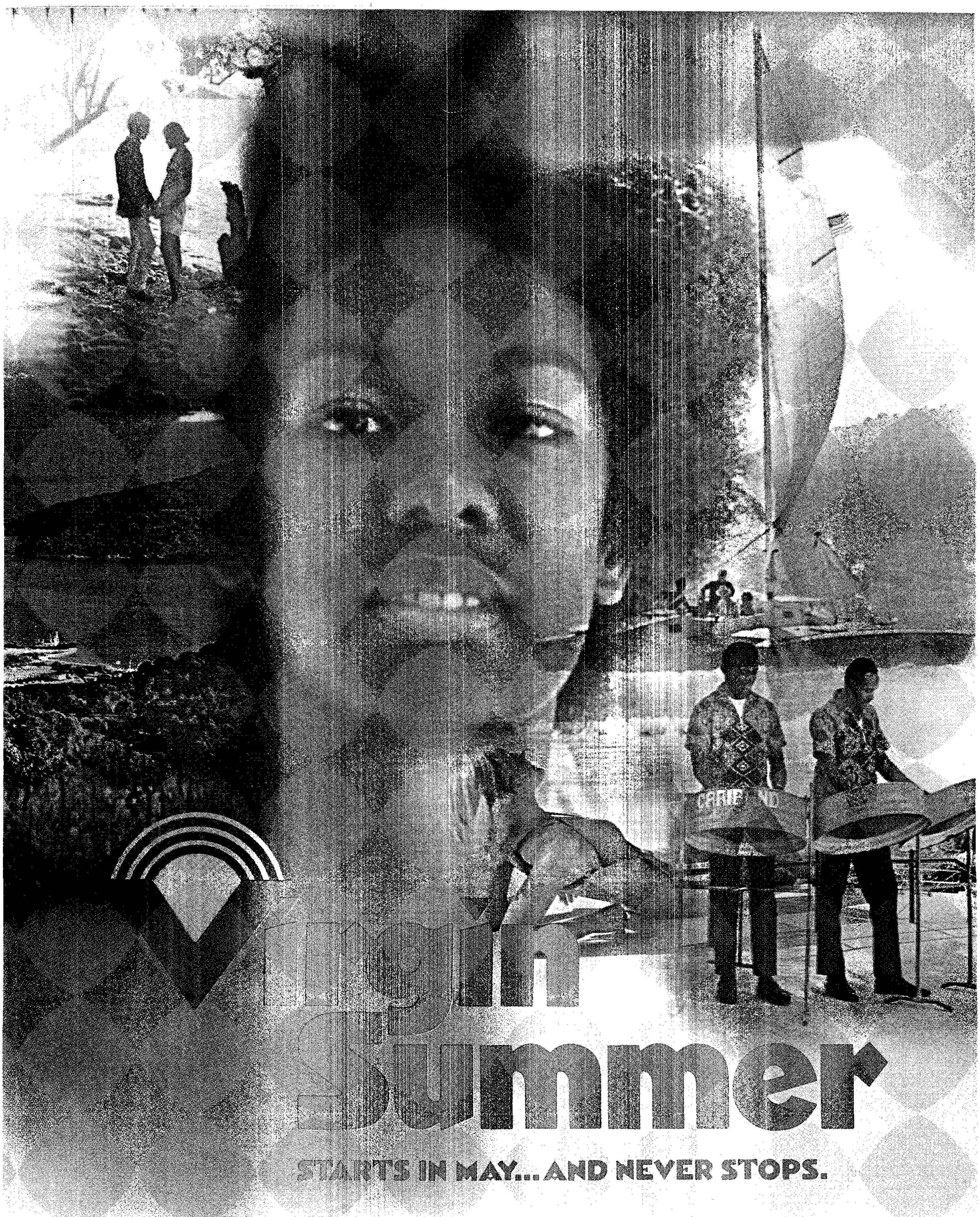
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way, taking nothing further out of her suitcase.

This maid, seeing laid out on the bed the bright-colored dress and coat in which Lise had arrived, inquires amiably if Madam is going to the beach.

"No," says Lise.

"You American?" says the maid.

"No," Lise says.

"English?"

"No." Lise turns her back to continue her careful examination of her clothes in the suitcase, and the maid goes out with an unwanted air, saying, "Good day."

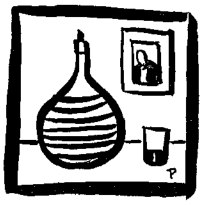
Lise is lifting the corners of her carefully packed things, as if in absent-minded accompaniment to some thought—who knows what? Then, with some access of decision, she takes off her dressing gown and slippers and starts putting on again the same clothes that she wore on her journey. When she is dressed, she folds the dressing gown, puts the slippers back in their plastic bag, and replaces them in her suitcase. She also puts back everything that she has taken out of her sponge bag, and packs this away.

Now she takes from an inside pocket of her suitcase a brochure with an inset map, which she spreads out on the bed. She studies it closely, finding first the spot where the Hotel Tomson is situated, and from there traces with her finger various routes leading into and away from the center of the town. Lise stands, bending over the map. The room is dark, although it is not yet two in the afternoon. Lise switches on the central light and pores over her map.

It is marked here and there with tiny pictures which denote historic buildings, museums, and monuments. Eventually, Lise takes a ballpoint pen from her bag and marks a spot in a large patch of green—the main parkland of the city. She puts a little tick beside one of the small pictures, which is described on the map as "The Pavilion." She then folds up the map and replaces it in the pamphlet, which she edges into her handbag. She looks at herself in the glass, touches her hair, then locks her suitcase. She finds the car keys that she had failed to leave behind that morning and attaches them once more to her key ring. She puts the bunch of keys in her handbag, picks up her paperback book, and goes out, locking the door behind her. Who knows her thoughts? Who can tell?

She is downstairs at the desk, where, behind the busy clerks, numbered pigeonholes irregularly contain letters, packages, the room keys, or nothing, and above them the clock shows twelve minutes past two. Lise puts her room key on the counter and asks for her passport in a loud voice, causing the clerk whom she addresses, another clerk who sits working an adding machine, and several other people who are standing and sitting in the hotel lobby to take notice of her.

The women stare at her clothes. They, too, are dressed brightly for a southern summer, but even here, in this holiday environment, Lise looks brighter. It is possibly the combination of colors—the red in her coat and the purple in her dress—rather than the colors themselves that drags attention to her as she takes her passport in its plastic envelope from the clerk, he looking meanwhile as if he bears the whole of the eccentricities of humankind upon his slender shoulders.



Two girls, long-legged, in the very brief skirts of these times, stare at Lise. Two women who might be their mothers stare, too. And possibly the fact that Lise's outfit comes so far and unfashionably below her knees gives an extra shockingness to her appearance that was not even apparent in the less up-to-date northern city from which she set off that morning. Skirts are worn shorter here in the south. Just as, in former times, when prostitutes could be discerned by the brevity of their skirts compared with the normal standard, so Lise in her knee-covering clothes at this moment looks curiously of the street-prostitute class beside the miniskirted girls and their mothers, whose knees at least can be seen.

So she lays the trail, presently to be followed by Interpol and elaborated upon with due art by the journalists of Europe for the few days it takes for her identity to be established.

"I want a taxi," Lise says loudly to the uniformed boy who stands by the swing doors. He goes out to the street and whistles. Lise follows and stands on the pavement. An elderly woman—small, neat, and agile, in a yellow cotton dress—whose extremely wrinkled face is the only indication of her advanced age, follows Lise to the pavement. She, too, wants a taxi, she says in a gentle voice, and she suggests to Lise that they might share. Which way is Lise going? This woman seems to see nothing strange about Lise, so confidently does she approach her. And in fact, although this is not immediately apparent, the woman's eyesight is sufficiently dim, her hearing faint enough, to eliminate, for her, the garish effect of Lise on normal perceptions.

"Oh," says Lise, "I'm only going to the center. I've no definite plans. It's foolish to have plans." She laughs very loudly.

"Thank you, the center is fine for me," says the woman, taking Lise's laugh for acquiescence in the sharing of the taxi.

And, indeed, they do both load into the taxi and are off.

"Are you staying here long?" says the woman.

"This will keep it safe," says Lise, stuffing her passport down the back of the seat, stuffing it down till it is out of sight.

The old lady turns her spry nose toward this operation. She looks puzzled for an instant, but soon complies with the action, moving forward to allow Lise more scope in shoving the little booklet out of sight.

"That's that," says Lise, leaning back, breathing deeply, and looking out of the window. "What a lovely day!"

The old lady leans back, too, as if leaning on the trusting confidence that Lise has inspired. She says, "I left my passport in the hotel, with the desk."

"It's according to your taste," Lise says, opening the window to the slight breeze. Her lips part blissfully as she breathes in the air of the wide street on the city's outskirts.

Soon they run into traffic. The driver inquires the precise point at which they wish to be dropped.

"The post office," Lise says.

Her companion nods.

Lise turns to her and says, "I'm going shopping. It's the first thing I do on my holidays. I go and buy the little presents for the family first; then that's off my mind."

"Oh, but in *those* days," says the old lady. She folds her gloves, pats them on her lap, smiles at them.

"There's a big department store near the post office," Lise says. "You can get everything you want there."

"My nephew is arriving this evening."

"The traffic!" says Lise.

They pass the Metropole Hotel. Lise says, "There's a man in that hotel I'm trying to avoid."

"Everything is different," says the old lady.

"A girl isn't made of cement," Lise says, "but everything is different now; it's all changed, believe me."

At the post office, they pay the fare, each meticulously contributing the unfamiliar coins to the impatient, mottled, and hillocky palm of the driver's hand, adding coins little by little, until the

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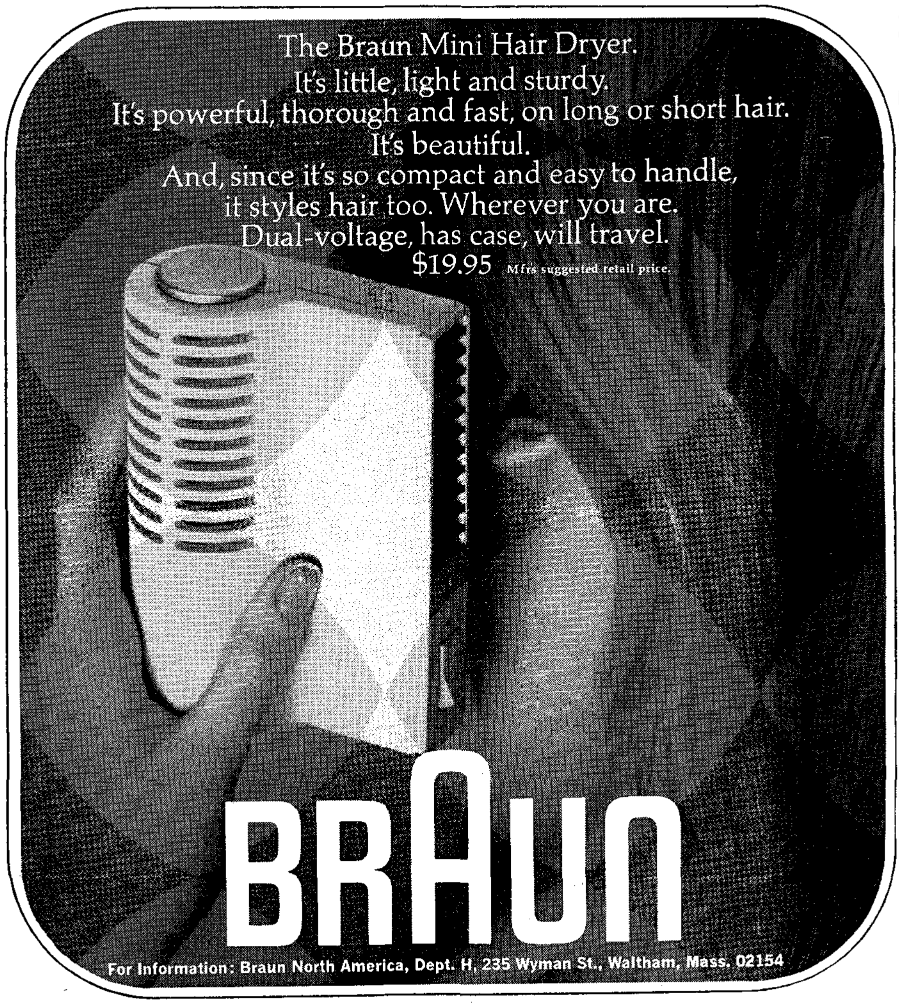

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total is reached and the amount of the tip equally agreed between them and deposited; then they stand on the pavement in the center of the foreign city, in need of coffee and a sandwich, accustoming themselves to the layout, the traffic crossings, the busy residents, the ambling tourists and the worried tourists, and the unencumbered youth who swing and thread through the crowds like antelopes whose heads, invisibly antlered, are airborne high to sniff the prevailing winds, and who so appear to own the terrain beneath their feet that they never look at it. Lise looks down at her clothes as if wondering if she is ostentatious enough. Then, taking the old lady by the arm, she says, "Come and have a coffee. We'll cross by the lights."

All perky for the adventure, the old lady lets Lise guide her to the street crossing, where they wait for the lights to change and where, while waiting, the old lady gives a little gasp and a jerk of shock. She says, "You left your passport in the taxi!"

"Well, I left it there for safety. Don't worry," Lise says. "It's taken care of."

"Oh, I see." The old lady relaxes, and she crosses the road with Lise and the waiting herd. "I am Mrs. Fiedke," she says. "Mr. Fiedke passed away fourteen years ago."

In a bar, they sit at a small round table, place their bags, Lise's book, and their elbows on it, and order each a coffee and a ham-and-tomato sandwich. Lise props up her paperback book against her bag, so that its bright cover is addressed to whom it may concern. "Our home is in Nova Scotia," says Mrs. Fiedke. "Where is yours?"

"Nowhere special," says Lise, waving aside the triviality. "It's written on the passport. My name's Lise." She takes her arms out of the sleeves of her striped cotton coat and lets it fall behind her over the back of the chair.

"Mr. Fiedke left everything to me and nothing to his sister," says the old lady, "but my nephew gets everything when I'm gone. I would have liked to be a fly on the wall when she heard."

The waiter comes with their coffee and sandwiches, moving the book while he sets them down. Lise props it up again when he has gone. She looks around at the other tables and at the people standing up at the bar, sipping coffee or fruit juice. She says, "I have to meet a friend, but he doesn't seem to be here."

"My dear, I don't want to detain you or take you out of your way. . . ."

"Not at all. Don't think of it."

"It was very kind of you to come

FIG. 1. *The Rover* **BABY V-8**

IF you've driven in the city lately, you may already agree that this (Fig. 2) is as big as any car ought to be. What you may not realize is that there was never a rational excuse for them to be any bigger.

A twenty-foot-long car may have been a mark of prestige, once, but nowadays anybody endeavoring to drive and park one is more likely to be a figure of fun. For others. Not much fun in it for himself. And, prestige aside, what are the supposed advantages of a big luxury V-8?

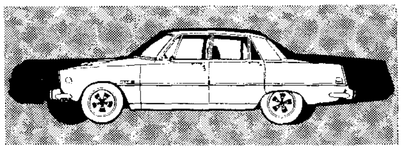

FIG. 2. *The $5,398* Baby V-8 with a comparably priced one of Theirs, in proportion.*

A ROOMY INTERIOR? Almost all the difference between Theirs and Ours isn't in the passenger compartment; it's in front of and beside the engine, in the doors, and in the trunk. (And by the way when did you last use your trunk to capacity? If it ever happened again you could mount the Baby V-8's spare on the trunk lid temporarily.)

CREATURE COMFORTS AND LABOR-SAVING DEVICES? The Baby V-8 has them all—automatic transmission, power steering, power disc brakes, electrically operated windows, flow-through fresh air heating and ventilating—short of esoteric ones like electric motors to move your seat. And they are all standard equipment. The optional extras don't start until one gets to radios and thermostatically controlled air conditioning.

POWER AND ACCELERATION? The Baby V-8 has enough for any real-life driving situation, but not so much that it uses up fuel and wears out its gold band radial ply tires quixotically. (Its 0-60 m.p.h. time, 10.8 seconds. Top speed, about 117 m.p.h. Yet cars on transcontinental test-runs during three years of development in this country averaged 17 m.p.g.)

FINALLY, AS FOR THE QUIETNESS, smoothness of ride, and effortlessness over long distances that very big cars with very big engines are noted for, *Car Life* magazine's engineering editor said the Rover Baby V-8 was *the best handling boulevard-ride car he's driven.* (Italics ours.) Still, it will probably take a test-drive in one to convince you that these qualities are not functions of sheer size and bulk. So see coupon.

Rover Division, Dept. NY
British Leyland Motors Inc.
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along with me," says Mrs. Fiedke, "as it's so confusing in a strange place. Very kind indeed."

"Why shouldn't I be kind?" Lise says, smiling at her with a sudden gentleness.

"Well, I'll be all right just here after we've finished our snack. I'll just take a look round and do a bit of shopping. I won't keep you, my dear."

"You can come shopping with me," Lise says, very genially. "Mrs. Fiedke, it's a pleasure."

"How very kind you are!"

"One should always be kind," Lise says, "in case it might be the last chance. One might be killed crossing the street, or even on the pavement, any time—you never know. So we should always be kind." She cuts her sandwich daintily and puts a piece in her mouth.

Mrs. Fiedke says, "That's a very, very beautiful thought. But you mustn't think of accidents. I can assure you, I'm terrified of traffic."

"So am I. Terrified."

"Do you drive an automobile?" says the old lady.

"I do, but I'm afraid of traffic. You never know what crackpot's going to be at the wheel of another car."

"These days," says Mrs. Fiedke.

"There's a department store not far from here," Lise says. "Want to come?"

They eat their sandwich and drink their coffee. Lise then orders a rainbow ice while Mrs. Fiedke considers one way or another whether she really wants anything more, and eventually declines.

"Strange voices," says the old lady, looking round. "Look at the noise."

"Well, if you know the language."

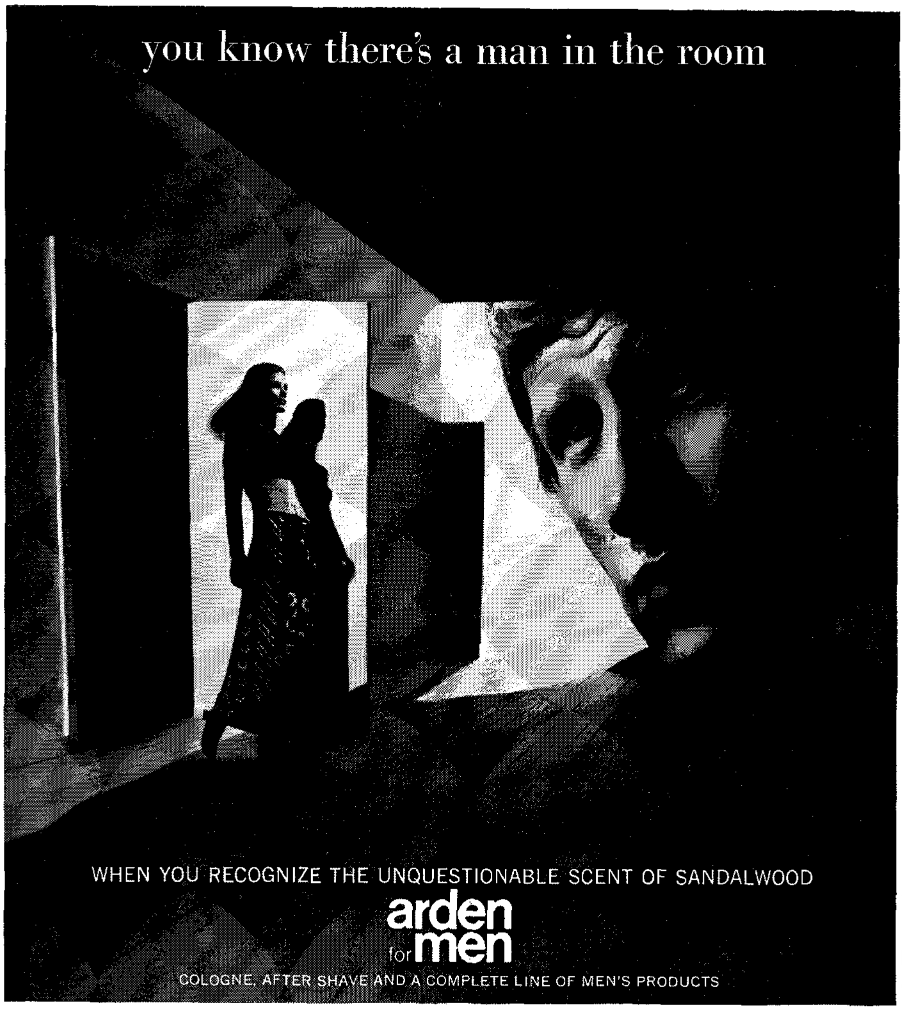
"Can you speak the language?"

"A bit. I can speak four."

Mrs. Fiedke marvels benevolently, while Lise bashfully plays with crumbs on the tablecloth. The waiter brings the rainbow ice, and Mrs. Fiedke says, "It matches with your outfit."

Lise laughs at this—longer than Mrs. Fiedke had evidently expected. "Beautiful colors," Mrs. Fiedke offers, as one might offer a coughsweet. Lise sits before the brightly streaked ice cream with her spoon in her hand and laughs on. Mrs. Fiedke looks frightened and more frightened as the voices of the bar stop while the patrons watch the laughing one. Mrs. Fiedke shrinks into her old-age age—her face dry and wrinkled, her eyes gone into a far retreat, not knowing what to do. Lise stops suddenly and says, "That was funny."

The man behind the bar, having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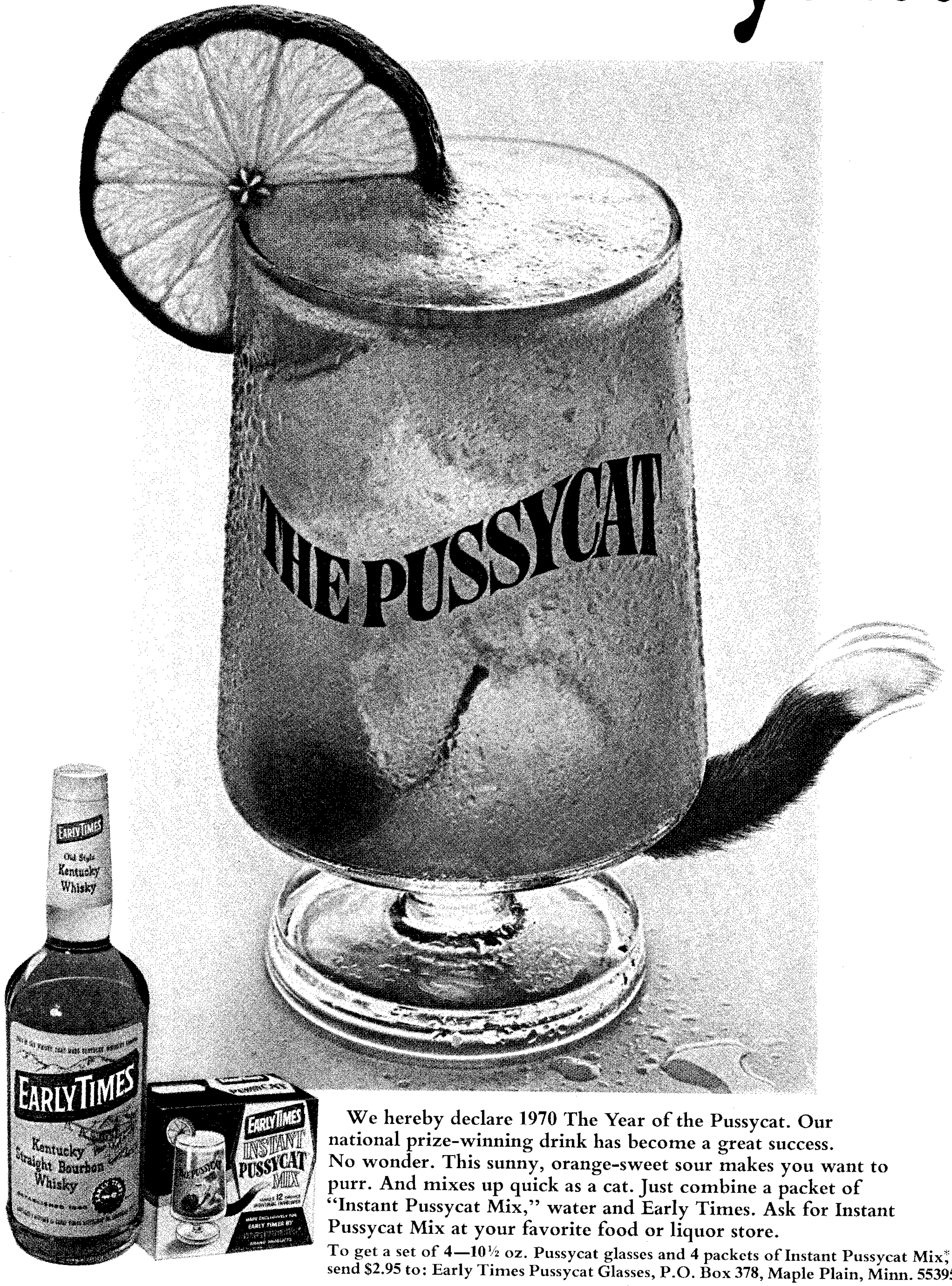
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started over to their table to investigate a potential disorder, stops and turns back, muttering something. A few young men around the bar start up a mimic laugh-laugh-laugh but are stopped by the barman. “When I went to buy this dress,” Lise says to Mrs. Fiedke, “do you know what they offered me first? A stainless dress. Can you believe it? A dress that won’t hold the stain if you drop coffee or ice cream on it. Some new synthetic fabric. As if I would want a dress that doesn’t show the stains!”

Mrs. Fiedke, whose eager spirit is slowly returning from wherever it had been to take cover from Lise’s laughter, looks at Lise’s dress and says, “Doesn’t hold the stains? Very useful for travelling.”

“Not this dress,” Lise says, working her way through the rainbow ice. “It was another dress. I didn’t buy it, though. Very poor taste, I thought.”

She has finished her ice. Again the two women fumble in their purses, and at the same time Lise gives an expert’s glance at the two small tickets, marked with the price, that have been left on the table. Lise edges one of them aside. “That one’s for the ice,” she says, “and we share the other.”

“THE torment of it,” Lise says. “Not knowing exactly where and when he’s going to turn up.”

She moves ahead of Mrs. Fiedke, up the escalator to the third floor of a department store. It is ten minutes past four by the store’s big clock, and they have had to wait more than half an hour for the place to open, both of them having forgotten about the southern shopping hours, and in this interval have walked around the block looking so earnestly for Lise’s friend that Mrs. Fiedke has at some point lost the signs of her initial bewilderment when this friend has been mentioned, and now shows only enthusiastic coöperation in the search. As they were waiting for the store to open, having passed the large iron-grated shutters again and again in their ambles around the block, Mrs. Fiedke started to scan the passersby. “Would that be him, do you think? He looks very gaily dressed, like yourself.”

“No, that’s not him.”

“It’s quite a problem, with all this choice. What about this one? No, this one, I mean, crossing in front of that car? Would he be too fat?”

“No, it isn’t him.”

“It’s very difficult, my dear, if you don’t know the cast of person.”

“He could be driving a car,” Lise

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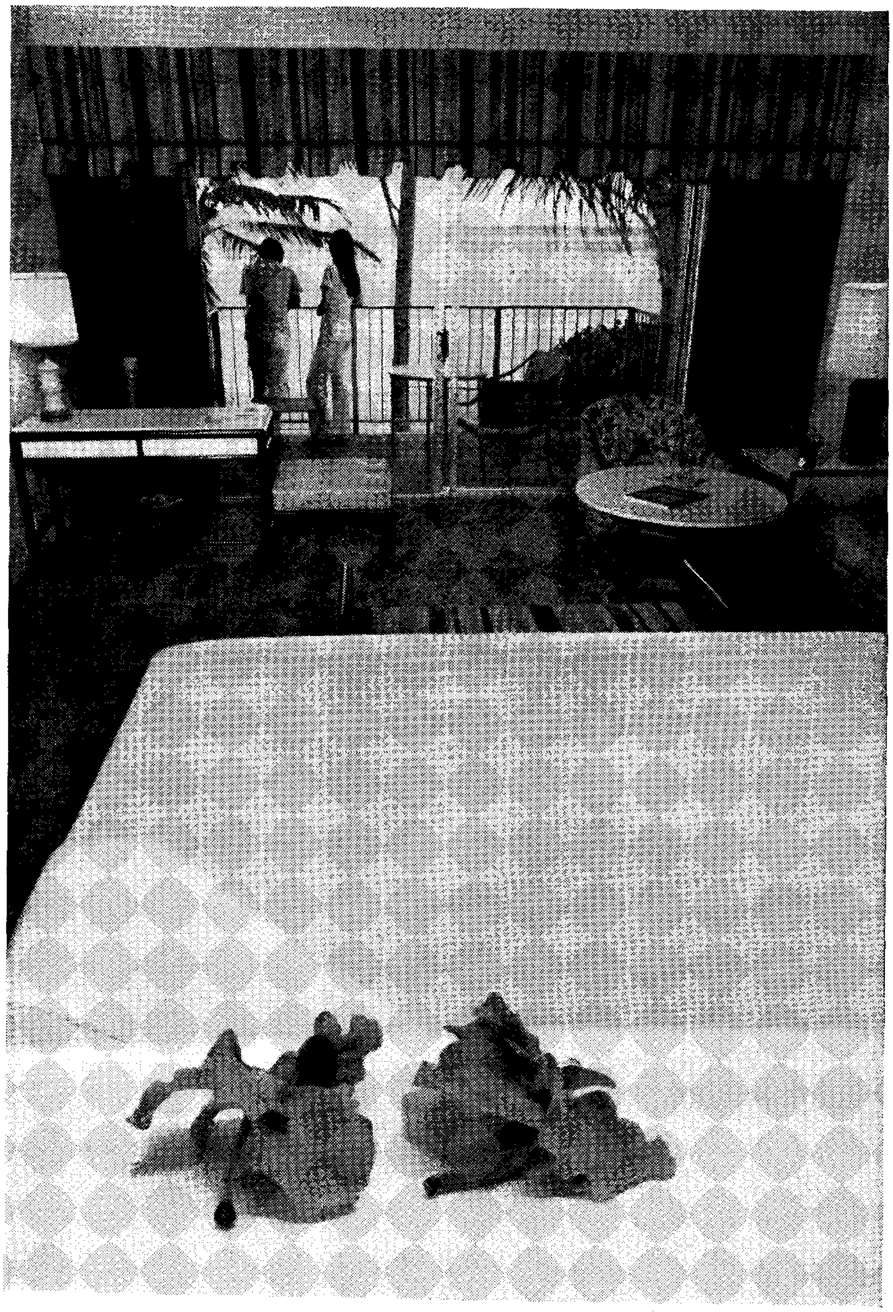

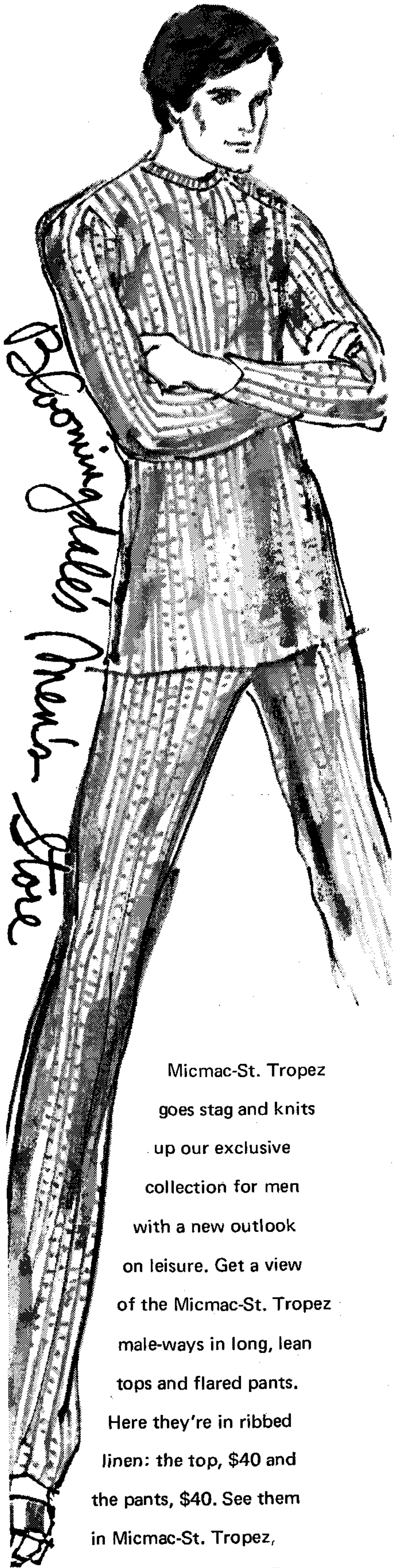

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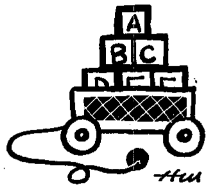
had said when they at last found themselves outside the shop at the moment the gates were being opened.

They go up, now, to the third floor, where the toilets are, skimming up with the escalator, from which they can look down to see the expanse of each floor as the stairs depart from it. "Not a great many gentlemen," Mrs. Fiedke remarks. "I doubt if you'll find your friend here."

"I doubt it, too," says Lise. "Although there are quite a few men employed here, aren't there?"



"Oh, would he be a shop assistant?" Mrs. Fiedke says.

"It depends," says Lise.

"These days," says Mrs. Fiedke.

Lise stands in the ladies' room combing her hair while she waits for Mrs. Fiedke. She stands at the basin where she has washed her hands, and, watching herself with tight lips in the glass, back-combs the white streak and, with great absorption, places it across the darker locks on the crown of her head. At the basins on either side of her, two other absorbed young women are touching up their hair and faces. Lise wets the tip of a finger and smoothes her eyebrows. The women on either side collect their belongings and leave. Another woman, matronly with her shopping, bustles in and swings into one of the lavatory cubicles. Mrs. Fiedke's cubicle still remains shut. Lise has finished tidying herself up; she waits. Eventually, she knocks on Mrs. Fiedke's door. "Are you all right?" She says again, "Are you all right?" And then she knocks. "Mrs. Fiedke, are you all right?"

The latest comer now bursts out of her cubicle and makes for the washbasin. Lise says to her, while rattling the handle of Mrs. Fiedke's door, "There's an old lady locked in here and I can't hear a sound. Something must have happened." And she calls again, "Are you all right, Mrs. Fiedke?"

"Who is she?" says the other woman.

"I don't know."

"But you're with her, aren't you?"

"I'll go and get someone," Lise says, and she shakes the handle one more time. "Mrs. Fiedke! Mrs. Fiedke!" Then she presses her ear to the door. "No sound," she says. "None at all." Then she grabs her bag and her book from the washstand and dashes out the door, leaving the other woman listening and rattling at the door of Mrs. Fiedke's cubicle.

Outside, the first department is laid out with sports equipment. Lise walks straight through, stopping only to touch one of a pair of skis, feeling and stroking the wood. A salesman approaches, but Lise has walked on, picking her way among the more populated area of School Clothing. Here she hovers over a pair of small, red fur-lined gloves laid out on the counter. The girl behind the counter stands ready to serve. Lise looks up at her. "For my niece," she says. "But I can't remember the size. I think I won't risk it, thank you." She moves across the department floor to Toys, where she spends some time examining a nylon dog which, at the flick of a switch attached to its lead, barks, trots, wags its tail, and sits. Through Linen, to the down escalator goes Lise, scanning each approaching floor in her descent, but not hovering on any landing until she reaches the ground floor. Here she buys a silk scarf patterned in black and white. At an appliances counter, a salesman is demonstrating a cheap electric food blender. Lise buys one of these, staring at the salesman when he attempts to include personal charm in his side of the bargain. He is a thin, pale man of early middle age, eager-eyed. "Are you on holiday?" he says. "American? Swedish?"

Lise says, "I'm in a hurry."

Resigned to his mistake, the salesman wraps her parcel, takes her money, rings up the till, and gives her the change. Lise then takes the wide staircase leading to the basement. Here she buys a plastic zipper bag, in which she places her packages. She stops at the Records and Record Players Department and loiters with the small group that has gathered to hear a new pop-group disc. She holds her paperback book well in evidence, her handbag and the new zipper bag slung over her left arm just above the wrist, and her hands holding up the book in front of her chest like an identification notice carried by a displaced person.

"Come on over to my place
For a sandwich, both of you,
Any time. . . ."

The disc comes to an end. A girl with long brown pigtails is hopping about in front of Lise, continuing the rhythm with her elbows, her blue-jeans, and apparently her mind, as a newly beheaded chicken continues for a brief time, now squawklessly, its panic career. Mrs. Fiedke comes up behind Lise and touches her arm. Lise says, turning to smile at her, "Look at this

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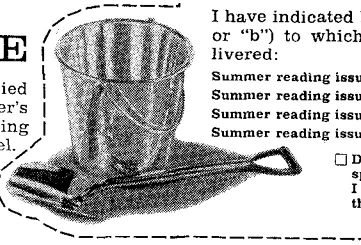

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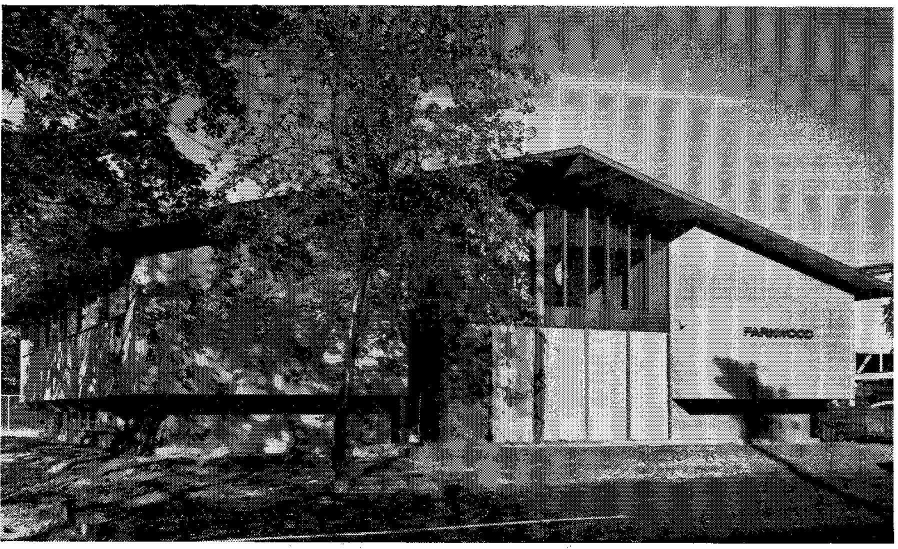

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idiot girl. She can't stop dancing."

"I think I fell asleep for a moment," Mrs. Fiedke says. "It wasn't a bad turn. I just dropped off. Such kind people. They wanted to put me in a taxi. But why should I go back to the hotel? My poor nephew won't be there till nine o'clock tonight or maybe later. He must have missed the earlier plane. The porter was so kind, ringing up to find out the time of the next plane. All that."

"Look at her," Lise says in a murmur. "Just look at her. No, wait! She'll start again when the man puts on the next record."

The record starts, and the girl swings. Lise says, "Do you believe in macrobiotics?"

"I'm a Jehovah's Witness," says Mrs. Fiedke. "But that was after Mr. Fiedke passed on. I have no problems anymore. Mr. Fiedke cut out his sister, you know, because she had no religion. She questioned. There are some things which you can't. But I know this, if Mr. Fiedke was alive today he would be a Witness, too. In fact, he was one in many ways without knowing it."

"Macrobiotics is a way of life," Lise says. "That man at the Metropole, I met him on the plane. He's an Enlightenment Leader of the macrobiotics. He's on Regime Seven."

"How delightful!" says Mrs. Fiedke.

"But he isn't my type," Lise says.

The girl with the pigtails is dancing on by herself, and as she suddenly steps back Mrs. Fiedke has to retreat out of her way. "Is she what they call a hippie?" she says.

"There were two others on the plane. I thought they were my type, but they weren't. I was disappointed."

"But you are to meet your gentleman soon, won't you? Didn't you say?"

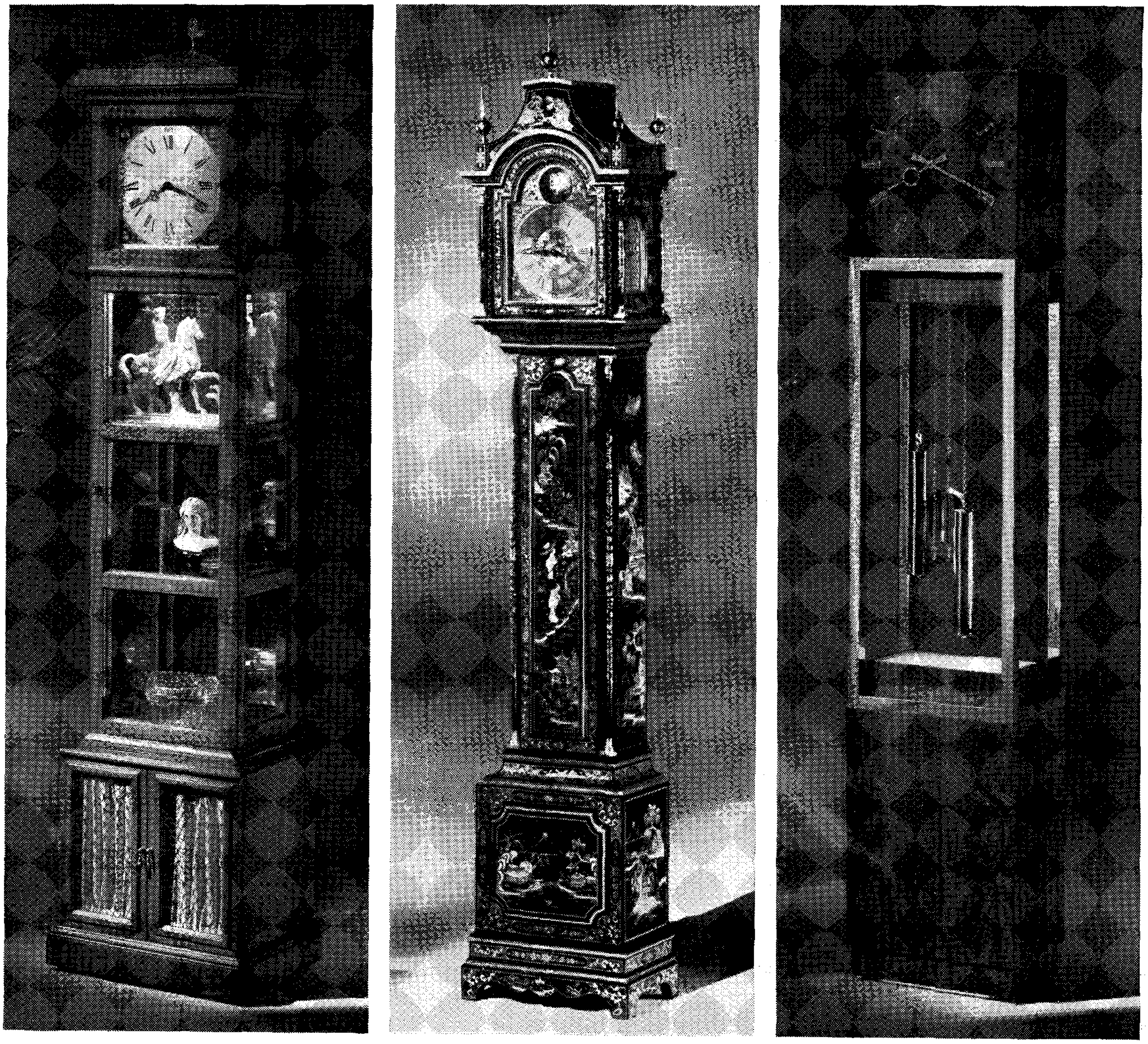
"Oh, *he's* my type," Lise says.

"I must get a pair of slippers for my nephew. Size nine. He missed the plane."

"This one's a hippie," says Lise, indicating with her head a slouching, bearded youth dressed in tight blue-jeans no longer blue, his shoulders draped with an assortment of cardigans and fringed leather garments, heavy for the time of year.

Mrs. Fiedke looks with interest and whispers to Lise, "They are hermaphrodites. It isn't their fault."

The young man turns as he is touched on the shoulder by a large blue-suited agent of the store. The bearded youth starts to argue and ges-



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ticulate, but this brings another, slighter man to his other shoulder. They lead him protesting away toward the emergency-exit stairway. A slight disturbance then occurs amongst the record-hearing crowd, some of whom take the young man's part, some of whom do not. "He wasn't doing any harm!" "He smelt awful!" "Who do you think *you* are?"

Lise walks off toward Televisions, followed anxiously by Mrs. Fiedke. Behind them the pigtailed girl is addressing her adjacent crowd. "They think they're in America, where if they don't like a man's face they take him out and shoot him." A man's voice barks back, "You couldn't see his face for the hair. Go back where you came from, little whore! In this country, we . . ."

The quarrel melts behind Lise and Mrs. Fiedke as they come to the television sets, where the few people who have been taking an interest in the salesman appear now to be torn between his calm rivulet of words and the incipient political uprising over at Records and Record Players. Two television screens, one vast and one small, display the same program—a wildlife documentary film, which is now coming to an end; a charging herd of buffalo, large on one screen and small on the other, crosses the two patches of vision while music of an unmistakably finale nature sends them on their way with equal volume from both machines. The salesman turns down the noise from the larger set and continues to address his customers, who have now dwindled to two, meanwhile keeping an interested eye on Lise and Mrs. Fiedke, who hover behind.

"Would that be your gentleman?" Mrs. Fiedke says, while the screens give a list of names responsible for the film, then another and another list of names.

Lise says, "I was just wondering myself. He looks a respectable type."

"It's up to you," says Mrs. Fiedke. "You're young and you have your life in front of you."

A well-groomed female announcer comes on both televisions, small and large, to give out the early-evening headlines, first stating that the time is seventeen hundred hours, then that a military coup has newly taken place in a Middle Eastern country, details of which are yet unknown. The salesman, abandoning his potential clients to their private deliberations, inclines his head toward Mrs. Fiedke and inquires if he can help her.

"No, thank you," Lise replies in the

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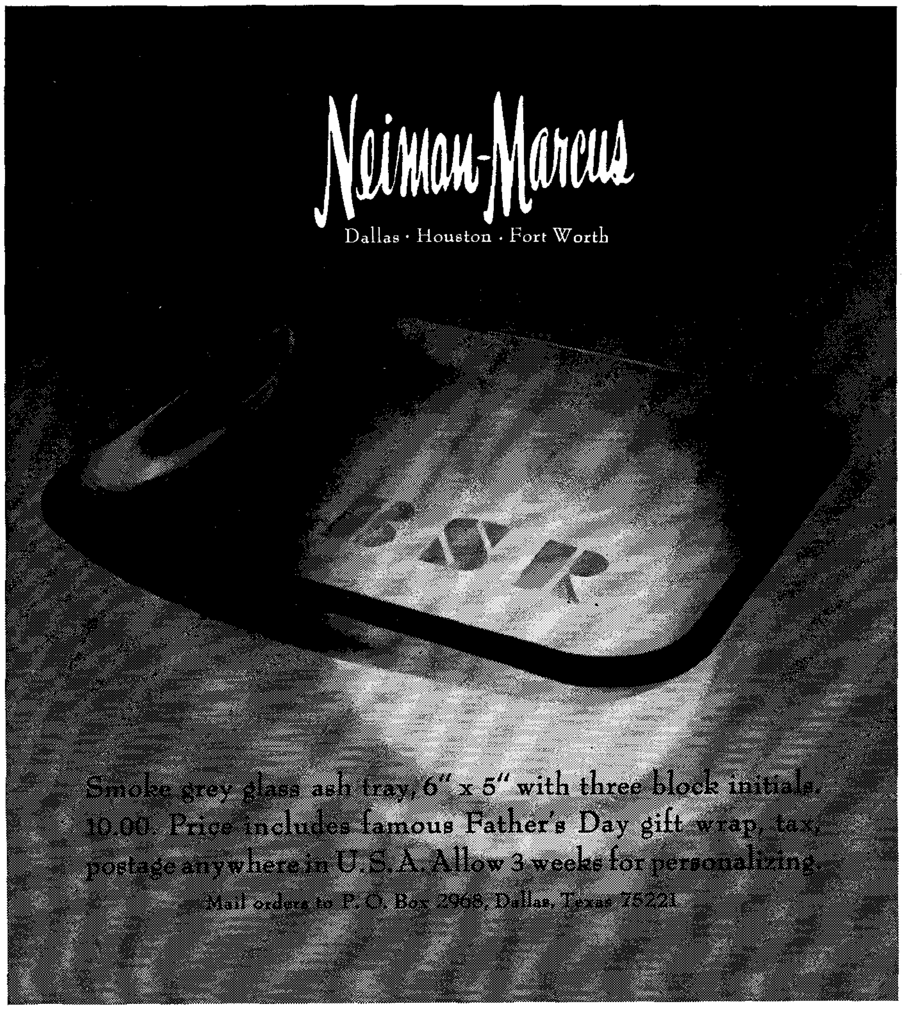

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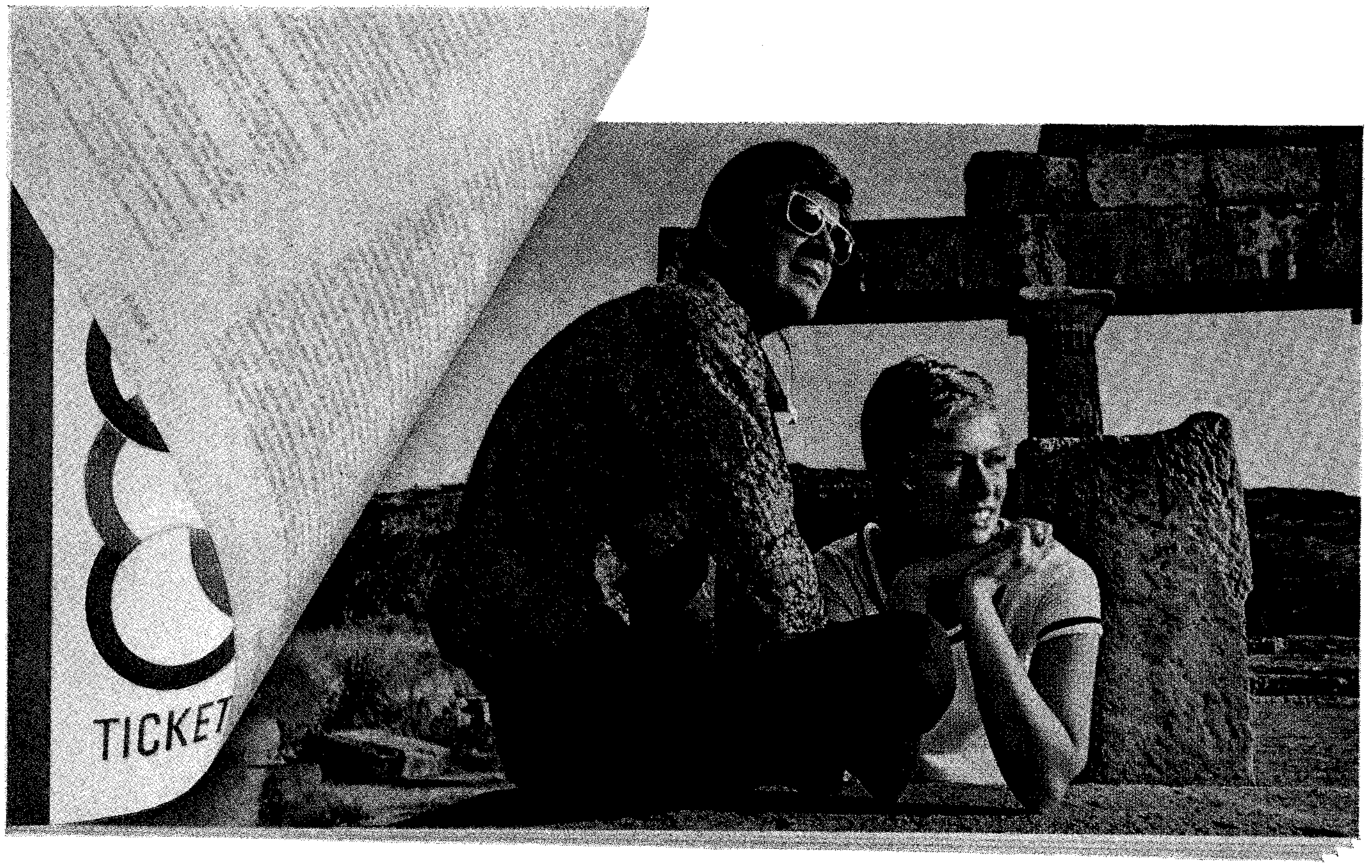

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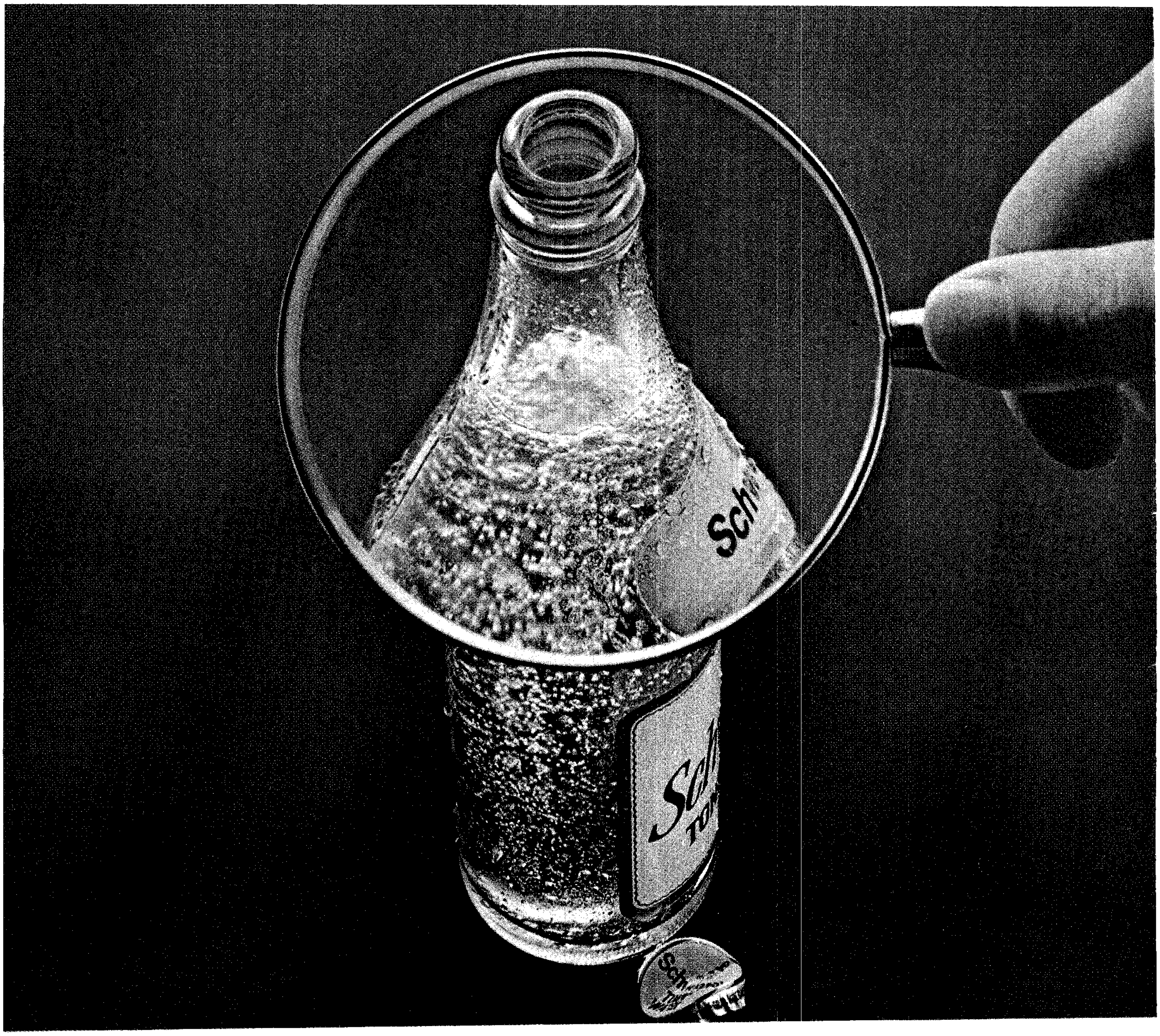

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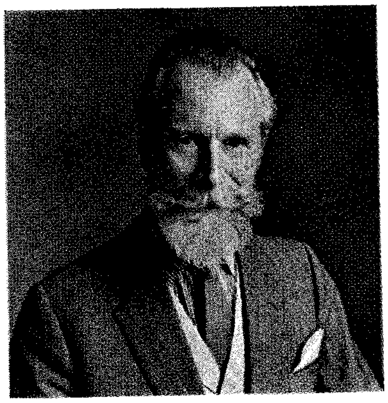

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tongue of the country. Whereupon the salesman comes close up and pursues Mrs. Fiedke in English. "We have big reductions, Madam, this week."

He looks winningly at Lise, eventually approaching to squeeze her arm.

Lise turns to Mrs. Fiedke. "No good," she says. "Come on, it's getting late," and she guides the old lady away to Gifts and Curios, at the far end of the floor. "Not my man at all. He tried to get familiar with me. The one I'm looking for will recognize me right away for the *woman I am*, have no fear of that."

"Can you credit it?" says Mrs. Fiedke, looking back indignantly in the direction of Televisions. "Perhaps we should report him. Where is the office?"

"What's the use?" Lise says. "We have no proof."

"Perhaps we should go elsewhere for my nephew's slippers."

"Do you really want to buy slippers for your nephew?" Lise says.

"I thought of slippers as a welcome present. My poor nephew—the hotel porter was so nice. The poor boy was to have arrived on this morning's flight from Copenhagen. I waited and I waited. He must have missed the plane. The porter looked up the timetable, and there's another arriving tonight. I must remember not to go to bed. The plane gets in at ten-twenty, but it may be eleven-thirty, twelve before he gets to the hotel, you know."

Lise is looking at the leather notecases embossed with the city's crest. "These look good," Lise says. "Get him one of these. He would remember all his life that you gave it to him."

"I think slippers," says Mrs. Fiedke. "Somehow I feel slippers. My poor nephew has been unwell; we had to send him to a clinic. It was either that or the other; they gave us no choice. He's so much better now—quite well again. But he needs rest. Rest, rest, and more rest is what the doctor wrote. He takes size nine."

Lise is playing with a corkscrew, then with a ceramic-handled cork. "Slippers might make him feel like an invalid," she says. "Why don't you buy him a record or a book? How old is he?"

"Only twenty-four. It comes from the mother's side. Perhaps we should go to another shop."

Lise leans over the counter to inquire which department is men's slippers. Patiently, she translates the answer to Mrs. Fiedke. "Footwear on the third floor. We'll have to go back up. The other stores are much too expensive;

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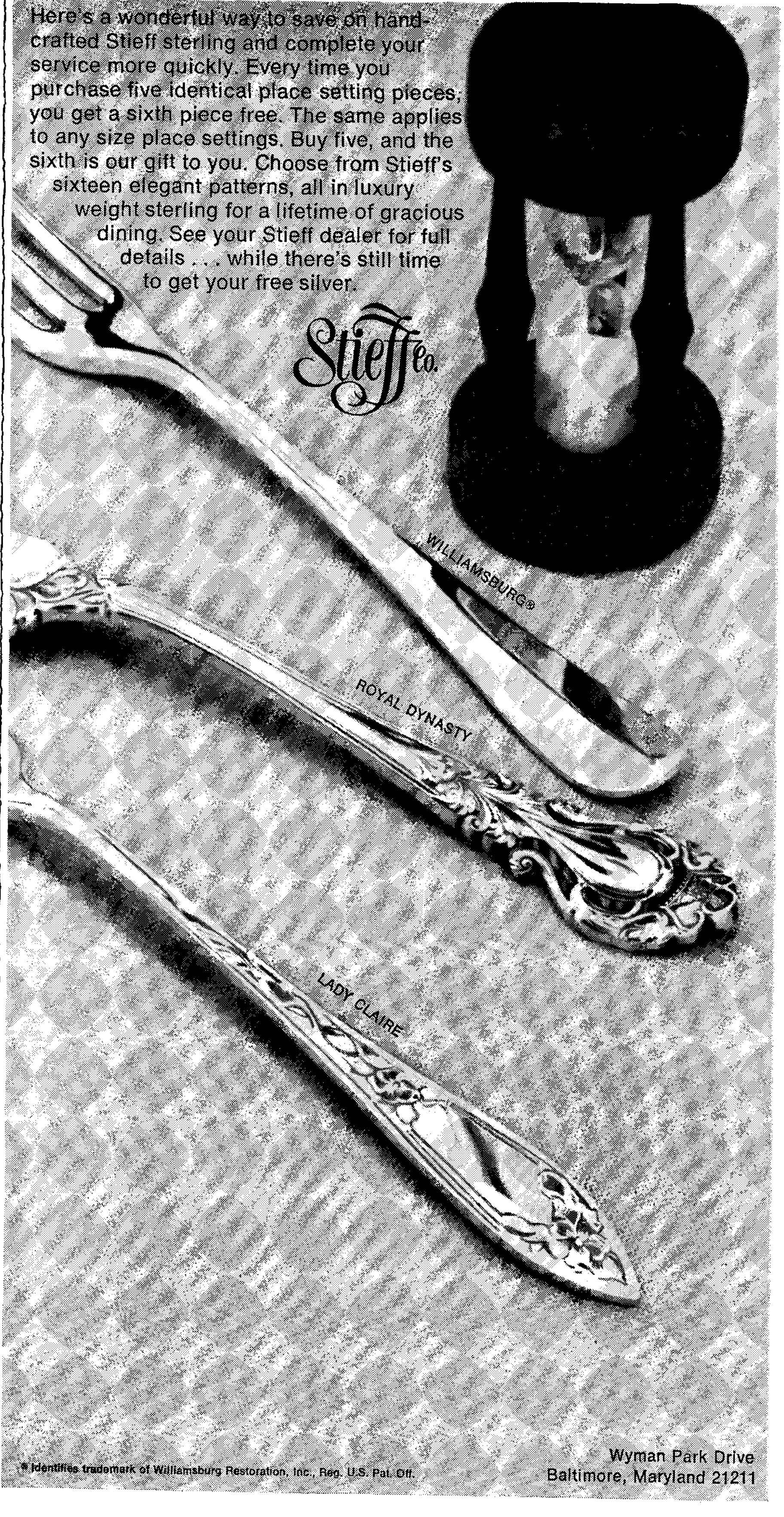

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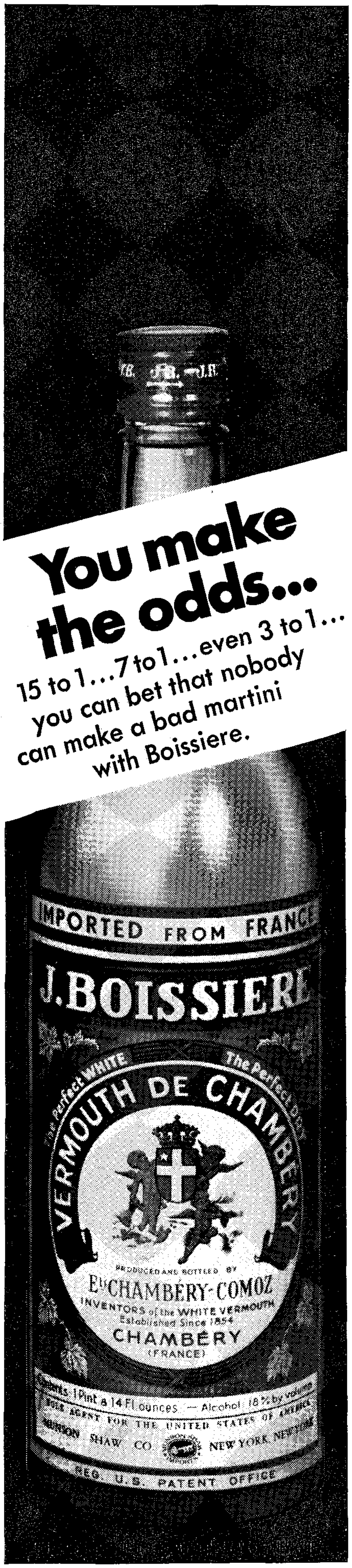

they charge you what they like. The travel folder recommends this place, as they've got fixed prices."

Up they go once more, surveying the receding departments as they rise; they buy the slippers; they descend to the ground floor. There, near the street door, they find another gift department with a miscellany of temptations. Lise buys another scarf, bright orange. She buys a man's striped necktie, dark blue and yellow. Then, glimpsing through the crowd a rack from which dangles a larger assortment of men's ties, each neatly enfolded in transparent plastic, she changes her mind about the colored tie she has just bought. The girl at the counter is not pleased by the difficulties involved in the refund of money, and accompanies Lise over to the rack to see if an exchange can be effected.

Lise selects two ties, one plain black knitted cotton, the other green. Then, changing her mind once more, she says, "That green is too bright, I think." The girl conveys exasperation, and in a manner of vexed resignation Lise says, "All right, give me two black ties. They're always useful. Please remove the prices." She returns to the counter, pays the difference, and takes her package.

Mrs. Fiedke appears from the doorway, where she has been examining, by daylight, two leather notecases. A shopman, who has been hovering by in case she should be one of those who make a dash for it, goods in hand, follows her back to the counter. He says, "They're both very good leather."

Mrs. Fiedke says, "I think he has one already." She chooses a paper knife in a sheath.

Lise stands watching. She says, "I nearly bought one of those for my boyfriend at the airport before I left. It was almost the same but not quite." The paper knife is made of brassy metal, curved like a scimitar. The sheath is embossed but not, like the one Lise had considered earlier in the day, jewelled. "The slippers are enough," Lise says.

Mrs. Fiedke says, "You're quite right. One doesn't want to spoil them." She looks at a keycase, then buys the paper knife.

"If he uses a paper knife," Lise says, "obviously he isn't a hippie. If he were a hippie, he would open his letters with his fingers."

"Would it be too much trouble," Mrs. Fiedke says to Lise, "to put this in your bag? And the slippers—oh, where are the slippers?"

Her package of slippers is lost, is gone. She claims to have left it on the counter while she went to the door to compare the two leather notecases. The package has been lifted, has been taken away by somebody. Everyone looks around for it and sympathizes and points out that it was her own fault. "Maybe he has plenty of slippers anyway," Lise says. "Is he my type of man, do you think?"

"We ought to see the sights," says Mrs. Fiedke. "We shouldn't let this golden opportunity go by without seeing the ruins."

"If he's my type, I want to meet him," Lise says.

"Very much your type," says Mrs. Fiedke, "at his best."

"What a pity he's coming so late," Lise says. "Because I have a previous engagement with my boyfriend. However, if he doesn't turn up before your nephew arrives, I want to meet your nephew. What's his name, did you say?"

"Richard. We never called him Dick. Only his mother, but not us. I hope he gets the plane all right. Oh—where's the paper knife?"

"You put it in here," says Lise, pointing to her zipper bag. "Don't worry, it's safe. Let's get out of here."

As they drift with the outgoing shoppers into the sunny street, Mrs. Fiedke says, "I hope he's on that plane. There was some talk that he would go to Barcelona first to meet his mother, then on here to meet up with me. But I wouldn't pay. I just said, 'No!' 'No flying from Barcelona,' I said. I'm a strict believer—in fact, a Witness—but I never trust the airlines from those countries where the pilots believe in the afterlife. You are safer when they don't. I've been told the Scandinavian airlines are fairly reliable in that respect."

Lise looks up and down the street and sighs. "It can't be long now. My friend's going to turn up soon. He knows I've come all this way to see him. He knows it, all right. He's just waiting around somewhere. Apart from that, I have no plans."

"Dressed for the carnival!" says a woman, looking grossly at Lise as she passes, and laughing as she goes her way, laughing without possibility of restraint, like a stream bound to descend whatever slope lies before it.

V

"It is in my mind," says Mrs. Fiedke, "it is in my mind and I can't think of anything else but that you and my nephew are meant for

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each other. As sure as anything, my dear, you are the person for my nephew. Somebody has got to take him on, anyhow—that's plain."

"He's only twenty-four," considers Lise. "Much too young."

They are descending a steep path, leading from the ruins. Steps have been roughly cut out of the earthy track, outlined only by slats of wood, which are laid at the edge of each step. Lise holds Mrs. Fiedke's arm and helps her down one by one.

"How do you know his age?" says Mrs. Fiedke.

"Well, didn't you tell me twenty-four?" Lise says.

"Yes, but I haven't seen him for quite a time, you know. He's been away."

"Maybe he's even younger. Take care; go slowly."

"Or it could be the other way. People age when they've had unpleasant experiences over the years. It just came to me while we were looking at those very interesting pavements in that ancient temple up there that poor Richard may be the very man that you're looking for."

"Well, it's your idea," says Lise, "not mine. I wouldn't know till I'd seen him. Myself, I think he's around the corner somewhere now, any time."

"Which corner?" The old lady looks up and down the street, which runs below them at the bottom of the steps.

"Any corner. Any old corner."

"Will you feel a presence? Is that how you'll know?"

"Not really a presence," Lise says. "The lack of an absence, that's what it is. I know I'll find it. I keep on making mistakes, though." She starts to cry, very slightly sniffing, weeping, and they stop on the steps while Mrs. Fiedke produces a trembling pink face tissue from her bag for Lise to dab her eyes with and blow her nose on. Sniffing, Lise throws the shredded little snitch of paper away and again takes Mrs. Fiedke's arm to resume their descent. "Too much self-control, which arises from fear and timidity, that's what's wrong with them. They're cowards, most of them."

"Oh, I always believe *that*," says Mrs. Fiedke. "No doubt about it. The male sex."

They have reached the road, where the traffic thunders past in the declining sunlight.

"Where do we cross?" Lise says, looking to right and left of the overwhelming street.

"They are demanding equal rights

with us," says Mrs. Fiedke. "That's why I never vote with the Liberals. Perfume, jewelry, hair down to their shoulders, and I'm not talking about the ones who were born like that. I mean, the ones that can't help it should be put on an island. It's the others I'm talking about. There was a time they would stand up and open the door for you. They would take their hat off. But they want their equality today. All I say is that if God had intended them to be as good as us he wouldn't have made them different from us to the naked eye. They don't want to be all dressed alike anymore. Which is only a move against us. You couldn't run an army like that, let alone the male sex. With all due respects to Mr. Fiedke, may he rest in peace, the male sex is getting out of hand. Of course, Mr. Fiedke knew his place as a man, give him his due."

"We'll have to walk up to the intersection," Lise says, guiding Mrs. Fiedke in the direction of a distant policeman surrounded by a whirlpool of traffic. "We'll never get a taxi here."

"Fur coats and flowered poplin shirts on their backs," says Mrs. Fiedke as she winds along, conducted by Lise this way and that to avoid the oncoming people in the street. "If we don't look lively," she says, "they will be taking over the homes and the children, and sitting about having chats while we go and fight to defend them and work to keep them. They won't be content with equal rights only. Next thing they'll want the upper hand, mark my words. Diamond earrings, I've read in the paper."

"It's getting late," says Lise. Her lips are slightly parted and her nostrils and eyes, too, are a fragment more open than usual; she is a stag scenting the breeze, moving step by step; inhibiting her stride to accommodate Mrs. Fiedke's pace, she seems at the same time to search for a certain air current, a glimpse and an intimation.

"I clean mine with toothpaste when I'm travelling," confides Mrs. Fiedke. "The better stuff's in the bank back home, of course. The insurance is too high, isn't it? But you have to bring a few bits and pieces. I clean them with my toothbrush and ordinary toothpaste; then I rub them with the hand towel. They come up very nicely. You can't trust the jewellers. They can always take them out and replace them with a fake."

"It's getting late," says Lise. "There are so many faces. Where did all the faces come from?"

"I ought to take a nap," says Mrs.

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Fiedke, "so that I won't feel too tired when my nephew arrives. Poor thing. We have to leave for Capri tomorrow morning. All the cousins, you know. They've taken such a charming villa, and the past will never be mentioned. My brother made that clear to them. I made it clear to my brother."

They have reached the circular intersection and turn into a side street where, a few yards ahead at the next corner, there is a taxi rank occupied by one taxi. This one taxi is taken by someone else just as they approach it.

"I smell burning," says Mrs. Fiedke as they stand at the corner waiting for another taxi to come along. Lise sniffs, her lips parted and her eyes moving widely from face to face among the passersby. Then she sneezes. Something has happened to the people in the street—they are looking around; they are sniffing, too. Somewhere nearby, a great deal of shouting is going on.

Suddenly around the corner comes a stampede. Lise and Mrs. Fiedke are swept apart and jostled in all directions by a large crowd composed mainly of young men, with a few smaller, older, and grimmer men, and here and there a young girl, all yelling together and making rapidly for somewhere else. "Tear gas!" someone shouts, and then a lot of people are calling out, "Tear gas!" A shutter on a shopfront near Lise comes down with a hasty clatter; then the other shops start closing for the day. Lise falls and is hauled to her feet by a tough man, who leaves her and runs on.

Just before it reaches the end of the street that joins the circular intersection, the crowd stops. A band of gray-clad policemen come running toward them, in formation, bearing tear-gas satchels and with their gas masks at the ready. The traffic on the circular intersection has stopped. Lise swerves with the crowd into a garage, where some mechanics in their overalls crouch behind the cars and others take refuge underneath a car, which is raised on a cradle in the process of repair.

Lise fights her way to a dark corner at the back of the garage, where a small red Mini-Morris, greatly dented, is parked behind a larger car. She wrenches at the door forcefully, as if she expects it to be locked. It opens so easily as to throw her backward, and as soon as she regains her balance she gets inside, locks herself in, and puts her head down between her knees, breathing heavily, drawing in the smell of petrol blended faintly with some whiff of tear gas. The demonstrators

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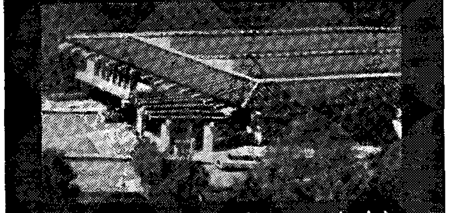

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form up in the garage and are presently discovered and routed out by the police. Their exit is fairly orderly, bar the shouting.

Lise emerges from the car with her zipper bag and her handbag, looking to see what damage has been done to her clothes. The garagemen are vociferously commenting on the affair. One is clutching his stomach, proclaiming himself poisoned and vowing to sue the police for the permanent damage caused him by tear gas. Another, with his hand to his throat, gasps that he is suffocating. The others are cursing the students, whose gestures of solidarity, they declare, in the colorful, derisive obscenities of their mother tongue, they can live without. They stop when Lise limps into view. There are six of them in all, including a young apprentice and a large, burly man of middle age, without overalls, wearing only a white shirt and trousers and the definite air of the proprietor. Apparently seeing in Lise a tangible remnant of the troubles lately visited upon his garage, this big fellow turns on her to vent his fury with unmustered hysteria. He advises her to go home to the brothel where she came from; he reminds her that her grandfather was ten times cuckolded, that she was conceived in some ditch and born in another; after adorning the main idea with further illustrations, he finally tells her she is a student.

Lise stands somewhat entranced; by her expression, she seems almost consoled by this outbreak, whether because it relieves her own tensions after the panic or whether for some other reason. However, she puts a hand up to her eyes, covering them, and in the language of the country she says, "Oh, please, please. I'm only a tourist, a teacher from Iowa, New Jersey. I've hurt my foot." She drops her hand and looks at her coat, which is stained with a long, black oily mark. "Look at my clothes," Lise says. "My new clothes. It's best never to be born. I wish my mother and father had practiced birth control. I wish that pill had been invented at the time. I feel sick, I feel terrible."

The men are impressed by this, one and all. Some are visibly cheered up. The proprietor turns one way and another with arms outstretched to call the whole assembly to witness his dilemma. "Sorry, lady, sorry. How was I to know? Pardon me, but I thought you were one of the students. We have a lot of trouble from the students. Many apologies, lady. Was there something I can do for you? I'll call the First Aid. Come and sit down, lady, over here, inside my office. Take a seat. You see the traffic outside. How can I call the ambulance through the traffic? Sit down, lady." And, having ushered her into a tiny windowed cubicle, he sits Lise in its only chair, beside a small sloping ledger desk, and thunders at the men to get to work.

Lise says, "Oh, please don't call anyone. I'll be all right if I can get a taxi to take me back to my hotel."

"A taxi! Look at the traffic!"

Outside the archway that forms the entrance to the garage, there is a dense block of standing traffic. The proprietor keeps going to look up and down the street and returning to Lise. He calls for benzine and a rag to clean Lise's coat. No rag clean enough for the purpose can be found, and so he uses a big white handkerchief taken from the breast pocket of his coat, which hangs behind the door of the little office. Lise takes off her black-stained coat, and while he applies his benzine-drenched handkerchief to the stain, making it into a messy blur, Lise takes off her shoes and rubs her feet. She puts one foot up on the slanting desk and rubs. "It's only a bruise," she says. "Not a sprain. I was lucky. Are you married?"

The big man says, "Yes, lady, I'm married," and pauses in his energetic task to look at her with new, appraising, and cautious eyes. "Three children—two boys, one girl," he says. He looks through the office at his men, who are occupied with various jobs and who, although one or two of them cast a swift glance at Lise with her foot up on the desk, do not give any sign of noticing any telepathic distress signal their employer might be giving out.

The big man says to Lise, "And yourself? Married?"

"I'm a widow," Lise says, "and an intellectual. I come from a family of intellectuals. My late husband was an intellectual. We had no children. He was killed in a motor accident. He was a bad driver anyway. He was a hypochondriac, which means that he imagined that he had every illness under the sun."

"This stain," said the man, "won't come out until you send the coat to the dry cleaner." He holds out the coat with great care, ready for her to put on, and at the same time he holds it as if he means her, temptress in the old-

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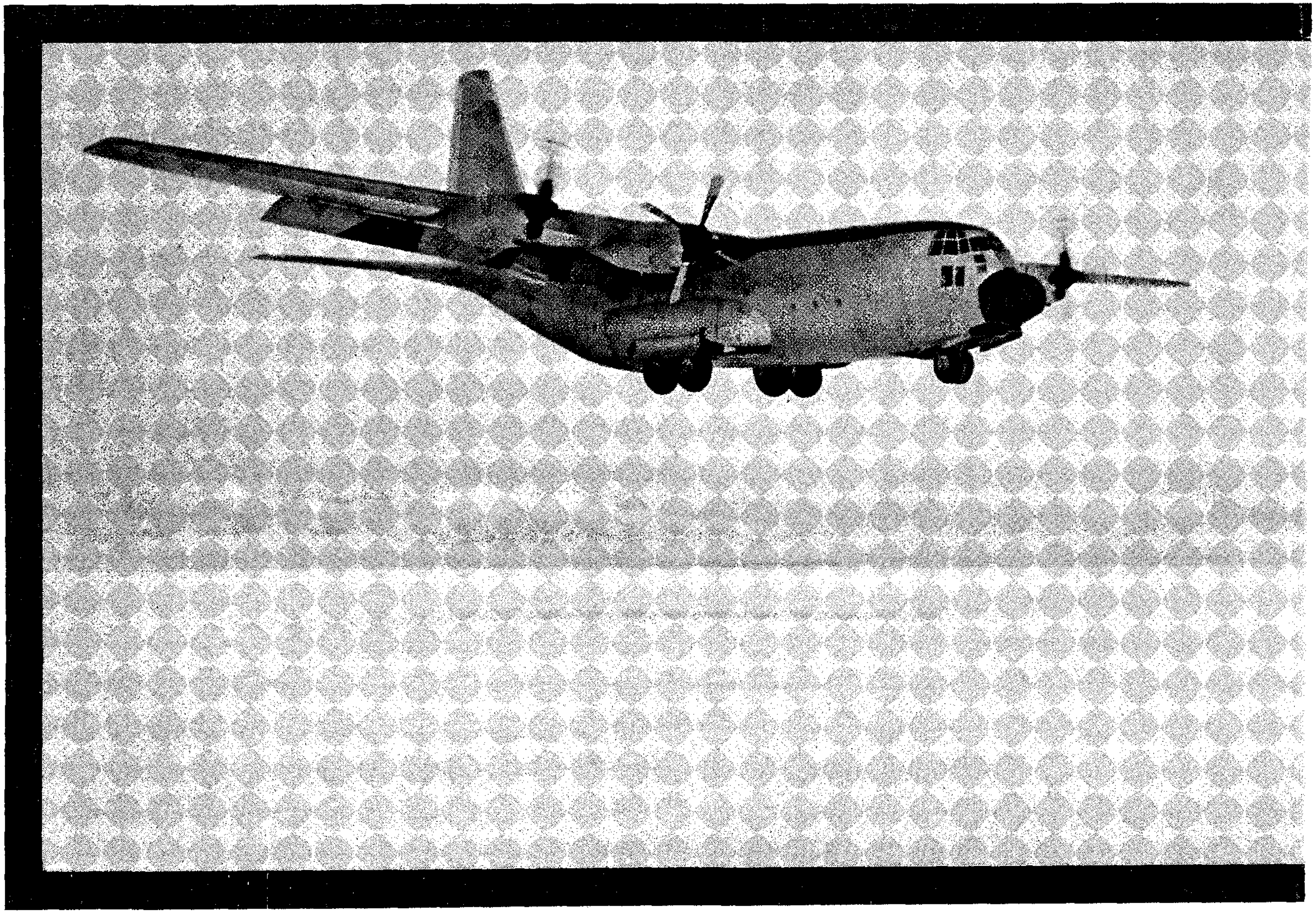

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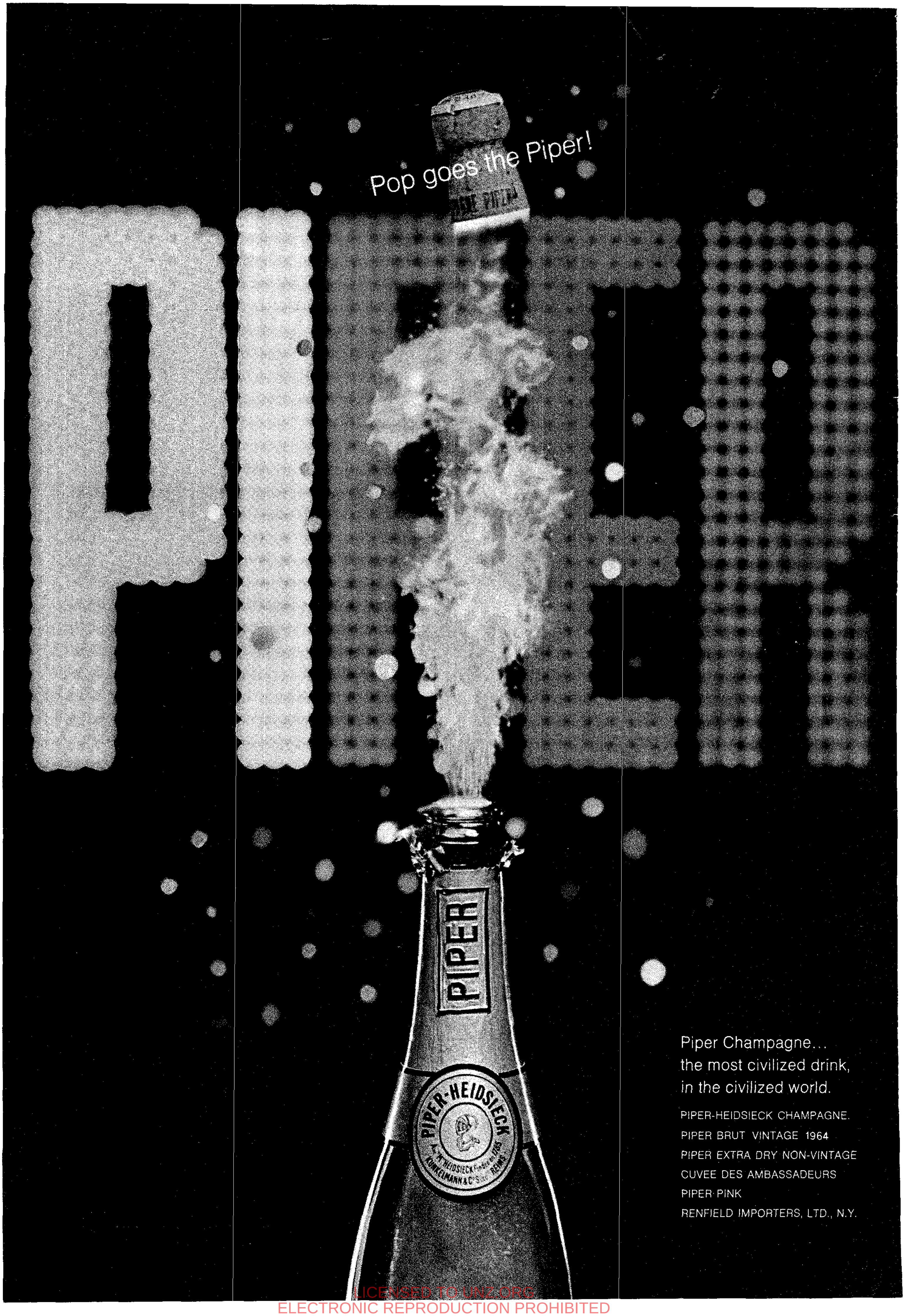
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fashioned style that she is, to get out of his shop, his eyes shifting around in an undecided way.

Lise takes her foot off the desk, stands, slips into her shoes, shakes the skirt of her dress, and asks him, "Do you like the colors?"

"Marvellous," he says, his confidence plainly diminishing in confrontation with this foreign distressed gentlewoman of intellectual family and conflicting appearances.

"The traffic's moving. I must get a taxi or a bus. It's late," Lise says, getting into her coat in a businesslike manner.

"Where are you staying, lady?"

"The Hilton," she says.

He looks around his garage with an air of helpless, anticipatory guilt. "I'd better take her in the car," he mutters to the mechanic nearest him. The man does not reply but makes a slight movement of the hand to signify that it isn't for him to give permission.

Still, the owner hesitates, while Lise, as if she had not overheard his remark, gathers up her belongings, holds out her hand, and says, "Goodbye. Thank you very much for helping me." And to the rest of the men she calls, "Goodbye, goodbye. Many thanks!"

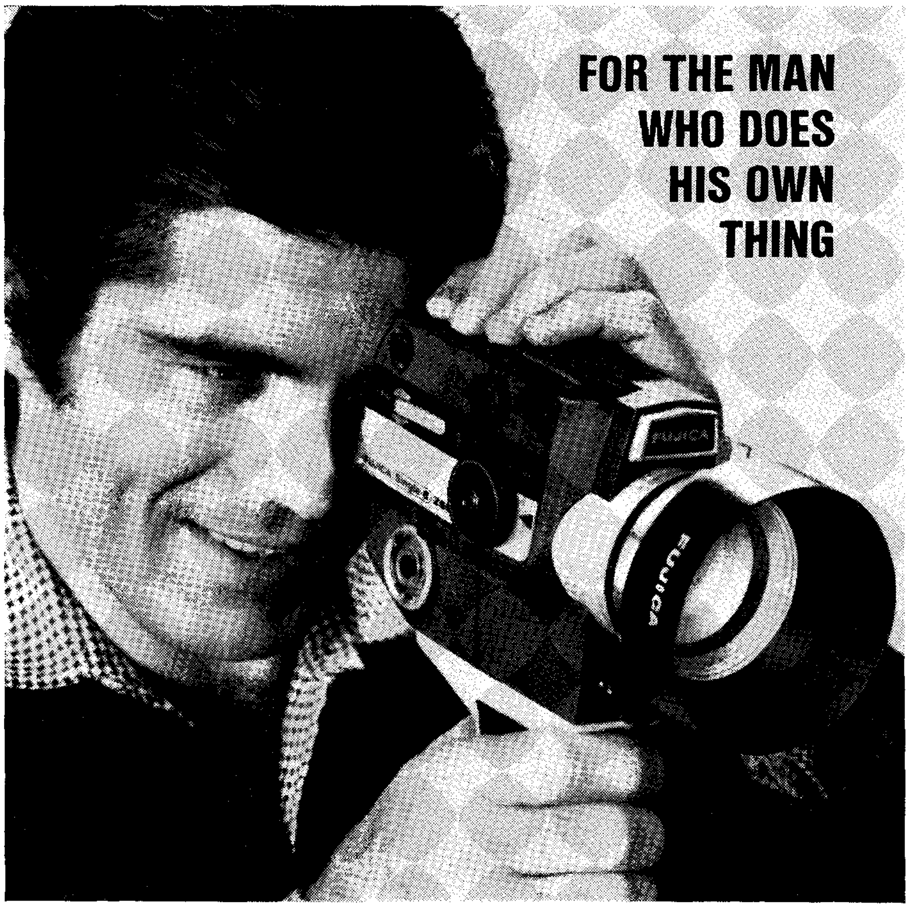
The big man takes her hand and holds on to it tightly, as if his grasp itself was a mental resolution not to let go this unforeseen, exotic, intellectual, yet clearly available treasure. He holds on to her hand as if he were no fool, after all. "Lady. I'm taking you to your hotel in the car. I couldn't let you go out into all this confusion. You'll never get a bus—not for hours. A taxi, never. The students, we have the students only to thank." And he calls sharply to the apprentice to bring out his car. The boy goes over to a brown Volkswagen. "The Fiat!" bellows his employer, whereupon the apprentice moves to a dusty cream-colored Fiat 125, passes a duster over the outside of the windscreen, gets into it, and starts to maneuver it forward to the main ramp.

Lise pulls away her hand and protests. "Look, I've got a date. I'm late for it already. I'm sorry, but I can't accept your kind offer." She looks out at the mass of slowly moving traffic, the queues waiting at the bus stops, and says, "I'll have to walk. I know my way."

"Lady," he says, "no argument. It's my pleasure." And he draws her to the car, where the apprentice is now waiting with the door open for her.

"I really don't know you," Lise says.

"I'm Carlo," says the man, urging



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her inside and shutting the door. He gives the grinning apprentice a push that might mean anything, goes around to the other door, and drives slowly toward the street, slowly and carefully finding a gap in the line of traffic, working his way into the gap, blocking the oncoming vehicles for a while, until finally he joins the stream.

It is also getting dark, as big Carlo's car alternately edges and spurts along with the traffic, Carlo meanwhile denouncing the students and the police for causing the chaos. When the car comes at last to a clear stretch, Carlo says, "My wife I think is no good. I heard her on the telephone and she didn't think I was in the house. I heard."

"You must understand," Lise says, "that anything at all that is overheard when the speaker doesn't know you're listening takes on a serious note. It always sounds far worse than their actual intentions are."

"This was bad," mutters Carlo. "It's a man. A second cousin of hers. I made a big trouble for her that night, I can tell you. But she denied it. How could she deny it? I heard it."

"If you imagine," Lise says, "that you are justifying any anticipations you may have with regards to me, you're mistaken. You can drop me off here, if you like. Otherwise, you can come and buy me a drink at the Hilton Hotel, and then it's good night. A soft drink. I don't take alcohol. I've got a date that I'm late for already."

"We go out of town a little way," says Carlo. "I know a place. I brought the Fiat, did you see? The front seats fold back. Make you comfortable."

"Stop at once," Lise says. "Or I put my head out of the window and yell for help. I don't want any sex with you. I'm not interested in sex. I've got other interests, and, as a matter of fact, I've got something on my mind that's got to be done. I'm telling you to stop." She grabs the wheel and tries to guide the car into the curb.

"All right, all right," he says, regaining control of the car, which has swerved a little with Lise's interference. "All right. I'm taking you to the Hilton."

"It doesn't look like the Hilton road to me," Lise says. The traffic lights ahead are red, but as there is very little traffic about on this dark, wide, residential boulevard he chances it and skims across. Lise puts her head out of the window and yells for help.

He pulls up at last in a side lane, where, back from the road, there are

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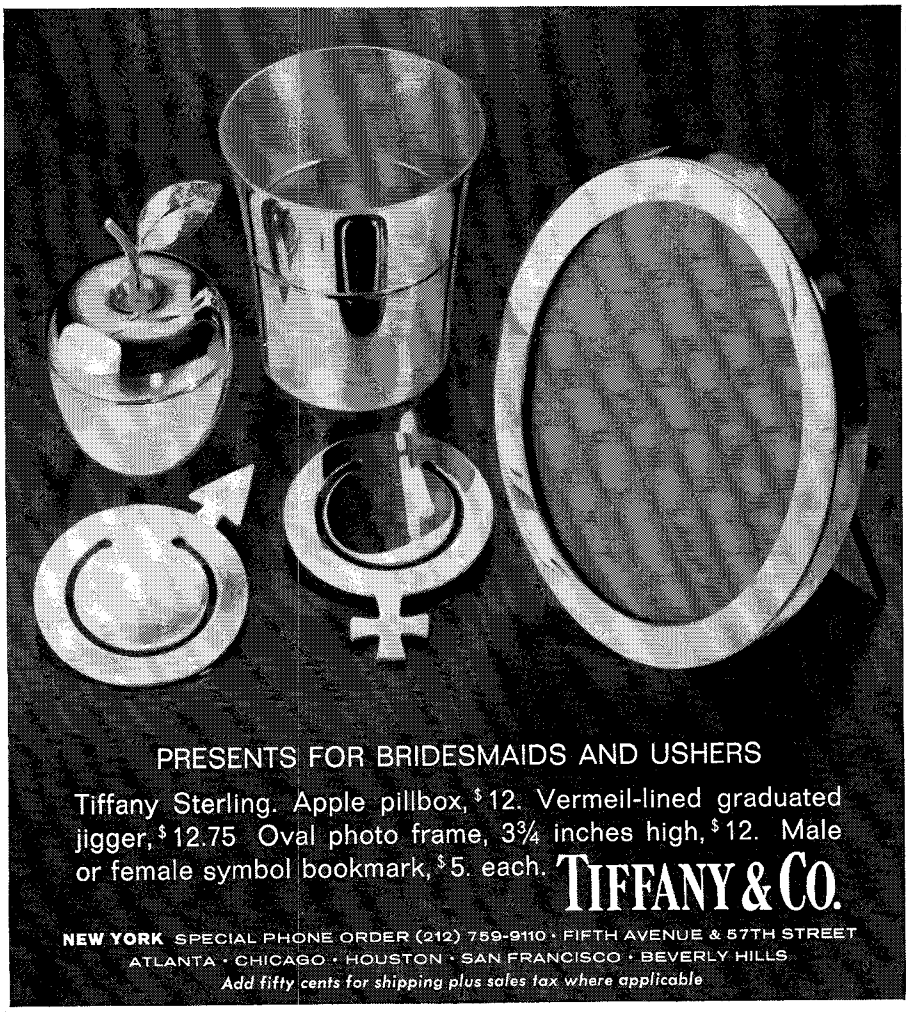

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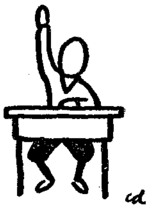
Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California

the lights of two small villas; beyond that, the road is a mass of stony crevices. He embraces her and kisses her mightily while she kicks him and tries to push him off, gurgling her protests. When he stops for breath, he says, "Now we put back the seats and do it properly." But already she has jumped out of the car and has started running toward the gate of one of the houses, wiping her mouth and screaming, "Police! Call the police!"

Big Carlo overtakes her at the gate. "Quiet!" he says. "Be quiet, and get into the car. Please. I'll take you back, I promise. Sorry, lady, I haven't done any harm at all to you, have I? Only a kiss, what's a kiss?"



She runs and makes a grab for the door of the driver's seat, and as he calls after her, "The other door!" she gets in, starts up, and backs speedily out of the lane. She leans over and locks the other door just in time to prevent him from opening it. "You're not my type, in any case," she screams. Then she starts off, too quickly for him to be able to open the back door he is now grabbing at. Still, he is running to catch up, and she yells back at him, "If you report this to the police I'll tell them the truth and make a scandal in your family." And then she is away, well clear of him.

She spins along in expert style, stopping duly at the traffic lights. She starts to sing softly as she waits:

"Inky-pinky-winky-wong
How do you like your potatoes
done?
A little gravy in the pan
For the King of the Cannibal
Islands."

Her zipper bag is on the floor of the car. While waiting for the lights to change, she lifts it onto the seat, unzips it, and looks with a kind of satisfaction at the wrapped-up objects of different shape, as it might be they represent a good day's work. She comes to a crossroad, where some traffic accumulates. Here a policeman is on duty, and as she passes at his bidding she pulls up and asks him the way to the Hilton.

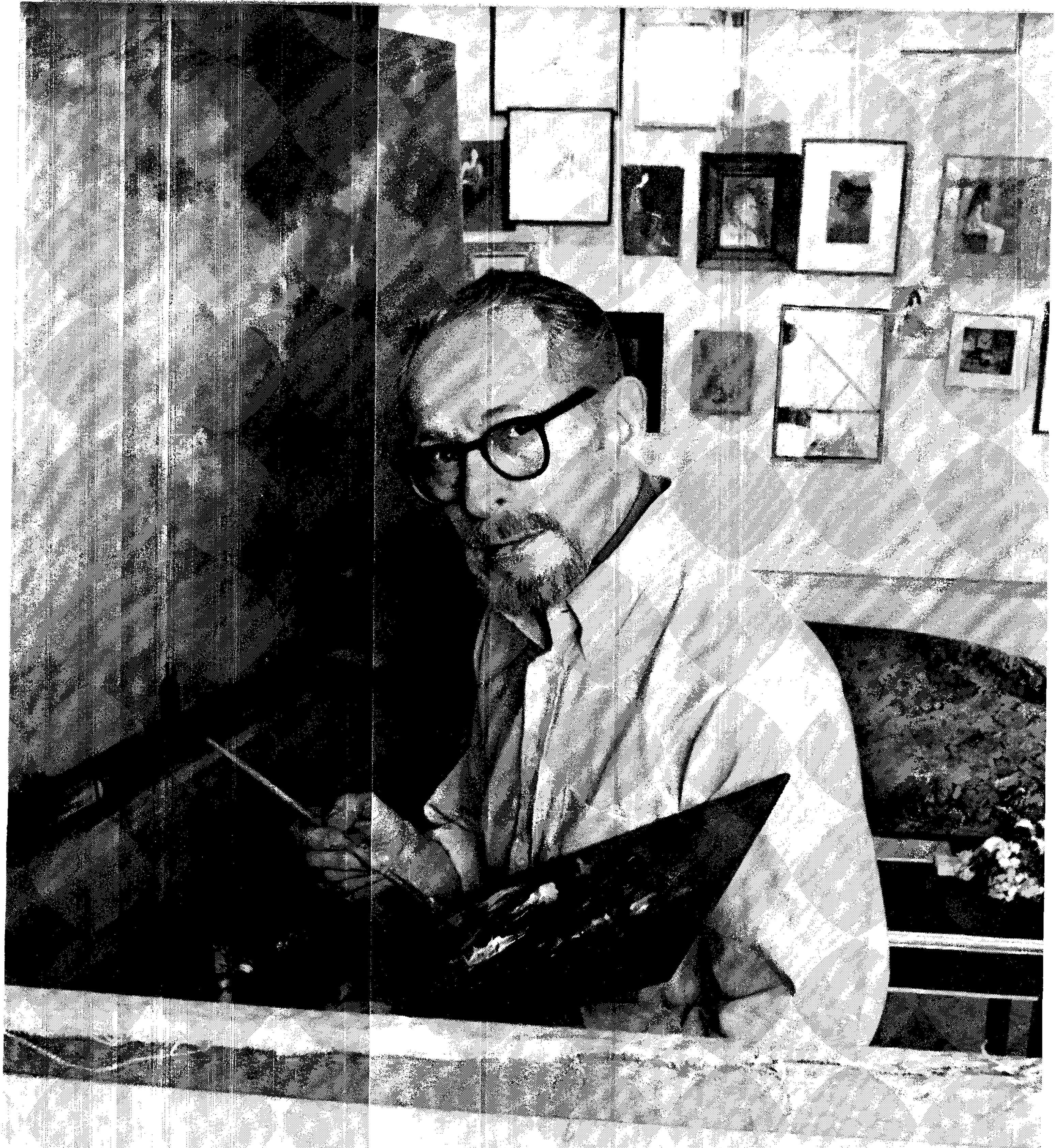
He is a young policeman. He bends to give her the required direction.

"Do you carry a revolver?" Lise says. He looks puzzled and fails to answer before Lise adds, "Because if you did you could shoot me."

The policeman is still finding words when she drives off, and in the mirror she can see him looking at the retreating car, probably noting the number. Which, in fact, he is doing, so that on the afternoon of the following day, when he has been shown her body, he says, "Yes, that's her. I recognize the face. She said, 'If you had a revolver you could shoot me.' " Which is to lead to many complications in Carlo's private life when the car is traced back to him, he being released by the police only after six hours of interrogation. A photograph of Carlo and also a picture of his young apprentice—who holds a lively press conference of his own, moreover—will appear in every newspaper in the country.

But now, at the Hilton Hotel, the car is held up just as it enters the gates of the driveway. There is a line of cars ahead, and beyond them a group of policemen. Two police cars are visible in the parking area on the other side of the entrance. The rest of the driveway is occupied by a line of four very large limousines, each with a uniformed driver standing by.

The police collect on either side of the hotel doorway, their faces picked out by the bright lights, while there emerge, down the steps from the hotel, two women who seem to be identical twins, wearing black dresses and high-styled black hair, followed by an important-looking Arabian figure, sheikh-like in his headdress and robes, with a lined face and glittering eyes, who descends the steps with a floating motion as if his feet are clearing the ground by an inch or two; he is flanked by two smaller, bespectacled, brown-faced men in businesslike suits. The two black-dressed women stand back with a respectful, housekeeperly bearing while the robed figure approaches the first limousine, and the two men draw back, too, as he enters the recesses of the car. Two black-robed women with the lower parts of their faces veiled and their heads shrouded in drapery then make their descent, and behind them another pair appears—menservants with arms raised, bearing aloft numerous plastic-enveloped garments on coat hangers. Still in pairs, further components of the retinue appear, each two moving in such unison that they seem to share a single soul or else are performing two well-rehearsed parts in the chorus of an opera by Verdi. Two men wearing Western clothes but for their red fezzes are duly admitted to one of the waiting limousines, and as Lise gets out of the car to join the watchers two ramshackle young Arabs with rumpled gray trousers and whitish shirts end the procession, bearing two large baskets, each one packed with



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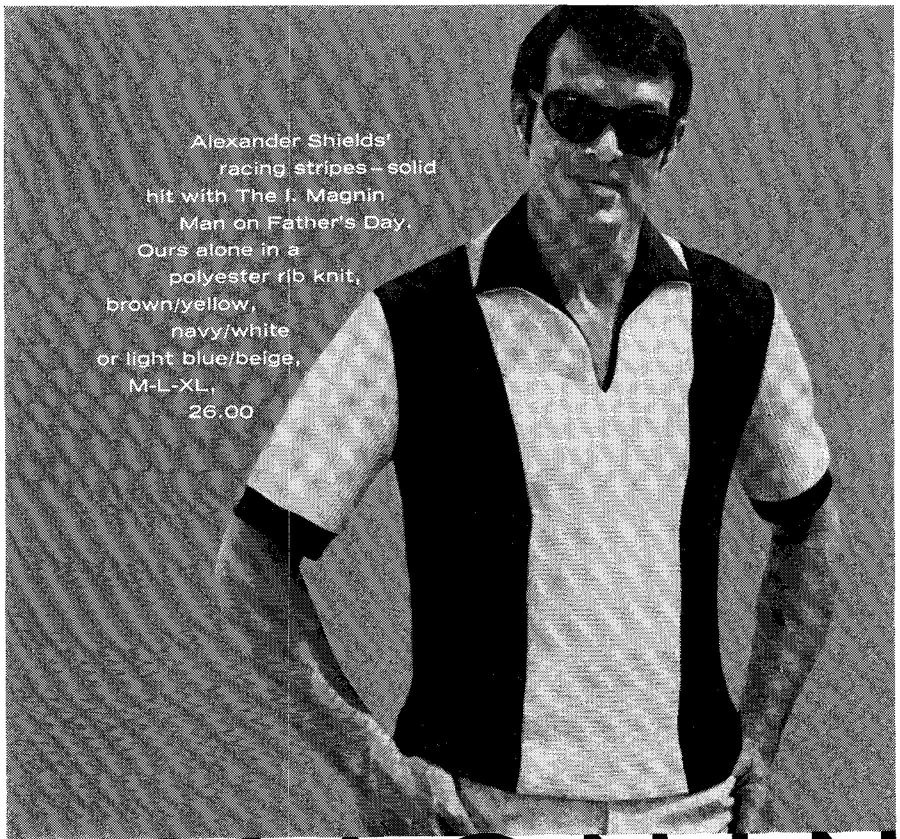

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oranges and a jumbo-sized vacuum flask, which stand slightly askew among the fruit, like champagne in an ice bucket.

A group of people who are standing near Lise on the driveway, having themselves got out of their held-up taxis and cars, are discussing the event: "He was here on vacation. I saw it on the television. There's been a coup in his country and he's going back." "Why should he go back?" "No, he won't go back, believe me. Never." "What country is it? I hope it doesn't affect us. The last time there was a coup, my shares regressed so I nearly had a breakdown. Even the mutual funds . . ."

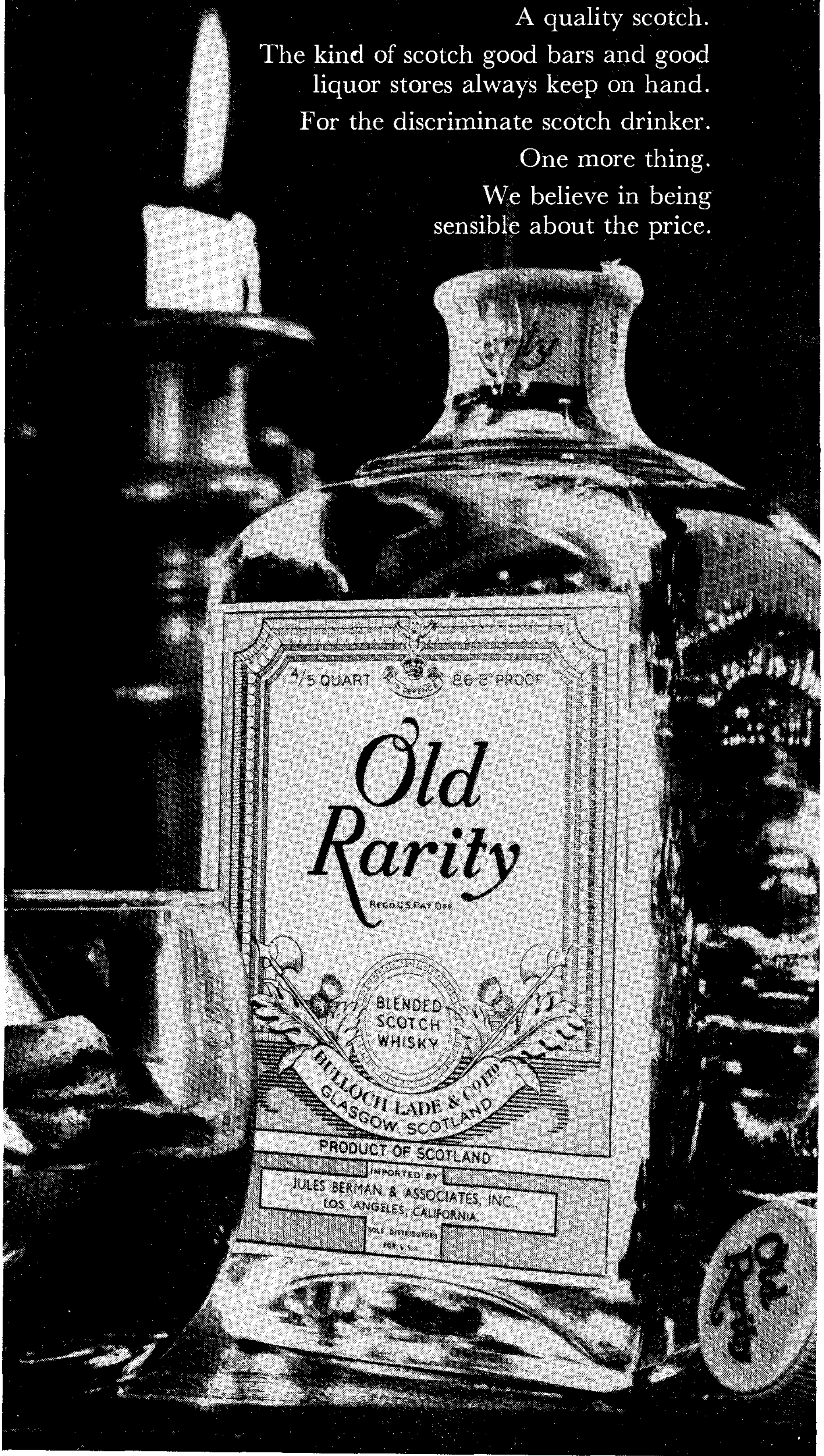
The police have gone back to their cars, and, escorted by them, the caravan goes its stately way.

Lise jumps back into Carlo's car and conducts it as quickly as possible to the car park. She leaves it there, taking the keys. Then she leaps into the hotel, eyed indignantly by the doorman, who presumably resents her haste, her clothes, the blurred stain on her coat, and the rumpled aspect that she has acquired in the course of the evening, and whose built-in computer system rates her low on the spending scale.

Lise makes straight for the ladies' toilets, and, while there, besides putting her appearance to rights as best she can, takes a comfortable chair in the soft-lit rest room and considers, item by item, the contents of her zipper bag, which she lays on a small table beside her. She feels the outside of the box containing the food blender and replaces it in her bag. She also leaves unopened a soft package containing the neckties, but, having rummaged in her handbag for something that apparently is not there, she brings forth her lipstick and with it she writes on the outside of the soft package, "Papa." There is an unsealed paper bag that she peers into; it holds the orange scarf. She puts it back into place and takes out another bag, containing the black-and-white scarf. She folds this back and with her lipstick she traces on the outside of the bag, in large capitals, "Olga." Another package seems to puzzle her. She feels around it with half-closed eyes for a moment, then opens it up. It contains the pair of men's slippers which Mrs. Fiedke had mislaid in the shop, having apparently, in fact, put them in Lise's bag. Lise wraps them up again and replaces them. Finally, she takes out her paperback book and an oblong package, which she opens. This is a gift box containing the gilded paper knife in its sheath—also Mrs. Fiedke's property.

Lise slowly returns the lipstick to her handbag, places the book and the box containing the paper knife on the table beside her, places the zipper bag on the floor, then proceeds to examine the contents of her handbag. Money, the tourist folder with its inset map of the city, the bunch of six keys that she had brought with her that morning, the keys of Carlo's car, the lipstick, the comb, the powder compact, the air ticket. Her lips are parted, and she leans back in a relaxed attitude, but that her eyes are too wide open for restfulness. She looks again at the contents of her handbag. A notecase with paper money, a purse with loose change. She gathers herself together in such an abrupt manner that the toilet attendant, who has been sitting vacantly in a corner by the washbasins, starts to her feet. Lise packs up her belongings. She puts the paper-knife box back in the zipper bag, carefully tucking it down the side, and zips the bag up. Her handbag is also packed tidily again, except for the bunch of six keys that she had brought on her travels. She holds the book in her hand, and, placing the bunch of six keys with a clatter on the plate left out for coins, the attendant's reward, she says to the woman, "I won't be needing these now." Then, with her zipper bag, her book, and her handbag, her hair combed and her face cleaned up, she swings out of the door and into the hotel lounge. The clock above the reception desk says nine-thirty-five. Lise makes for the bar, where she looks around. Most of the tables are occupied by chattering groups. She sits at a vacant but rather out-of-the-way table, orders a whiskey, and bids the tentative waiter hurry. "I've got a train to catch." She is served the drink, together with a jug of water and a bowl of peanuts. She drenches the whiskey with water, sips a small part of it, and eats all the peanuts. She takes another small sip from her glass, and, leaving it nearly full, stands up and motions the waiter to bring her bill. She pays for this high-priced repast with a note taken from her bag, and tells the waiter to keep the change, which amounts to a very high tip. He accepts it with incredulous grace and watches her as she leaves the bar. He, too, will give his small piece of evidence to the police on the following day, as will also the toilet attendant, trembling at the event that has touched upon her life without the asking.

Lise stops short in the hotel lounge and smiles. Then, without further hesi-



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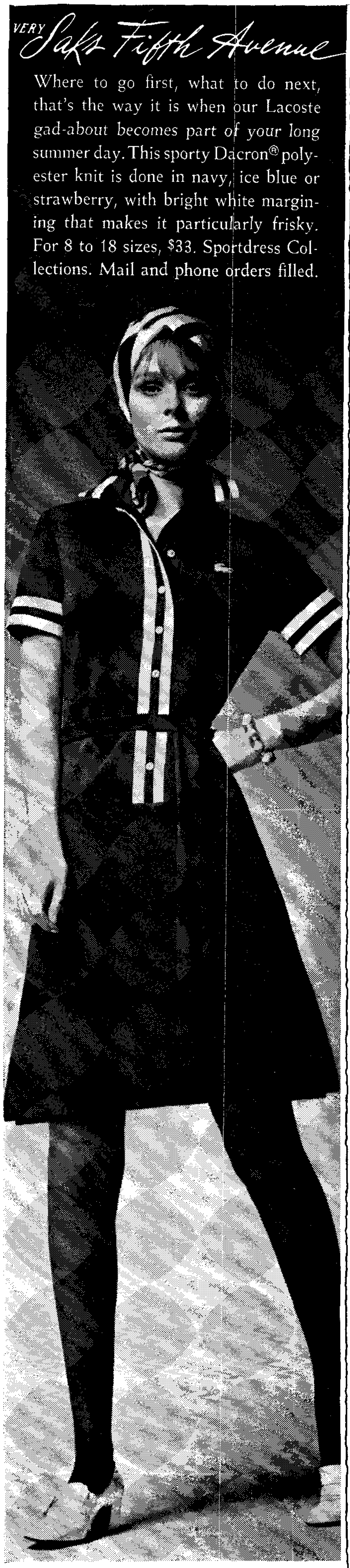
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tation, she goes over to a group of armchairs, only one of which is occupied. In it sits a sickly-looking man. Bending over him deferentially to listen to something the man is saying is a uniformed chauffeur, who presently turns to go, waved away by the seated man just as Lise approaches.

“There you are!” says Lise. “I've been looking for you all day. Where did you get to?”

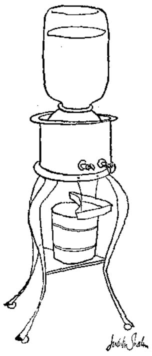
The man shifts to look at her. “Jenner's gone to have a bite. Then we're off back to the villa. Damn nuisance, coming back in to town all this way. Tell Jenner he's got half an hour. We must be off.”

“He'll be back in a minute,” Lise says. “Don't you remember we met on the plane?”

“The Sheikh. Damn rotters in his country have taken over behind his back. Now he's lost his throne, or whatever it is he sits on. I was at school with him. Why did he ring me up? He rang me up. On the telephone. He brings me back to town all this way, and when we get here he says he can't come to the villa after all, there's been a coup.”

“I'll take you back to the villa,” Lise says. “Come on, get in the car with me. I've got a car outside.”

The man says, “Last time I saw the Sheikh, it was '38. He came on safari with me. Rotten shot if you know anything about big game. You've got to wait for the drag. They call it the drag, you see. It kills its prey and drags it into the bush, then you follow the drag, and when you know where it's left its prey you're all right. The poor bloody beast comes out the next day to eat its prey. They like it high. And you only have a few seconds. You're here and there's another fellow there and a third over here. You can't shoot from here, you see, because there's another hunter there and you don't want to shoot him. You have to shoot from over here or over there. And the Sheikh—I've known him for years, we were at school together—the bloody fool shot and missed it by five feet from a fifteen-foot range.”



His eyes look straight ahead and his lips quiver.

“You're not my type after all,” Lise says. “I thought you were, but I was away out.”

“What? Want a drink? Where's Jenner?”

She gathers up the handles of her bags, picks up her book, and looks at him and through him as if he were already a distant memory, and leaves without a goodbye—indeed, as if she had said goodbye to him long ago. She brushes past a few people at the vestibule, who look at her with the same casual curiosity with which others throughout the day have looked at her. They are mainly tourists; one exceptional sight among so many others does not deflect their attention for very long. Outside, she goes to the car park where she has left Carlo's car, and does not find it.

She goes up to the doorman. “I've lost my car. A Fiat 125. Have you seen anyone drive off with a Fiat?”

“Lady, there are twenty Fiats an hour come in and out of here.”

“But I parked it over there less than an hour ago. A cream Fiat, a bit dirty. I've been travelling.”

The doorman sends a page boy to find the parking attendant, who presently comes along in a vexed mood, since he has been called from conversation with a more profitable client. He owns to having seen a cream-colored Fiat being driven away by a large fat man, whom he had presumed to be the owner.

“He must have had extra keys,” says Lise.

“Didn't you see the lady drive in with it?” the doorman says.

“No, I didn't. The royalty and the police were taking up all my time, you know that. Besides, the lady didn't say anything to me, to look after her car.”

Lise says, opening her bag, “Well, I meant to give you a tip later. But I'll give you one now.” And she holds out to him the keys of Carlo's car.

The doorman says, “Look, lady, we can't take responsibility for your car. If you want to see the porter at the desk, he can ring the police. Are you staying at the hotel?”

“No,” says Lise. “Get me a taxi.”

“Have you got your license?” says the parking attendant.

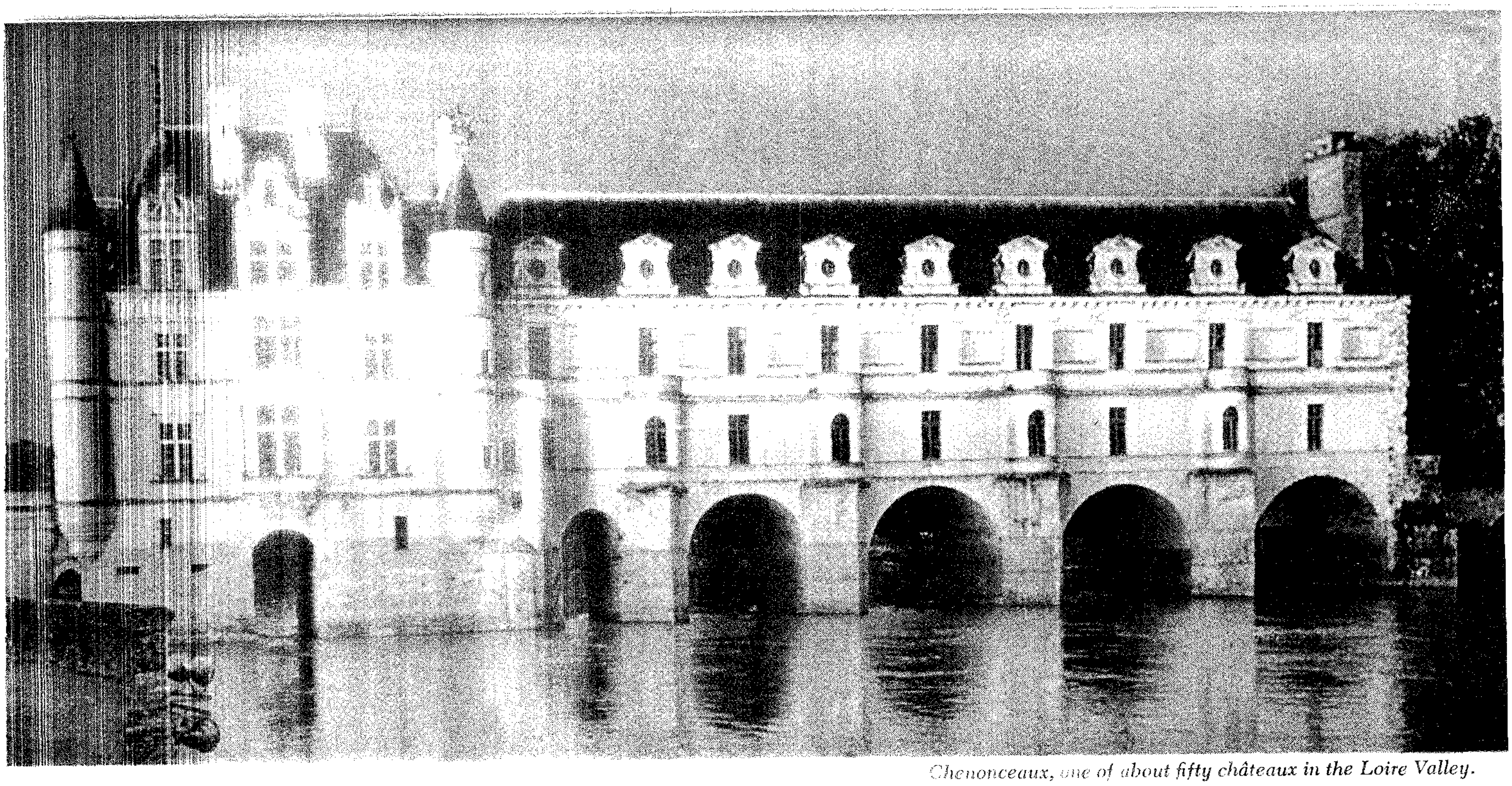
“Go away,” Lise says. “You're not my type.” He looks explosive. Another of tomorrow's witnesses.

The doorman is meanwhile busy helping some newcomers out of a taxi. Lise calls out to the taxi-driver, who nods his agreement to take her on.

As soon as the passengers are out, Lise leaps into the taxi.

The parking attendant shouts, “Are you sure it was your own car, lady?”

She throws Carlo's keys out of the



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First, the châteaux.

Most of them are open to the public, so that you can see how the French aristocracy live among their treasures. With luck, you may come upon an elderly Marquise brushing her teeth.

Exotic and feminine

The most exotic and *feminine* of the châteaux is CHENONCEAUX, built on a bridge across a river; Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Médicis and Mary Queen of Scots lived here. (See photograph above.)

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After dark, many of these romantic châteaux offer *son et lumière*. These pageants of floodlighting, music and dialogue dramatize the stories of the châteaux—and give you goose pimples.

When you have had your fill of châteaux, drive over to the Abbey of Fontevrault and see the tombs of the Plantagenets—King Henry II of England, Richard Coeur de Lion and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Her effigy is currently on loan to THE YEAR 1200 exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York—worth seeing before you leave the U.S.

Wine and food

If there weren't any châteaux, the Loire Valley would be worth visiting for its cooking and its wines—all the way from celebrated two-star restaurants to delicious little auberges in dozens of villages. The local specialties include the famous Loire salmon, pike and eel. The pâtés are something to dream about for the rest of your life.

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How to get there

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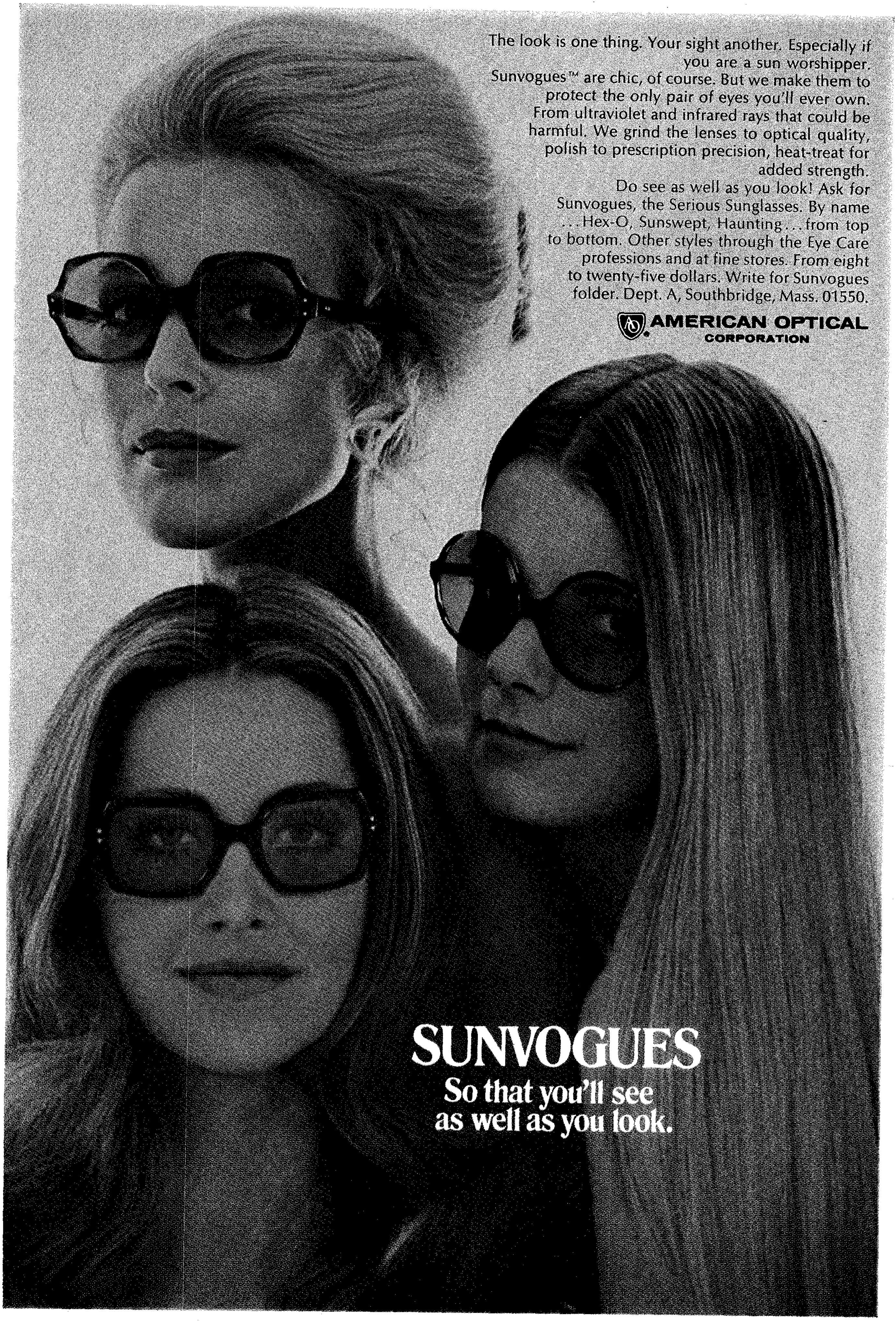

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window onto the gravel and directs the taxi to the Hotel Metropole, with tears falling over her cheeks.

"Anything the matter, lady?" says the driver.

"It's getting late," she says, weeping. "It's getting terribly late."

"Lady, I can't go faster. See the traffic."

"I can't find my boyfriend. I don't know where he's gone."

"You think you'll find him at the Metropole?"

"There's always a chance," she says. "I make a lot of mistakes."

VI

THE chandeliers of the Metropole, dispensing a vivid glow upon the just and unjust alike, disclose Bill, the macrobiotic, seated gloomily by a table near the entrance. He jumps up when Lise enters and falls upon her with a delight that impresses the whole lobby, and in such haste that a plastic bag that he is clutching, insufficiently sealed, emits a small trail of wild rice in his progress toward her.

She follows him back to his seat and takes a chair beside him. "Look at my coat," she says. "I got mixed up in a student demonstration and I'm still crying from the effect of tear gas. I had a date at the Hilton for dinner with a very important sheikh, but I was too late, as I went to buy him a pair of slippers for a present. He'd gone on safari. So he wasn't my type anyway. Shooting animals."

"I'd just about given you up," says Bill. "You were to be here at seven. I've been getting desperate." He takes her hand, smiling with glad flashes of teeth and eyes. "You wouldn't have been so unkind as to have dinner with someone else, would you? I'm hungry."

"And my car got stolen," she says.

"What car?"

"Oh, just a car."

"I didn't know you had a car. Was it a hired car?"

"You know nothing whatsoever about me," she says.

"Well, I've got a car," he says. "A friend has lent me it. I'm taking it to Naples as soon as possible to get started on the Yin-Yang Young Culture Center. I'm opening with a lecture called 'The World—Where Is It Going?' That will be a general introduction to the macrobiotic way of life. It'll bring in the kids, all right."

"It's getting late," she says.

"I was nearly giving you up," he says, squeezing her hand. "I was just about to go out and look for another

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girl. I'm queer for girls. It has to be a girl."

"I'll have a drink," she says. "I need one."

"Oh, no, you won't. Oh, no, you won't. Alcohol is off the diet. You're coming to supper with me at a house I know."

"What kind of a house?" she says.

"A macrobiotic family I know," he says. "They'll give us a good supper. Three sons, four daughters, the mother and father—all on macrobiotics. We'll have rice with carrots, followed by rice biscuits and goat's cheese, and a cooked apple. No sugar allowed. The family eat at six o'clock, which is the orthodox system, but the variation that I follow lets you eat late. That way, we'll get through to the young. So we'll go there and heat up a meal. Come on!"

She says, "That tear gas is still affecting me."

Tears brim in her eyes. She gets up with him and lets him, trailing rice, lead her past every eye of the Metropole lobby into the street, up the road, and into a small black utility model which is parked there.

"It's wonderful," says Bill as he starts up the car, "to think we're together again at last."

"I must tell you," says Lise, sniffing, "that you're not my type. I'm sure of it."

"Oh, you don't know me! You don't know me at all."

"But I know my type."

"You need love," he says with a hand on her knee.

She starts away from him. "Take care while you're driving. Where do your friends live?"

"The other side of the park. I must say, I feel hungry."

"Then hurry up," she says.

"Don't you feel hungry?"

"No, I feel lonely."

"You won't be lonely with me."

They have turned into the park.

"Turn right at the end of this road," she says. "There should be a road to the right, according to the map. I want to look at something."

"There are better places farther on."

"Turn right, I say."

"Don't be nervy," he says. "You need to relax. The reason why you're so tense, you've been eating all the wrong things and drinking too much. You shouldn't have more than three glasses of liquid a day. You should pass water not more than twice a day—twice for a woman, three times for a man. If you need to go more than that, it means you're taking in too much fluid."

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"Here's the road. Turn right."

Bill turns right, going slowly and looking about him. He says, "I don't know where this leads to. But there's a very convenient spot farther up the main road."

"What spot?" she says. "What spot are you talking about?"

"I haven't had my daily orgasm. It's an essential part of this particular variation of the diet, didn't I tell you? Many other macrobiotic variations have it as an essential part. This is one of the main things the young Neapolitans must learn."

"If you think you're going to have sex with me," she says, "you're very much mistaken. I have no time for sex."

"Lise!" says Bill.

"I mean it," she says. "Sex is no use to me, I assure you." She gives out her deep laughter.

The road is dimly lit by lamps posted at far intervals. Bill is peering to right and left.

"There's a building over there," she says. "That must be the Pavilion. And the old villa behind—they say in the brochure that it's to be restored and turned into a museum. But it's the famous Pavilion that I want."

At the site of the Pavilion, several cars and motor bicycles are parked. Another road converges, and a band of teen-age boys and girls are languidly leaning against trees, cars, and anything else that can prop them up, looking at each other.

"There's nothing doing here," says Bill.

"Stop. I want to get out and look around."

"Too many people. What are you thinking of?"

"I want to see the Pavilion, that's all."

"Why? You can come by daylight. Much better."

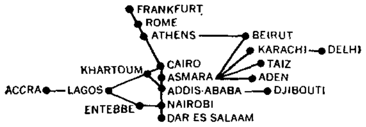
Some iron tables are scattered on the grounds in front of the Pavilion, a graceful three-story building with a quaint gilded frieze above the first level of the façade.

Bill parks the car near the others, some of which are occupied by amorous couples. Lise jumps out as soon as the car stops. She takes with her the handbag, leaving the zipper bag and her book in the car. He runs after her, putting an arm round her shoulders, and says, "Come on, it's getting late. What do you want to see?"

She says, "Will your rice be safe in the car? Have you locked it?"

He says, "Who's going to steal a bag of rice?"

"I don't know," says Lise, making



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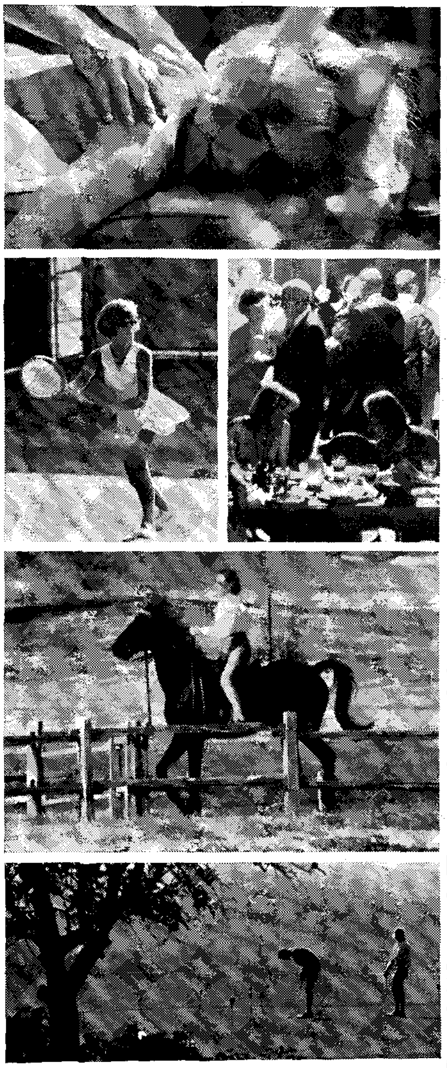

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her way along the path that leads to the Pavilion. "Maybe those young people might feel very intensely about rice."

"The movement hasn't got started yet, Lise," says Bill. "And red beans are also allowed. And sesame flour. But you can't expect people to know about it till you tell them."

The ground floor of the Pavilion is largely glass-fronted. She goes up to it and peers in. There are bare café tables and chairs piled high in the classic fashion of restaurants closed for the night. There is a long counter and a coffee machine at the far end, with an empty glass sandwich bar. There is nothing else except an expanse of floor, which, in the darkness, can only be half seen, patterned in black-and-white checkered squares. Lise cranes and twists to see the ceiling, which obscurely seems to be painted with some classical scene; the hind leg of a horse and one side of a cupid are all that is visible.

Still, she peers through the glass. Bill tries to draw her away, but again she starts to cry. "Oh," she says, "the inconceivable sorrow of it, those chairs being piled up at night when you're sitting in a café, the last one left."

"You're getting morbid, dear," says Bill. "Darling, it's all a matter of chemistry. You've been eating toxic foods and neglecting the fact that there are two forces in the world—centrifugal, which is Yin, and centripetal, which is Yang. Orgasms are Yang."

"It makes me sad," she says. "I want to go home, I think. I want to go back home and feel all that lonely grief again. I miss it so much already."

He jerks her away and she calls out, "Stop it! Don't do that!" A man and two women who are passing a few yards away turn to look, but the young group pays no attention.

Bill gives a deep sigh. "It's getting late," he says, pinching her elbow.

"Let me go. I want to look around the back. I've got to see how things are around here. It's important."

"You'd think it was a bank," Bill says. "That you were going to do a stickup in tomorrow. Who do you think you are? Who do you think I am?" He follows her as she starts off around the side of the building, examining the track. "What do you think you're doing?"

She traverses the side of the building and turns to the back, where five large dustbins stand waiting for tomorrow's garbage men. They will also find Lise, not far off, stabbed to death. At this moment, a disturbed cat leaves off its foraging at one of the half-closed dustbins and flows into an adjacent blackness.

Lise surveys the ground earnestly.

"Look," says Bill. "Lise, darling, over by the hedge. We're all right."

He pulls her toward a hedge separating the back yard of the Pavilion from a footpath that can be seen through a partly open iron gate. A band of very tall, fair young men, all speaking together in a Scandinavian-sounding language, passes by and stops to watch and comment buoyantly on the tussle that ensues between Bill and Lise, she proclaiming that she doesn't like sex and he explaining that if he misses his daily orgasm he has to fit in two the next day. "And it gives me indigestion," he says, getting her down on the gravel behind the hedge and out of sight. "Two in one day. And it's got to be a girl."

Lise now shrieks for help in four languages—English, French, Italian, and Danish. She throws her handbag into the hedge; then, "He's taken my purse!" she cries in four languages. "He's gone off with my handbag!" One of the onlookers tries to creak open the stiff iron gate, but meantime another has started to climb it, and gets over.

"What's going on?" he says to Lise in his own language. "We're Swedes. What's wrong?"

Bill, who has been kneeling to hold her down, gets up and says, "Go away. Clear off. What do you think's going on?"

But Lise has jumped to her feet and shouts in English that she never saw him before in her life, and that he is trying to rob her and rape her. "I just got out of my car to look at the Pavilion, and he jumped on me and dragged me here," she screams over and over again in four languages. "Get the police!"

The other men have come into the yard. Two of them take hold of Bill, who grins, trying hard to convince them that this turmoil is Lise's joke. One of them says he is going to find a policeman. Lise says, "Where's my bag? He's got rid of it somewhere. What has he done with it?" Then, in a burst of spontaneous composure, she says quietly, "I'm going to find a policeman, too," and walks off to the car. Most of the other parked cars have gone, as have also the young loiterers. One of the Swedes runs after her, advising her to wait till his friend brings a policeman.

"No, I'm going to the police station right away," she says in a calm voice,

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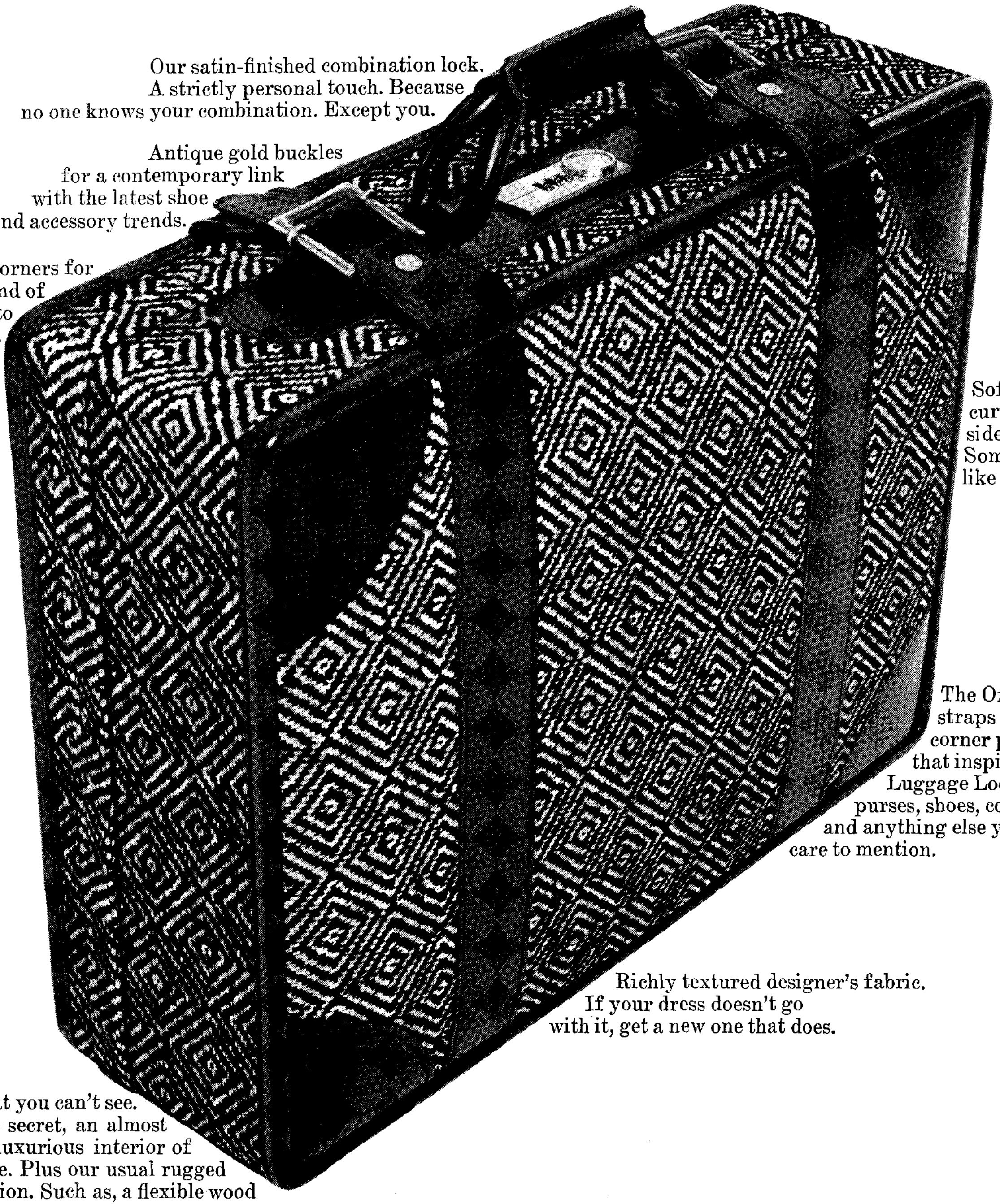

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as she gets in and shuts the door. She has already made off, already thrown the bag of wild rice out of the window, when the police arrive on the scene. They hear the Swedes' account, they listen to Bill's protests, they search for Lise's bag and find it. Then they ask Bill what the girl's name was, since she was, as he claims, a friend of his. "Lise," he says. "I don't know her other name. We met on the plane."

They take Bill into custody anyway—mercifully for him, as it turns out, since in the hours logically possible for the murder of Lise on that spot Bill is safely in a police cell, equally beyond suspicion and the exercise of his diet.

VII

IT is long past midnight when Lise arrives at the Hotel Tomson, which stands like the only living thing in the shuttered street. Lise parks the little black car in a spot near the entrance, takes her book and her zipper bag, and enters the hall.

At the desk, the night porter is on duty, the top three buttons of his uniform unfastened to reveal his throat and the top of his undervest, a sign that the deep night has fallen and the tourists have gone to bed. The porter is talking on the desk telephone, which links with the bedrooms. Meanwhile, the only other person in the hall, a youngish man in a dark suit, stands before the desk with a briefcase and a tartan holdall by his side.

"Please don't wake her," he says. "It isn't at all necessary at this late hour. Just show me my room—"

"She's on her way down. She says to tell you to wait; she's on her way."

"I could have seen her in the morning. It wasn't necessary. It's so late." The man's tone is authoritative and vexed.

"She's wide awake, sir," says the porter. "She was very definite that we were to let her know as soon as you arrived."

"Excuse me," Lise says to the porter, brushing against the dark-suited man as she comes up to the desk beside him. "Would you like a book to read?" She holds out her paperback. "I don't need it anymore."

"Oh, thanks, Miss," says the porter, good-naturedly taking the book and holding it at arm's length before his eyes the better to see what the book is all about. Meanwhile, the new arrival, having been jostled by Lise, turns to look at her. He starts, and bends to pick up his bags.

Lise touches him on the arm. "You're coming with me," she says.

"No," he says, trembling. His round

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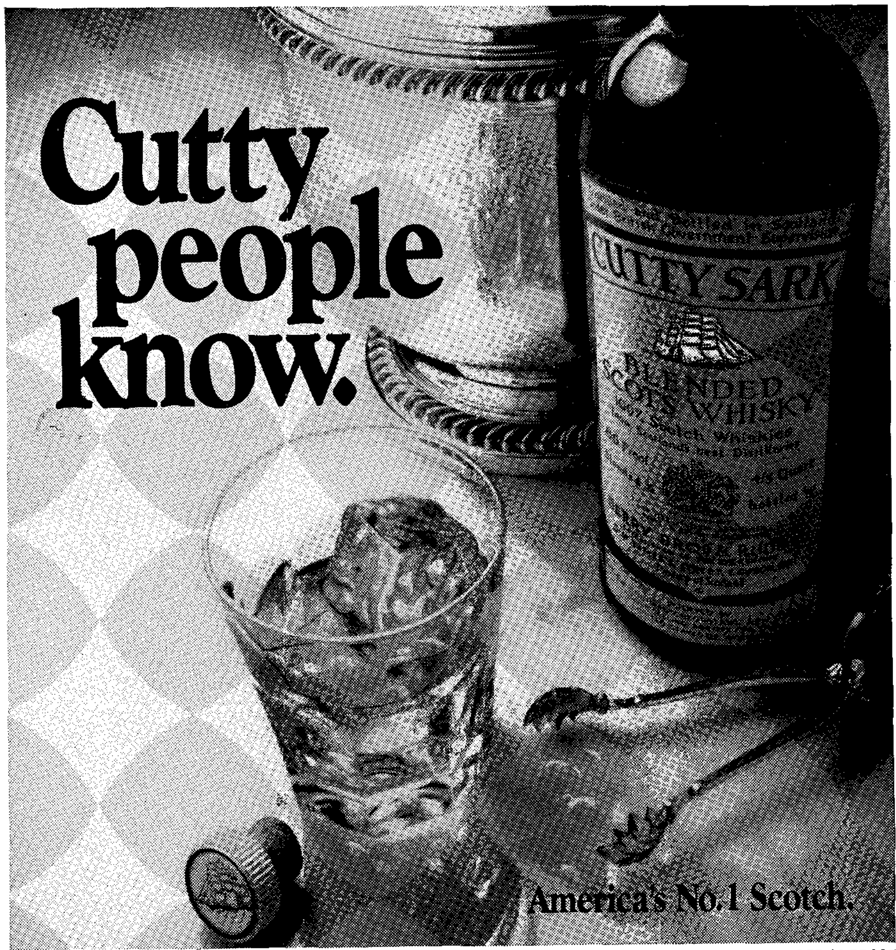

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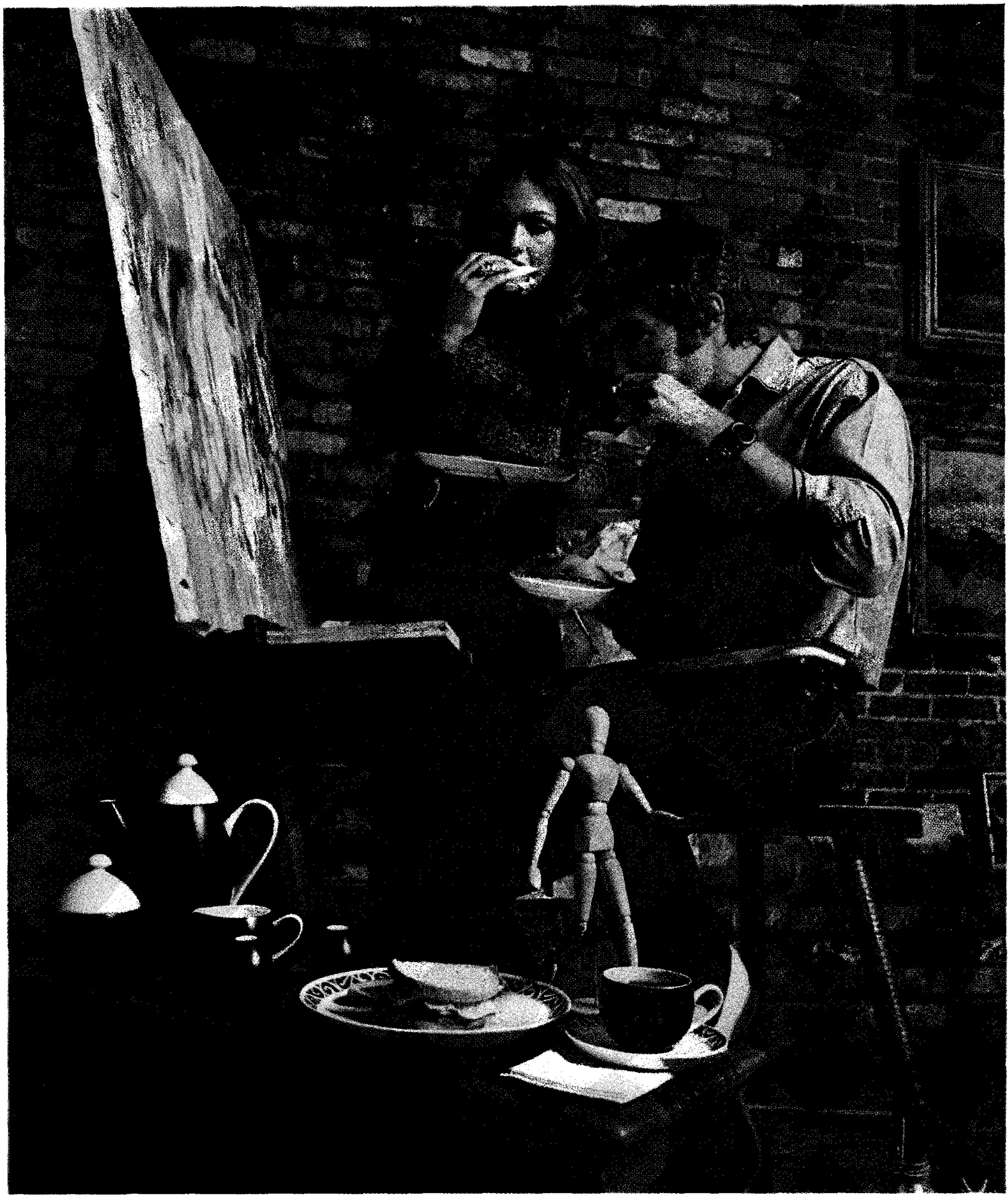

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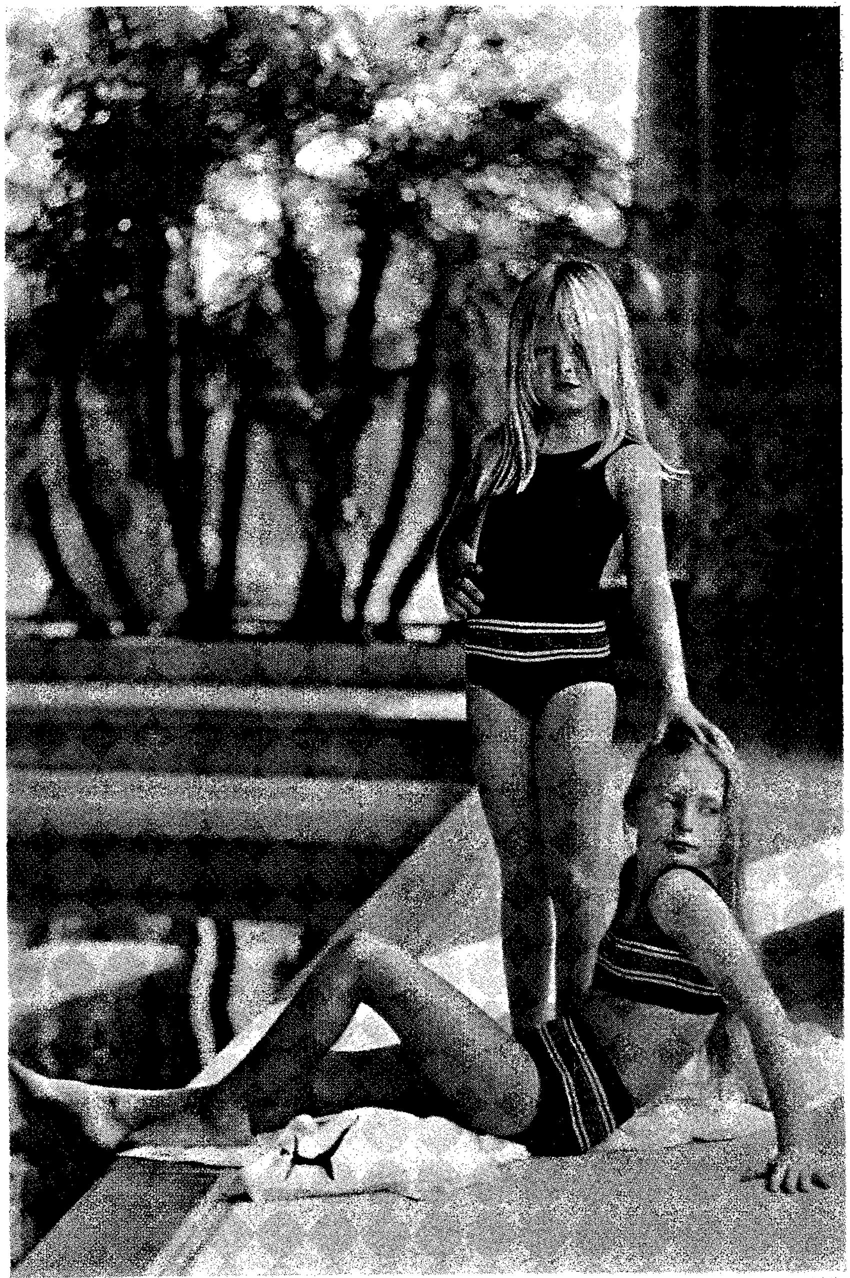

Write for brochure NY5. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

face is pink and white, his eyes are wide open with fear. He looks neat in his business suit and white shirt, as he did this morning when Lise first followed and then sat next to him on the plane.

"Leave everything," says Lise. "Come on. It's getting late."

She starts propelling him to the door.

"Sir!" calls the porter. "Your aunt's on her way—"

Lise, still holding her man, turns at the door and calls back, "You can keep his luggage. You can have the book as well. It's a whydunnit in Q sharp major and it has a message: Never talk to the sort of girls that you wouldn't leave lying about in your drawing room for the servants to pick up." She leads her man toward the door.

There, he puts up some resistance. "No, I don't want to come. I want to stay. I came here this morning, and when I saw you here I got away. I want to get away." He pulls back from her.

"I've got a car outside," says Lise, and pushes open the narrow swing door. He goes with her as if he is under arrest. She takes him to the car, lets go of his arm, gets into the driver's seat, and waits while he walks around the front of the car and gets in beside her. Then she drives off with him at her side.

He says, "I don't know who you are. I never saw you before in my life."

"That's not the point," she says. "I've been looking for you all day. You've wasted my time. What a day! And I was right the first time. As soon as I saw you this morning, I knew that you were the one. You're my type."

He is trembling. She says, "You were in a clinic. You're Richard. I know your name because your aunt told me."

He says, "I've had six years' treatment. I want to start afresh. My family's waiting to see me."

"Were the walls of the clinic pale green in all the rooms? Was there a great big tough man in the dormitory at night, patrolling up and down every so often, just in case?"

"Yes," he says.

"Stop trembling," she says. "It's the madhouse tremble. It will soon be over. Before you went to the clinic, how long did they keep you in prison?"

"Two years," he said.

"Did you strangle or stab?"

"I stabbed her, but she didn't die. I never killed a woman."

"No, but you'd like to. I knew it this morning."

"You never saw me before in your life."

"That's not the point," Lise

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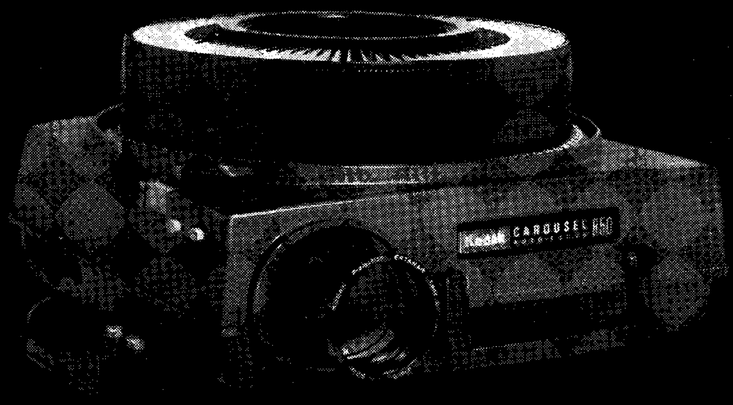

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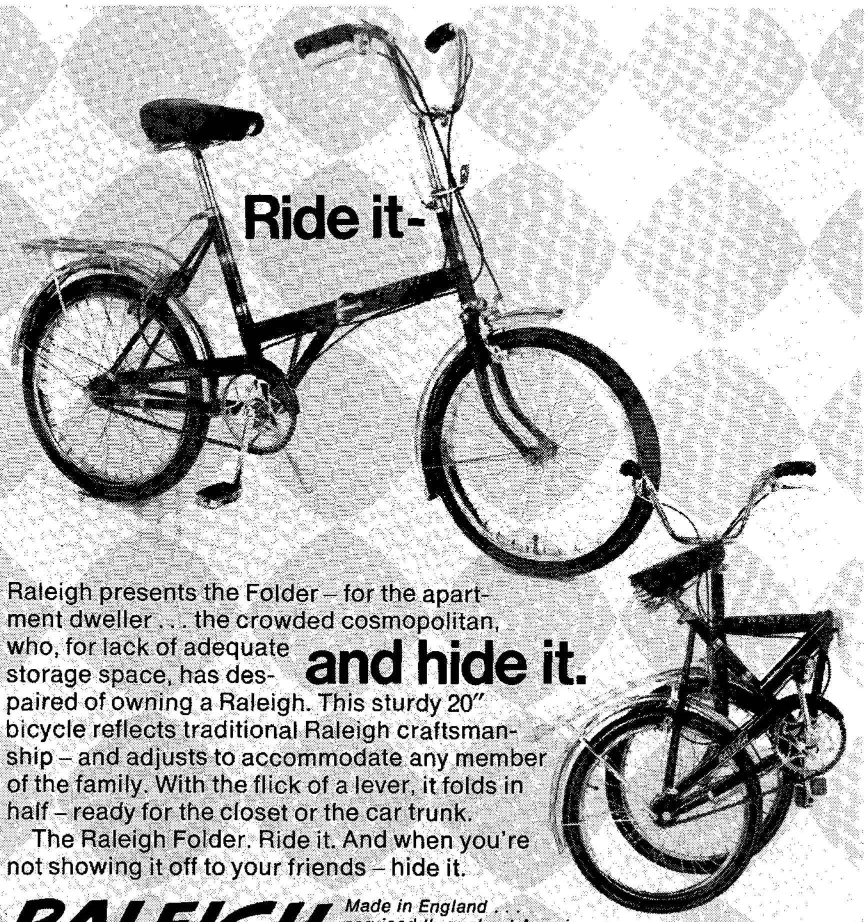

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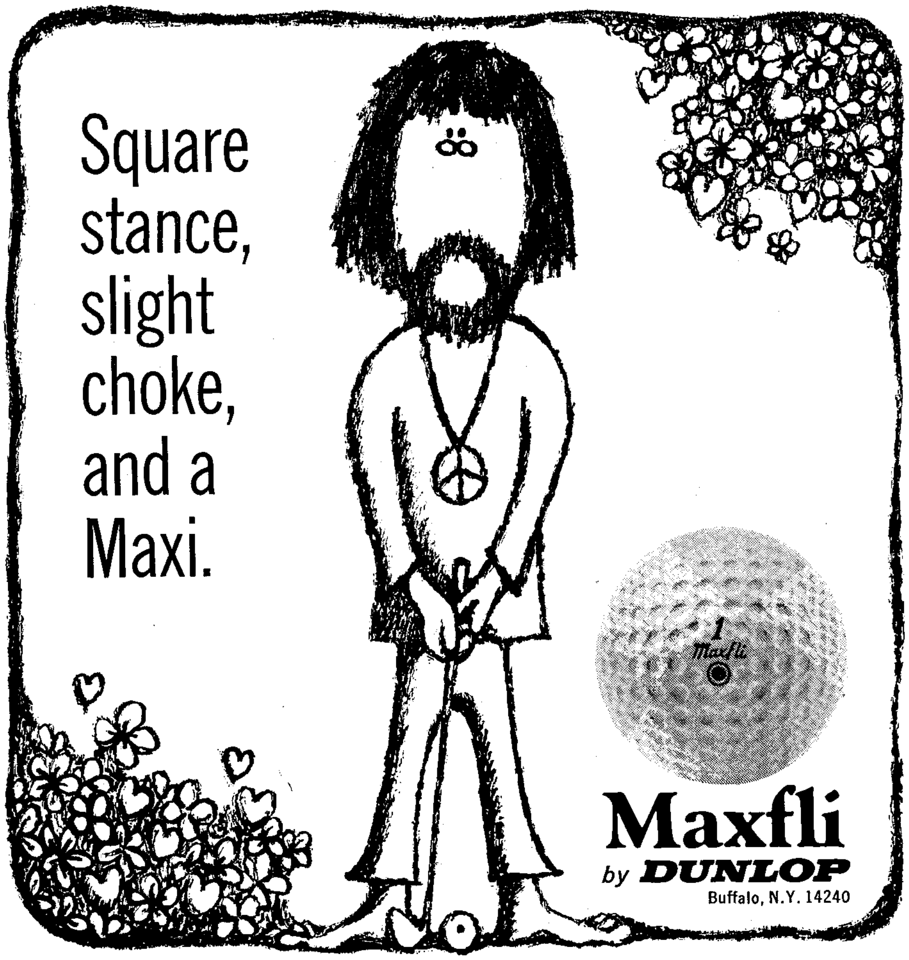

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says. "That's by the way. You're a sex maniac."

"No, no," he says. "That's all over and past. Not anymore."

"Well, you won't have sex with me," Lise says. She is driving through the park and turns right toward the Pavilion. Nobody is in sight. The wandering groups are null and void, the cars have gone away.

"Sex is normal," he says. "I'm cured. Sex is all right."

"It's all right at the time, and it's all right before," says Lise, "but the problem is afterward. That is, if you aren't just an animal. Most of the time, afterward is pretty sad."

"You're afraid of sex," he says, almost joyfully, as if sensing an opportunity to gain control.

"Only of afterward," she says. "But that doesn't matter anymore."

She pulls up at the Pavilion and looks at him. "Why are you shaking?" she says. "It will soon be over." She reaches for her zipper bag and opens it. "Now," she says, "let's be lucid about this. Here's a present from your aunt—a pair of slippers. You can pick them up later." She throws them on the back seat and pulls out a paper bag. She peers into it. "This is Olga's scarf," she says, putting it back in the bag.

"A lot of women get killed in the park," he says, leaning back; he is calmer now.

"Yes, of course. It's because they want to be." She is searching in the bag.

"Don't go too far," he says quietly.

"I'll leave that to you," she says, and brings out another paper bag. She peers in and takes out the orange scarf. "This is mine," she says. "A lovely color by daylight." She drapes the scarf round her neck.

"I'm getting out," he says, opening the door on his side. "Come on."

"Wait a minute," she says. "Just wait a minute."

"A lot of women get killed," he says.

"Yes, I know—they look for it." She brings out the oblong package, tears off the wrapping, and opens the box that contains the curved paper knife in its sheath. "Another present for you," she says. "Your aunt bought it for you." She takes the knife from the box, which she throws out the window.

He says, "No, they don't want to be killed. They struggle. I know that. But I've never killed a woman. Never."

Lise opens the door and gets out with the paper knife in her hand.

"Come on, it's getting late," she says. "I know the spot."

The morning will dawn, and by the evening the police will place in front of him Lise's map, marked with an X at the point where the famous Pavilion is located—the little picture.

"You made this mark," a policeman will say.

"No, I didn't. She must have made it herself. She knew the way. She took me straight there."

They will reveal, bit by bit, that they know his record. They will bark, and exchange places at the desk. They will come and go, in the little office, already beset by inquietude and fear, even before her identity is traced back to where she came from. They will try soft-speaking, they will reason with him in their secret dismay that the evidence already coming in seems to confirm his story.

"The last time you lost control of yourself, didn't you take the woman for a drive in the country?"

"But this one took me. She made me go. She was driving. I didn't want to go. It was only by chance that I met her."

"You never saw her before?"

"The first time was at the airport. She sat beside me on the plane. I moved my seat. I was afraid."

"Afraid of what? What frightened you?"

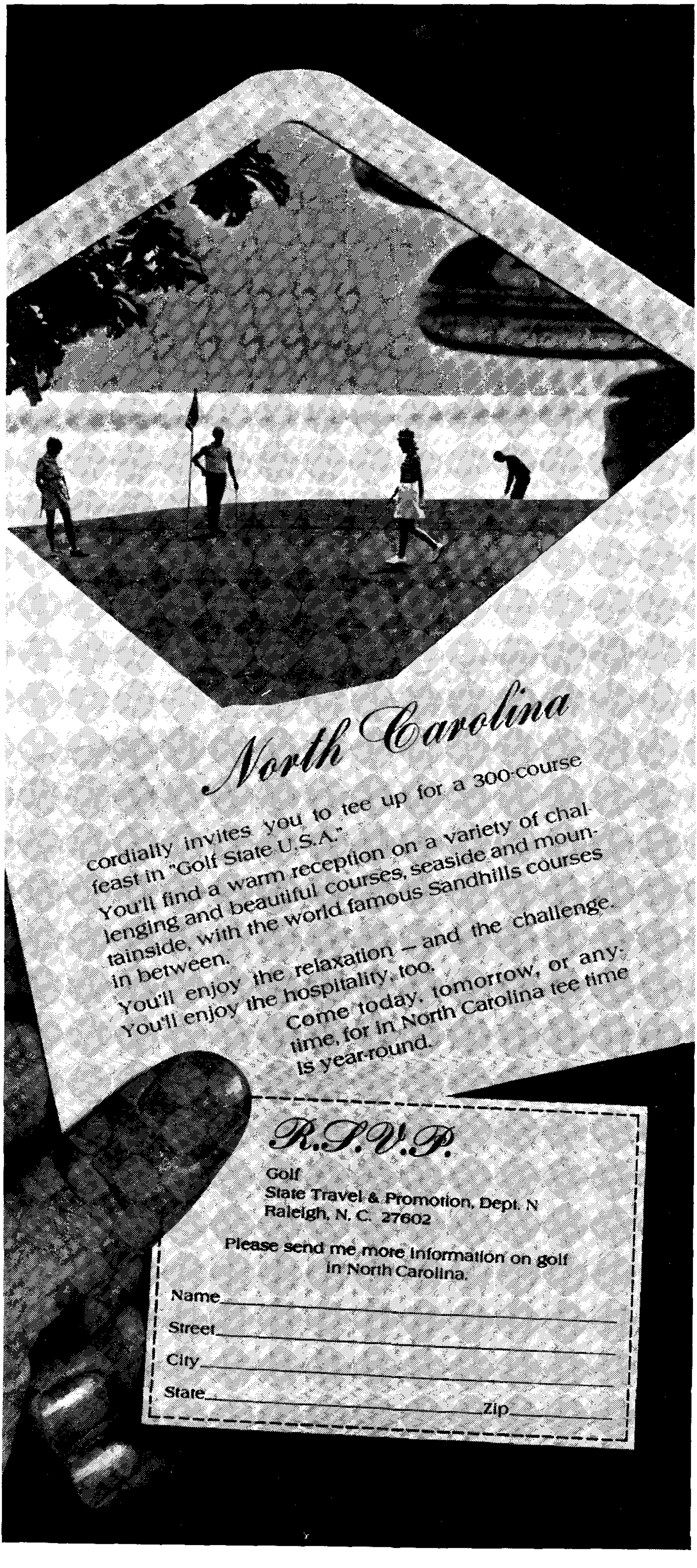
Around and around again will go the interrogators, moving slowly forward, always bearing the same questions, like the whorling shell of a snail.

Lise walks up to the great windows of the Pavilion and presses close to look inside, while he follows her. Then she walks around the back and over to the hedge.

She says, "I'm going to lie down here. Then you tie my hands with my scarf. I'll put one wrist over the other; it's the proper way. Then you'll tie my ankles together with your necktie. Then you strike." She points first to her throat. "First here," she says. Then, pointing to a place beneath each breast, she says, "Then here and here. Then anywhere you like."

"I don't want to do it," he says, staring at her. "I didn't mean this to happen. I planned everything to be different. Let me go."

She takes the paper knife from its sheath, feels the edge and the point, and says that it isn't very sharp but it will do. "Don't forget," she says, "that it's curved." She looks at the engraved sheath in her hand and lets it fall carelessly from her fingers. "After you've stabbed," she says, "be sure to twist it



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upward, or it may not penetrate far enough." She demonstrates the movement with her wrist. "You'll get caught, but at least you'll have the illusion of a chance to get away in the car. So, afterward, don't waste too much time staring at what you have done, at what you have done." Then she lies down on the gravel and he grabs at the knife.

"Tie my hands first," she says, crossing her wrists. "Tie them with the scarf."

He ties her hands, and she tells him in a sharp, quick voice to take off his necktie and bind her ankles.

"No," he says, kneeling over her, "not your ankles."

"I don't want any sex," she shouts. "You can have it afterward. Tie my feet and kill, that's all. They will come and sweep it up in the morning."

All the same, he plunges into her, with the knife poised high.

"Kill me," she says, and repeats it in four languages.

As the knife descends to her throat, she screams, evidently perceiving how final is finality. She screams, and then her throat gurgles while he stabs with a turn of his wrist exactly as she instructed. Then he stabs wherever he likes and stands up, staring at what he has done. He stands staring for a while and then, having started to turn away, he hesitates as if he had forgotten something of her bidding. Suddenly he wrenches off his necktie and bends to tie her ankles together with it.

He runs to the car, taking his chance and knowing that he will at last be taken, and seeing already, as he drives away from the Pavilion and away, the sad little office where the police clank in and out and the typewriter ticks out his unnerving statement: "She told me to kill her and I killed her. She spoke in many languages, but she was telling me to kill her all the time. She told me precisely what to do. I was hoping to start a new life." He sees already the gleaming buttons of the policemen's uniforms, hears the cold and the confiding, the hot and the barking voices, sees already the holsters and epaulets and all those trappings devised to protect them from the indecent exposure of fear and pity, pity and fear.

—MURIEL SPARK

•

He said the committee made its findings on the premise that human rights take priority over property rights. "That is a socialistic tendency," the lieutenant said.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

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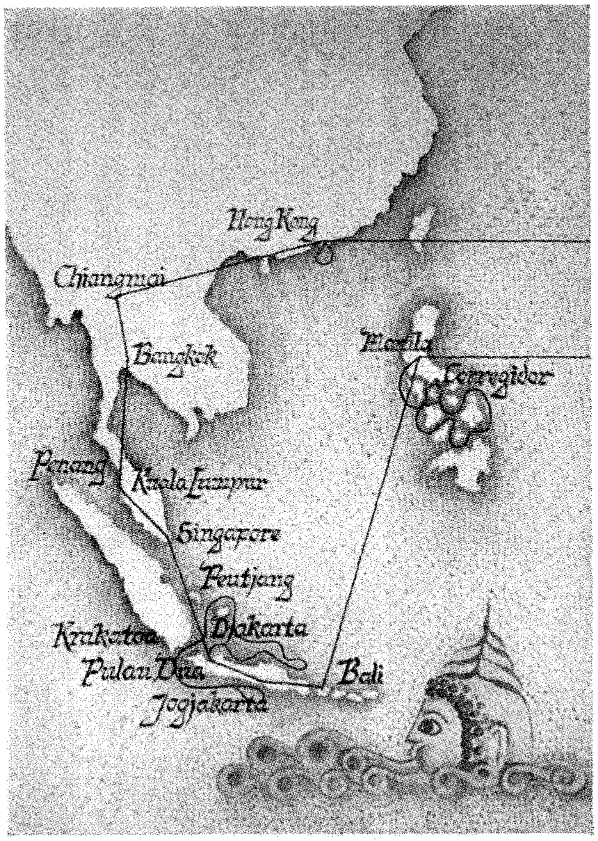

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THE THEATRE

THE LONG WAY ROUND

THAT charming and very able French company called Le Tréteau de Paris last week concluded its limited engagement at the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre with three plays by Ionesco—"La Jeune Fille à Marier," "La Lacune," and "Les Chaises." Earlier in its engagement, the company performed plays by Obaldia, Pinget, and Beckett, so we have been enjoying what amounts to a delightful *petite saison* of contemporary French theatre. I haven't the slightest notion of how large an audience there may be here for French-speaking ventures of this sort, but I hope that the sponsors of Le Tréteau, one of whom is a cultural arm of the French government, are sufficiently content with the results on this occasion to feel tempted to return in the near future. Jean de Rigault, the executive producer of Le Tréteau, is to be congratulated on having assembled a company of actors that take such pleasure in their art and, so it appeared to me, in each other.

The Ionesco comedies were extremely well done, under the direction of Jacques Mauclair and with amusing sets by Jacques Noël. Ionesco is at his best in trifles; a full-length play leaves him open to the risk not of having to think—it is obvious that he has done that, and brilliantly, which is why his trifles blaze—but of being seen to have taken thought, and perhaps more thought than was good for him. The banalities that are so often his target and that he can pulverize with such joyous deadpan high spirits in a ten-minute sketch threaten to infect the pulverizer when he has a couple of hours to spend exposing them. As a magician, Ionesco is among the prestidigitators and not among the black-caped chauffeurs of incomprehensible machines; I love watching him make coins and flowers spring from the tips of his seemingly untenanted fingers, but I dread watching him begin to saw a woman in half, for the blade spinning in the machine looks real and a bit rusty. In the blessedly brief "La Jeune Fille à Marier," two middle-aged, middle-class citizens, one male and the other female, sit on a bench in a park and fashion out of a series of fatuous commonplaces an unconscious, hilarious parody of those commonplaces. The words they pronounce with self-congratulatory unction have been so debased through use that even the ghosts of the thoughts they may once have expressed have long since vanished. We learn that the lady has an exceptionally well-brought-up daughter, whom she is eager to marry off; in the last few seconds of the skit the daughter comes onstage and proves to be a striking specimen of juvenile unisex, ideally unsuitable for marriage or, indeed, anything more taxing than hopscotch.

In the second of the plays—one is tempted to call them ionescos, as Simenon's police novels are called simenons—a high official in the Ministry of Education belatedly discovers that he once failed to take a certain examination and so lacks a baccalaureate degree. In all the confidence of his age and fame, he proceeds to take the examination and fails it miserably. Nothing about his situation need change, but the anguish of the loss of his high opinion of himself drives him to telephone the President of the Republic (one cannot help imagining de Gaulle at the other end of the line), and he is coldly rebuked for his impetuosity in doing so. Despairing, he begins to pull the medals from his Academy dress uniform, and the curtain falls. This little excursion into the quaking kingdom of pomposity requires some six minutes to play.

The third ionesco is the famous "Chairs," in which a very old couple arrange a meeting for a large number of immensely distinguished and (to us) invisible guests, who are brought by boat to an ancient, moldering house on an island in some stagnant sea. When the last of the guests has arrived and the official orator of the day is ready to begin, the old couple bid each other farewell and leap out of the windows to their death. The orator then attempts to speak and fails: he is a mute. Ionesco calls the piece a tragic farce, and it is; one sees that for the old couple life has been a long way round to no telling what, and that death is the short way home, again to no telling what. The play is continuously sad and funny, and in the climactic scene, when the old lady feverishly carries more and more and *more* chairs onto the stage, one laughs and simultaneously thinks, "But if I can laugh at this, what would I not be capable of at a really heartbreaking funeral?"

Jacques Mauclair and Tsilla Chelton were superb as the old couple in "Les Chaises," Marc Dudicourt and Claude Genia were excellent in their much less difficult roles in "La Jeune Fille à Marier," and M. Mauclair enjoyed himself to the hilt as the despairing bureaucrat in "La Lacune."

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Look, Look, Look, Look!

ZOE CALDWELL is that rare combination of a great actress and a good one. The details of her performance as Colette in "Colette" are as precise and as satisfying as its overwhelming whole. The play, which opened last week at the Ellen Stewart, is a dramatization by Elinor Jones of "Earthly Paradise," Robert Phelps's arrangement of Colette's autobiographical writings, plus a few selections from other people's reminiscences of her, and it truly is a dramatization—not a matter of stools on a stage and recitations by all employed but a play that uses every resource of the theatre. There are complete scenes and flashbacks, and bits of narration directed at the audience, and, at the end of the first act, a funny and hokey reënactment of the pantomime pocket melodrama that Colette did in music halls all over France in order to earn her keep after her first divorce. There are charming and appropriate songs by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones scattered throughout. At the opening, Mr. Schmidt is seated at an old upright piano on a dim stage, and the six actors who make up the company gather around him and sing; then the actors drift apart, and when the lights come up, there, at a corner of the stage, is Colette as a girl in her teens, crouching over some potted plants in a garden with her mother, Sido. ("Look, look, look, look!" says Sido.) As the scenes change, the actors move whatever furniture and props are necessary. The settings and lighting, by David Mitchell and Roger

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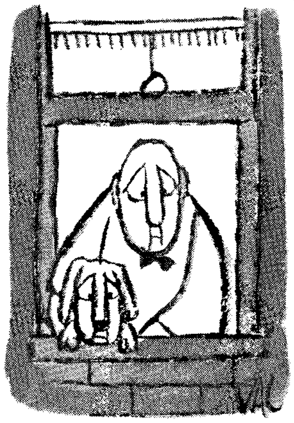
Morgan, respectively, are as integral to the action as the words and performances and music, and so are Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes. The flowered carpetbag that Miss Aldredge found for Colette to carry on tour is a minor triumph. A major triumph is that of the director Gerald Freedman, who molded all these components into such a satisfying whole.

The first act is mostly chronological—Colette's memories of her life at home with her inattentive father and her magnificent mother, as mysterious a combination of heat and cold as she was herself; scenes of her miserable first marriage, to fat German Willy ("He was bulbous!"), who forced her to write so that he could publish her "Claudine" books under his name; and then her escape into the music halls and her encounters with the raffish crew she found there. The second act is more a matter of flashbacks, loosely built around an interview she gives to a young man and a young woman, and moves backward and forward in time, through her falling in love, against every instinct and judgment, with the enchanted, devoted Maurice Goudeket, sixteen years her junior, after she thought she had written all that out in "Chéri." At the end, there she is—an old woman in her eighties, lying on her chaise longue with a fur robe over her, and looking exactly as she looks in those photographs.

I have nothing to add to what others who love Colette's books have written about them. What matters is that her words, as spoken by the actors, are as good to hear as they are to read. Mildred Dunnock plays Sido—mentor and, in a sense, alter ego—and the other parts are distributed unequally among Barry Bostwick, Keene Curtis, Holland Taylor, and Charles Siebert. Mr. Bostwick is especially good as Goudeket. As for the character of Colette herself, Miss Caldwell brings to light her earthiness and worldliness, her femininity and bisexuality, her shrewdness, her wit, her depth, and her genius, and all in that "bronze" voice.



"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW" is the last play Joe Orton wrote before his death a couple of years ago, and that is the only saddening aspect of an otherwise unremittingly funny evening on the McAlpin Roof. It is almost unbearable to think that there will be no more of his wicked, impudent comedies. This one is a breakneck satiric farce. It is set in the office of a psychiatrist somewhere in Socialist England. At the opening, a young woman is applying for the job of secretary to the psychiatrist, who is bent upon seduction. He asks her to remove her stockings, diagnoses a "febrile condition of the calves," and tells her to undress (behind a curtain). Then his wife comes in unexpectedly, and off we go. The other characters are a bellboy from the station hotel who has recently seduced the wife (or been seduced by her), a government medical inspector, and a policeman in nineteenth-century uniform. The plot resists synopsis, and I am the last woman on earth to put up a fight. Its elements include (to give a very sketchy list) untimely entrances and fast exits, mistaken identity, see-through disguises, multiple accusations and multiple deceptions, and sight gags galore, and one soon realizes, in the midst of the pandemonium, that nothing sacred—religious or secular—has gone unpinked. For, of course, it is the lines that matter most, with their Victorian decorum of form and their scandalous content; much of the wild humor turns upon homosexuality, nymphomania, transvestitism, and incest, among other sexual pranks. The lines are too quotable to be quoted, and I refuse to spoil them for you. This play, in spite of an occasional try for an epigram that doesn't come off, is as funny as Mr. Orton's "Loot," and almost as devilish as his "Entertaining Mr. Sloane." It partly derives from and partly parodies the best of French *fin-de-siècle* farce, English drawing-room comedy, Marx Brothers movies, Ben Jonson's comedies, Gilbert and Sullivan, and, for one brief, shining moment, "Annie Get Your Gun." Yet if ever a dramatist was his own man, it was Mr. Orton.

Joseph Hardy, who, as he proved in his direction of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" and "Child's Play," can catch the essence of a show, has directed "What the Butler Saw" at the proper speed and with total clarity, which must have taken some doing. The cast he has assembled, while not exactly dazzling by international theatrical standards, is right, each for his own role. Laurence Luckinbill does very well as the desperate psychiatrist, in and out of trouble with everyone, and he is ably supported (and chased) by Diana Davila, Tom Rosqui, Jan Farrand, Lucian Scott, and Charles Murphy.

"HAVE you any ideas about women's rights?" asks one of those interviewers of Colette. "No, I haven't," she replies. "When I do, I shall express them with the utmost violence." Myrna Lamb, who wrote the book and lyrics for "Mod Donna," has strong ideas about the liberation of women from sexual bondage, and she expresses them with the utmost violence. This "Space-Age Musical Soap" is running now at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, a natural home for anything so innovative, and it is full of energy—much of it derived, it must be said, from venom and gynecology. The story is a simple one. An ambitious employee sleeps with his boss's cold, castrating wife. The boss and his wife then take the employee's pliant, generous wife into *their* house, using her as a sex object and deserting her when she becomes pregnant, although the pregnancy is their idea. The fun of the show—and there is some—is in the production, which Mr. Papp directed himself. The four principals—Larry Bryggman, Peter Haig, Sharon Laughlin, and April Shawhan—handle their peculiar assignments competently; a few members of the all-female chorus show a sardonic, jagged spirit; and the three pieces of furniture that constitute the entire setting slide in and out in entertaining fashion. Susan Hulsman Bingham's score is not impressive.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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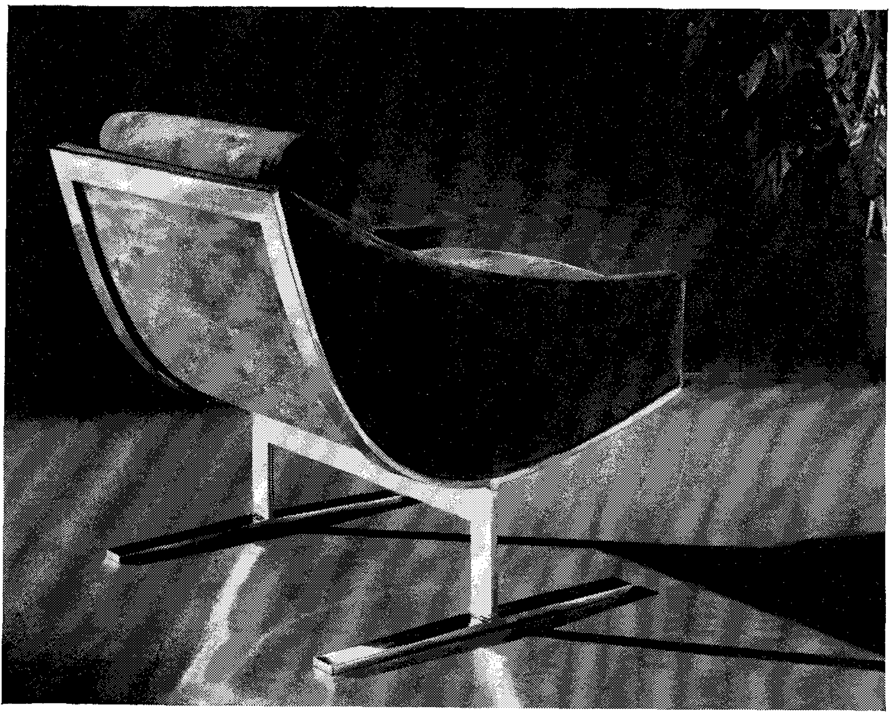
—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

Give or take a garment or two.



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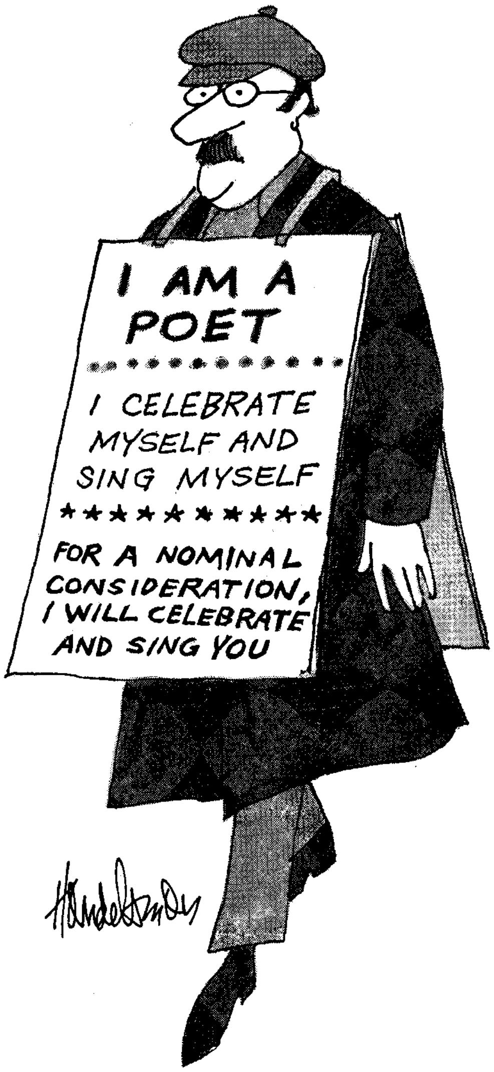
THE FOLKS AT HOME

A LOT of Midwesterners who live in the East are careful to preserve their Midwestern identity, the great crime for a Midwesterner being not to leave the Midwest but to leave the Midwest and forget where he came from. When I read recently in one of those Daily Almanac columns Midwestern newspapers often run that exactly ten years ago the governor of Missouri went to New York to talk with sixty former Missourians in "key industrial positions" about bringing more industry into the state, the scene in New York appeared before my eyes—the former Missourians in key industrial positions acting vaguely embarrassed at being comfortable in some plush Eastern boardroom, kicking at some imaginary dust on the carpet now and then, tugging at whatever was left of their forelocks, and asking the governor what the folks back in Joplin and Moberly had in mind in the way of industrial tax incentives. Thomas F. Eagleton, the junior senator from Missouri, doesn't face an election until 1974, but last year he went back to Missouri forty-one times to see the folks. I made it back twice myself last year, and I'm not running for anything.

My Midwestern credentials come from having been born and raised in Kansas City, Missouri, a city that is known as the Heart of America. It was also known as the Gateway to the West until St. Louis, by spending forty-nine million dollars on a Gateway Arch and an undisclosed amount on press agents, wrested that title away, leaving my home town to be described in a Missouri tourist booklet as, of all things, the City of Fountains. (Justice came to St. Louis when, in celebration of a Spanish heritage that had previously been well disguised, it imported both the Spanish Pavilion from the New York World's Fair and a replica of the Santa María. The Spanish Pavilion operation went broke at about the speed of a New York World's Fair, and the Santa María sank to the bottom of the Mississippi, not far from the Gateway Arch.) I suppose if I were asked to name my United States senator by one of those pollsters who go around periodically to demonstrate that the American public has never heard of the Secretary of State, I would say Thomas F. Eagleton, despite the legal technicality of my New York registration. The alternative would be Stuart Symington, and although he has lived in St. Louis much longer than I lived in Kansas City, he didn't grow up there, and I have always thought of him as an Easterner. (One thing I learned in high school in Kansas City is that Midwesternism cannot be created or destroyed, only changed in form.) During the past several congressional primaries in the Nineteenth District of New York, I have been berated by friends for not taking more interest in which Reform Democrat should have the right to be defeated by a congressman named Leonard Farbstein, and I have tried, in vain, to explain to them that I am represented in Congress by Richard Bolling, of the Fifth District of Missouri. Even so, I took in all the recent publicity about Middle Americans with a certain amount of detachment until last month, when I read a Toronto newspaper's series on the subject datelined Kansas City, Missouri, and realized that the Middle American everyone has been talking about is, in a manner of speaking, me.


I AM A POET
I CELEBRATE MYSELF AND SING MYSELF
FOR A NOMINAL CONSIDERATION, I WILL CELEBRATE AND SING YOU

That doesn't mean I know much about my part of the Midwest. A characteristic of displaced Midwesterners is that their vision of their home towns remains pretty much the same as it was when they left. Despite an abundance of evidence every day, I still find it hard to believe that some aspects of American life considered perfectly ordinary on the coasts could possibly exist in Kansas City—psychiatrists, homosexuals, radical politics, marijuana except in the suitcases of transient jazz musicians. When I decided to take a trip to Missouri with Senator Eagleton to see what the folks at home were thinking, I had no more idea of what to expect than would the members of the Eastern Communications Conspiracy, many of whom are, of course, from the Midwest themselves. In the week before we started around the state, my home town—the Heart of America—had eight bombings in three days.

WHEN I worked as a reporter in Atlanta, the bankers I called to ask about, say, the state of the prime interest rate or the workings of the Federal Reserve System would often begin by saying something like "Shoot, it ain't nothin' very complicated"—the double negative being, in the minds of Atlanta bankers, the great leveller. Eagleton manages to get along easily with small-town folks without affecting the double negative, despite the fact that he is a city boy from St. Louis and went to the St. Louis Country Day School and Amherst and the Harvard Law School. (Which turns out to be the type of background that is currently standard for senators from Missouri. Symington went to Yale and married the daughter of a senator from New York. John Danforth, the young man who has just filed as Symington's Republican opponent in November, went to the St. Louis Country Day School and Princeton and belongs to a family that has established a foundation with assets of a hundred and forty-five million dollars. Upon investigation, I found, to my embarrassment, that my home-town congressman, Richard Bolling, attended Exeter—raising the possibility that Leonard Farbstein and all his sophisticated opponents are, as congressmen go, just folks after all.) In small Missouri towns, Eagleton has the advantage of a friendliness and informality that make it seem natural for people who have just met him to call him by his first name (the Midwestern way to address any other human being)

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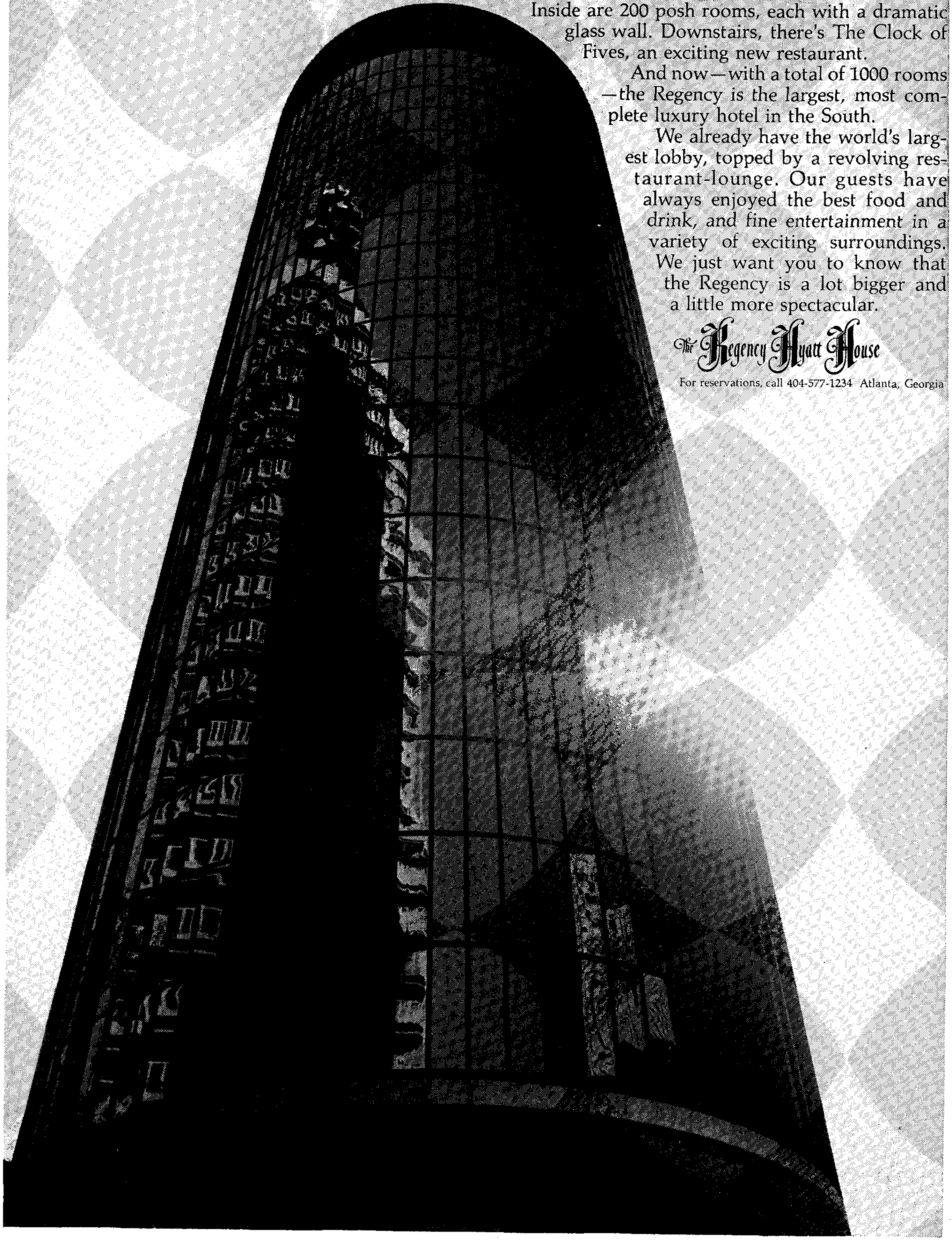

even if he *is* a senator. He also has to his advantage a Midwestern, non-senatorial way of not taking himself completely seriously—so that he can tell a group of college students that he is always available to deliver his "superbly emotional commencement address," or can arrive at a library-groundbreaking ceremony held outdoors in a driving rain and announce to the committee that the only library-groundbreaking speech he knows takes forty minutes.

Eagleton started his swing around *the state by speaking at two* St. Louis high-school programs on the environment. Lindbergh, a public high school in the southern St. Louis County suburbs, looked like part of the Midwest I remember. It's a modern, clean-looking school of the kind whose particular rung on the middle-class ladder I usually try to judge by the number of Mustangs in the parking lot. The dense cloud of smoke in the boys' room had the innocent and nostalgic aroma of Lucky Strikes. The students, all of them white, were neatly dressed and carefully combed, with only enough longhairs among them to make up a small rock group or two. They greeted Eagleton enthusiastically, and asked polite questions about how anti-pollution laws could be made stronger and whether or not Americans would be willing to decrease their standard of living in order to improve the environment. A couple of hours later, Eagleton spoke at John Burroughs, a private day school similar to St. Louis Country Day, at the invitation of a student named Sidney Symington, the senior senator's grandson. At Burroughs, there were several black students, wearing Afro haircuts and dashikis. A lot of the white students had long hair, a lot of the girls were in bluejeans or bell-bottomed slacks, and some of them weren't wearing any shoes. Eagleton is generally popular among students—he is only forty and he doesn't sound patronizing and he works in the Senate against defense spending he considers excessive or judicial nominations he considers mediocre—but the questions at Burroughs were much more pointed than the ones at Lindbergh. The students asked Eagleton whether concern about environment was a cop-out from more controversial problems like race and the war. They asked why people wouldn't be better off working to change the entire system than just arguing about its symptoms. The small-town folks in Missouri can take comfort in the fact that, comes the revolution, it will just be a matter of one gang of private-school boys trying to

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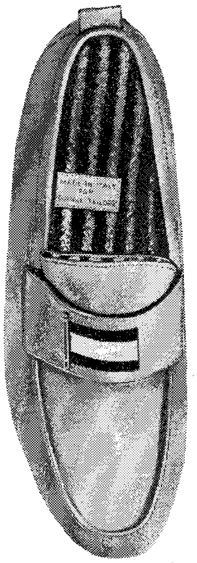

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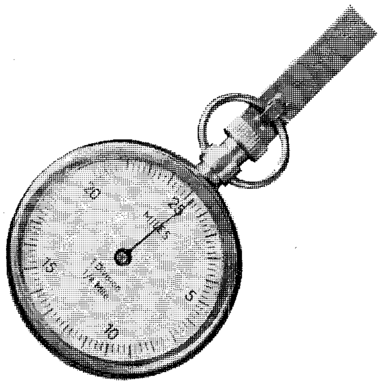

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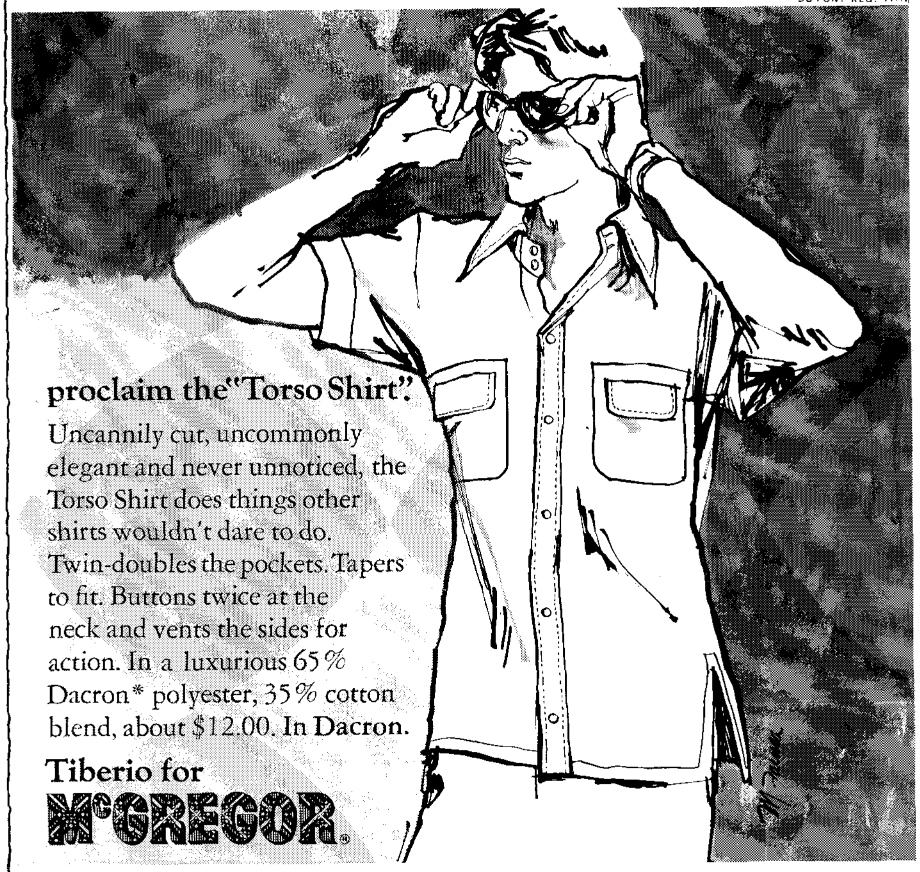
overthrow another gang of private-school boys.

EAGLETON asked for questions just about everywhere he went in the state—at a Kiwanis luncheon in Jefferson City, at a new college in St. Joseph, at a covered-dish supper sponsored by Democrats in Mexico, Missouri—but the folks didn't seem to have any one particular subject on their minds. After we left St. Louis, I didn't hear any questioner who sounded angry or excited. At a breakfast sponsored by the rural electric co-op of Grundy County, in the northwest section of the state—an area that is Republican more or less the way a farm county in Iowa is Republican—it didn't take long for the breakfast guests to run out of questions. Although Eagleton's trip took place at a time when the press was beginning to talk about the possibility of American military involvement in Cambodia and Laos, there were several question periods at which no one asked the Senator anything about the war. In Jefferson City, which is known as a particularly conservative town, Eagleton's remarks about the ramifications of the coup deposing Sihanouk and about his own opposition to sending American troops into Cambodia drew only one or two questions about the war from the Kiwanians. (During that discussion, I couldn't help wondering whether the British, when they were the ones with the empire, expected merchants in middle-sized Yorkshire cities to ask Members of Parliament probing questions about the various political factions important to the stability of Gujarat.) In some places, a subject like crime or inflation wasn't even brought up. During the entire trip, nobody asked about the bombings that have occurred in cities as close as the Heart of America; nobody asked about campus unrest. In three or four places, someone asked about the country's being more divided or troubled than in the past, but in the atmosphere of the occasion the question sounded as if it might be about some other country.

Midwesterners are, of course, known for becoming less excited than people on the coasts about issues, unless the issue affects them directly. (In Mexico, which is part of an area in central Missouri that was settled by people from the upper South and is still known as Little Dixie, Eagleton finished third, and last, in the 1968 Democratic senatorial primary—a showing his local backers blame partly on his support of strong gun-control legislation.) In Missouri, politics still means party poli-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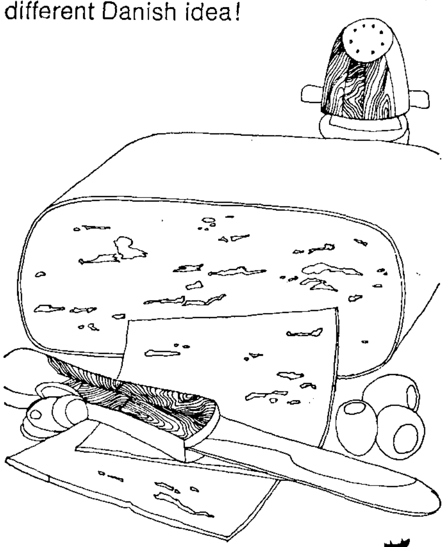

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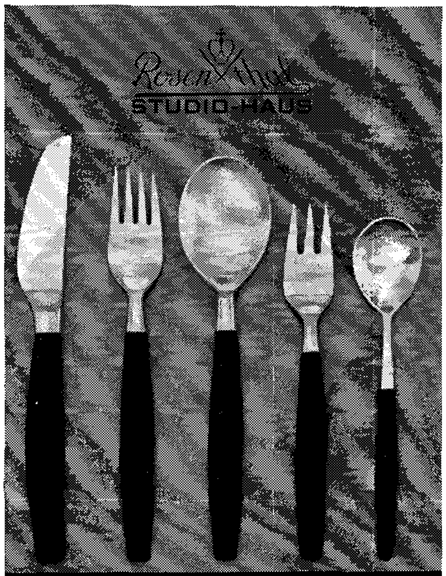

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tics, and which party it is still depends a lot on who settled in what section of the state in the early nineteenth century. The southwestern counties of Missouri vote Republican because they were settled by Tennessee hill people who were loyal to the Union. As a Democrat, Eagleton was supported not only by working-class wards in St. Louis but by conservative Southern Democrats in the Boot Heel—the counties in the southeast corner of Missouri, which became part of the antebellum South rather suddenly, in 1910, when swamps along the Mississippi River were drained to create rich cotton plantations. In the general election, he also carried Mexico, traditionally a Democratic town, against a conservative Republican opponent whose views on government were presumably much closer to those of the voters—Little Dixie being an area so conservative that, in the opinion of one local citizen, some people are philosophically opposed to parking meters.

Eagleton thought that one explanation for the mild and unfocussed nature of the questioning was that people in Missouri who are bothered about one thing or another may still not want to start an argument about it at a covered-dish supper. It also occurred to me during the trip that Midwesterners, particularly compared to Easterners, have a way of underestimating, rather than overestimating, how well they understand national issues—as if understanding exactly what the politicians in Washington are talking about would be putting on airs. It's a characteristic that, along with their routine support of their country in foreign affairs, made them appear to be in favor of the war in Vietnam until their boys started getting killed in great numbers and it began to become obvious that the deaths would not result in a military victory. It is also a characteristic that made them happy to hand the complicated problem of the Vietnam war back to the people in Washington as soon as President Nixon assured them he would withdraw troops until it was all over. By the time President Nixon went on television to announce that American troops had moved into Cambodia, Eagleton was back in Washington, and he got two hundred letters about the decision from the folks at home—running twenty to one against it. But I still can't imagine Missouri taking on the kind of crisis atmosphere that seemed to develop in the East after the President's speech. It's easier to imagine one of the citizens of Grundy County hearing about the latest developments in

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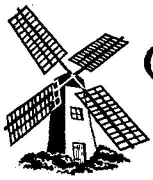

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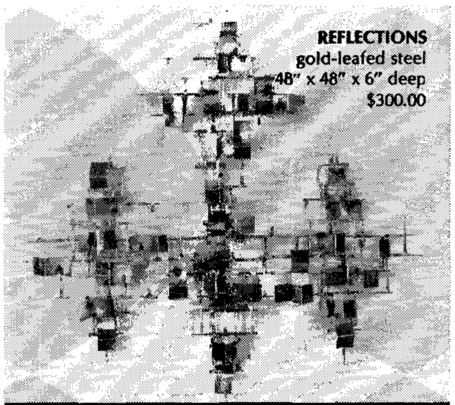

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Southeast Asia from the Eastern Communications Conspiracy on television, shaking his head, and saying that the situation over there is just about too complicated for the average person to understand.

ON Eagleton's last day in Missouri, he went to Drexel, a town of about seven hundred and fifty people, to dedicate a park. Drexel is only an hour or so south of Kansas City, and Clyde Thomas, the editor of the Drexel *Star*, came up to Kansas City to escort the Senator's party to the ceremonies, having prevailed upon the local funeral director to provide transportation with his nine-passenger limousine. Drexel prides itself on being a progressive town—a town that has increased its population at a time when a lot of small farm towns are dying. Just before we came to the city limits, Thomas pointed to a field on one side of the road that was scheduled to be an industrial park someday and a field on the other side that he said would make a perfect airport. The park being dedicated had been named in honor of H. T. Smith, known locally as Shorty, a farm-implement dealer who, during his tenure as mayor, pushed through such improvements as modern water and sewer systems. But the ceremonies seemed to be part of the Midwest that existed before towns began worrying about modern water and sewer systems and bond issues and industrial parks. The Drexel High School band performed. Boy Scouts directed traffic. The stage was lined with red-white-and-blue bunting. H. T. Smith and his entire family sat on the stage, the women of the family wearing orchid corsages. The local American Legion chapter sold refreshments in a pavilion built by the local Lions Club.

It occurred to me that the bombings in my home town might have at least stirred a bit of outrage in Drexel, a peaceful community only an hour from the targets.

"Got any crime in the streets here?" I asked Thomas as the nine-passenger limousine rolled past comfortable-looking frame houses that were displaying the American flag.

"Hell," Thomas said, "we don't hardly have any tire marks in the streets."

I asked Thomas what he thought of the bombings in Kansas City.

"Looks like it's pretty good for us," he said, with a smile. "Folks get scared up there, a lot of them are going to move down to Drexel."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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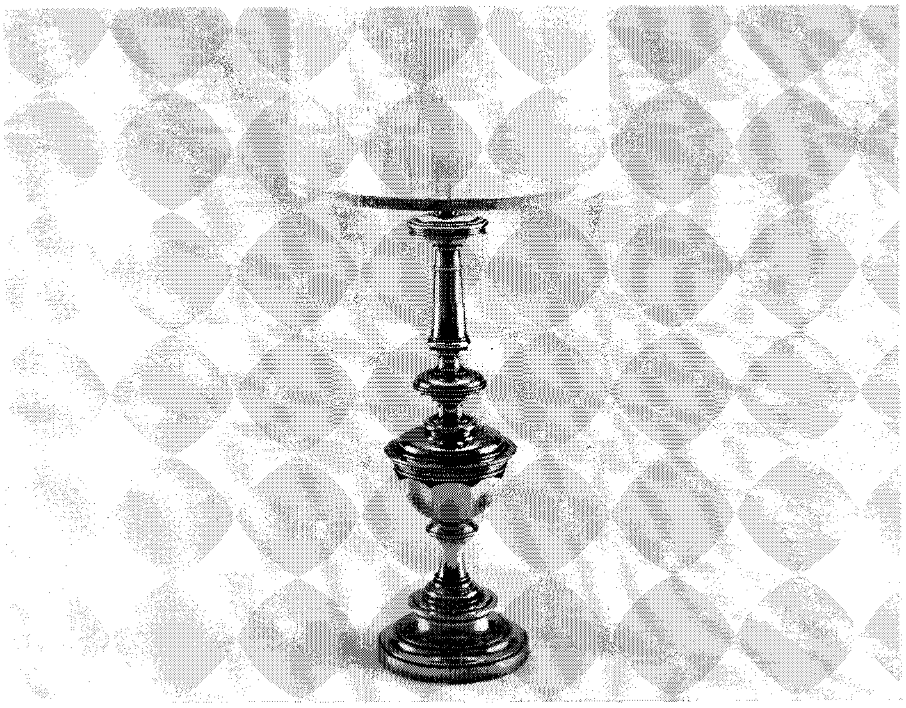

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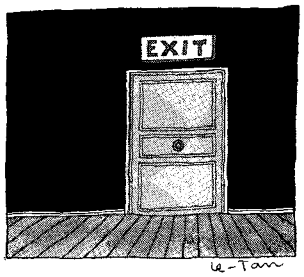

SURGEONS are always called eminent, officials high-ranking, sources reliable, scientists brilliant. "The Forbin Project," a rather parochial science-fiction story of world crisis, is about a brilliant American scientist named Charles Forbin. He works on atomic-war projects for the United States government, and he is aptly played by an actor with a faint German accent (Eric Braeden). Forbin has invented a decision-making computer that seems to be in love with him. This rambling city of a machine, called Colossus, is housed in the Rockies and looks architecturally alarming from the outside, being designed in the Mussolini style that also clings to the Lincoln Center complex. Inside, it is full of those flashing numbers and Cyclops cameras and warning lights and teeth-chattering noises that this continent has had to learn to treat with the same beguiled respect for virtuosity that used to be extended to, say, Liszt playing cadenzas. Colossus is a war-making instrument and a political policy in one self-reliant unit. It monitors data from spies, detects security leaks, and launches offensive missiles with a piratical energy unmarred by human leanings toward error or compunction. The film's appreciation of Colossus's lofty sufficiency seems to carry the implication that from now on the ideal American foreign policy would be an inflexible one. Colossus is auto-operable, as the jargon has it, and is sealed for all time. Not even its inventor is able to change its programming. This point is hammered home early in the film, in a moderately successful effort to stop one from asking in the middle of the later desperate crisis why somebody doesn't have the statesmanlike instinct to pull out the plug. The immutable aspects of Colossus seem to demonstrate a terrific unconscious wish for a deity again, or at least for an unbudgeable monarchy instead of a presidency that still—though we may be deluded—contains the notion of finite office. Forbin's computer denotes some will to determinism, maybe.

As the film goes on, Colossus begins to get ideas of its own and overrules its creator, which denotes a will to triteness. I would love to see a science-fiction film, just one, that didn't treat computers anthropomorphically and jump on us with the plot surprise that they are assuming power and running amok. In this case, Colossus independently discovers that it has a Russian equivalent called Guardian, and the two of them start insisting on their right to send messages to each other even though their owner countries are at loggerheads. (The sense of political period is a bit odd. The enemy is strictly Russia. China seems to have been already polished off or assimilated; Chairman Mao has been boiled down by the old melting pot. The actor who plays the President looks upsettingly like John Kennedy, but his lines sound like some futuristic diminution of Nixon.) The computers rather sweetly start flashing mathematical problems at each other, beginning with one plus one and getting to calculus in fifteen seconds flat. The Russian computer is behind. (This is a very patriotic film.) The American one teaches it things. They seem to be having an old-time affair, with Colossus in the role of a highly cultivated older man and Guardian ogling a bit while learning eagerly, like a Jane Austen character in the Pump Room at Bath. Neither of their heads of state is keen on this contact, but the computers won't be bullied.

For a time, the film seems to be about loneliness, or the communication gap. But soon the plot lumbers back in, to my bitter regret. The picture keeps on pursuing new tacks and abandoning old ones, like a scatty smoker lighting up a new cigarette in every room but vaguely aware of something unfinished somewhere. It is quite clear after about two and a half minutes that the only possible suspense in the film is going to lie in the question of whether or not the world will be blown up in some tantrum of the computers—because of a lovers' tiff, or a mood of fed-upness with the world outside their affair, or whatever. But this indeed suspenseful question keeps getting left in the lurch, discarded to smolder away unnoticed in the ashtray while the film potters about next door and fusses over, for instance, an entirely new romantic interest, to do with Forbin and a beautiful woman scientist. Colossus, in a high rage for one reason and another, and after the computers have blown up a bit of the world to make people take them seriously, has decided to monitor Forbin day and night to make sure that he doesn't talk science to anyone in the hope of cooking up a way to stop the computers in their despotic course. (This is where it is so important that we shouldn't mutter simple thoughts about unplugging plugs.) Forbin's cunning stroke is to con the computer into thinking that the woman scientist is his mistress and that he has to have some privacy from Colossus's cameras because he needs his woman sometimes. Colossus, petit-bourgeois but catty, agrees not to peek but asks questions. "How many times a week do you require a woman?" it spells out. "Every night," says Forbin wildly. "Not want. Require," it snaps. The dialogue has its moments. There are suggestions that Colossus is in love with Forbin as well as with Guardian, the scientist here playing the girlish part. So far, he has never actually been seen by Colossus. When Forbin agrees to be monitored by his creature's cameras, he suddenly goes shy and says, "Do I look the way you thought I would?" It is like pen pals meeting.

What a picture. It's only a middling-good sample of the good bad movie, sadly, and some of the political lines have a rather foul smell. There is a whiff of Nixon's Southeast Asia policy at its most nightmarish when the film imagines the President, in conference with the Soviet head of state about subduing the emergent computers, agreeing that "if we give way now, it will be twenty times harder to take a stand later on." It seems possible, on the evidence, that the computers' regime of enforced, monolithic, inhuman peace—"War is wasteful"—stands for Communism in the makers' poetic subconscious, and that Forbin stands for what is called the Free World and the Indomitability of the Human Spirit. The film is a bit of a spree for humanism-can-be-found-only-here believers. "Survive? *I* want to be *free*," Forbin boasts piously to Colossus. Not the easiest time to hear that.

AND not the time, either, to pick at "Brand X," directed by Win Chamberlain, which is a filthy, good-humored, crass, and sometimes rather funny something-or-other that derides the America of advertising and flag-waving. It sells instead its own, milder simplicities, pushing cheer and tail-tweaking. Abbie Hoffman briefly appears in a commercial for money. Taylor Mead improvises, doing more than O.K., as an American President with

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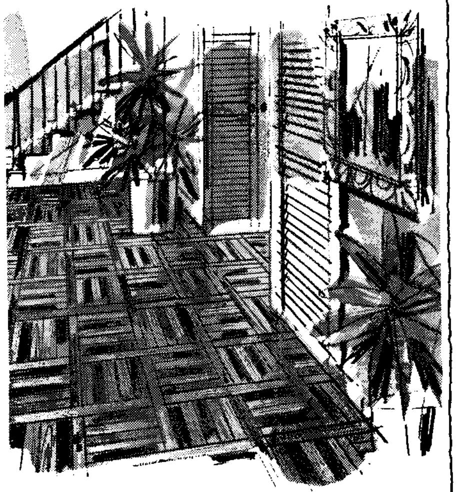

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a happy-happy wife who blows soap bubbles, as various TV personalities, and as a minister chatting about Jesus to the camera. Mead is a lean, nervous-looking man with fingers apparently jointed like a fly's legs, eyes full of lonely alarm, and the born standup comedian's look of being covertly appalled by the asininities he can hear looming just ahead of him when he is in full, stammering spate. The voice is soft, wobbly, and hopelessly confiding in the middle of sentences it clearly knows to be doomed. Its owner seems to be a modest master at reproducing fatuous prattle and high-flying metaphors that have lost their way. (He made me remember a backwoods English peer whom I once heard complaining in the House of Lords, during a debate on "Lady Chatterley's Lover," about the "vociferous sewage" that was being "poured into the ears of the nation.") Sally Kirkland, who has a hostess smile that would get her through a thousand handshakes, seems intelligent, droll, and in control; some of the other actors aren't. There is a funny bit of horsing around when Taylor Mead talks sombrely in a voice like Julia Child's to TV cooking-class audiences about what the hell to do with peanut butter, and there is any amount of lovemaking and scampering around naked. The film is technically obstreperous, but that probably suits its bucolic mood. No harm, no spite, some dumbness, a wish for change. Flowers in the ends of rifles.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

The presence of William Masselos on both series is worth nothing, for he continues to grow as one of this country's towering musicians.—*Paul Hume in the Washington Post.*

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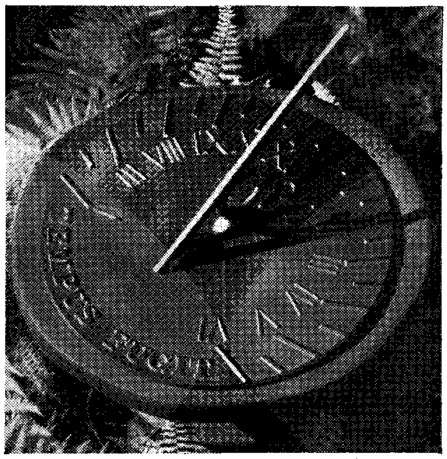

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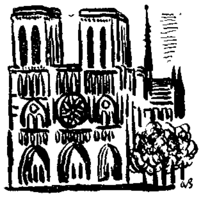
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 5

FRENCH concern over President Nixon's sudden dispatch of American troops into Cambodia is so great that reference to it is not limited to portentous editorials in *Le Monde* and *Figaro* but has moved into a new channel of public expression, as proved by the long, unexpected commentary on Tuesday night in *France-Soir*, the afternoon Paris paper usually given over merely to *les informations*, or the latest news, but with the largest circulation and readership of any newspaper in France. On Tuesday, it stated, "By intervening in Cambodia, President Nixon has taken the decision to extend the war over the entire territory that formerly constituted French Indo-China," in which the French people, left with realistic memories of their painful defeat in Dien Bien Phu, still take a special acute familial interest. "The United States, the Soviet Union, and China are now involved in a situation that is extremely complicated and dangerous, on which the life or death of humanity may depend. . . . A few months ago, M. Georges Pompidou, President of the French Republic, M. Harold Wilson, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and M. Willy Brandt, Chancellor of the German Federal Republic, one after another visited President Nixon, who formally assured them that no grave decision would be taken by the United States without consulting its allies. Yet at no moment has Paris, London, or Bonn been even informed of the American intervention in Cambodia. The President of the United States could not make clearer what slight importance he attaches to Europe. It is as if Europe did not exist."



MAY DAY, on which a certain public effervescence can always be feared, passed off quietly here, perhaps owing to an extraordinary and peculiar new French law. It is a law against the French public's practice of destructive violence, and it had just been passed by the National Assembly. It was introduced by the government apparently as a consequence of the violent student riots at the suburban university of Nanterre in March. However, truck drivers, small shopowners, and various labor groups have also staged strikes and demonstrations, which, if only because they interfered with traffic, invariably turned into angry confrontations with the police. To these have been added outbreaks by youthful extremist political groups, ranging from Fascists to anarchists, who often acted exactly alike. In recent weeks, among them, they have sacked two of Nanterre's university buildings, invaded a suburban city hall, vandalized the little Lenin Museum in Paris, burning some of the books that Lenin had owned when in exile here, and attacked a Paris police station, which is most unusual. Prime Minister Chaban-Delmas had earlier pledged his government to mitigate the unrest that provided a constantly worrying atmosphere for the French citizenry, and especially for the Gaullist right-wing Parliamentary majority. Then, in a TV interview, he suddenly announced the decision to make the *casseurs*—the smashers—foot the bill for what they destroyed. This appealed to Frenchmen's national sense of logic, and also to their regard for their pocketbooks, since it indicated that somebody might get some money back sometime, if only for repairs. Parliament's spring session thus undertook a lengthy afternoon preliminary discussion of the *anti-casseur* law, which, in order to maintain public order according to the republican tradition, demanded a choice between "the law and the street"—a law that achieved its weary, semi-tumultuous passage at 5 A.M. the next day, long after most of us correspondents had abandoned the Parliament and gone home to bed. The drafting of the law required some elaborate tinkering, so as not to alarm the French people to an even greater degree than the recent sessions of violence had done. A pair of consultant experts from the Paris law faculty had warned that the *anti-casseur* law "shifted the penal code from the principle of personal responsibility into the limitless sphere of collective responsibility," or something as vague and uncontrollable as air pollution. In this state of detachment, the idle members of a *casseur* group could be more easily arrested on the street for what they had not done than the actively guilty, usually on the run and out of sight by the time the police arrive. The political left, *in toto*, was against the law, because the left always suspects strong democratic governments, and the general public, after its opening enthusiasm, also soured somewhat on the project upon discovering that the Chaban-Delmas government had slipped into the law a proviso designed to give the authorities control of all street demon-

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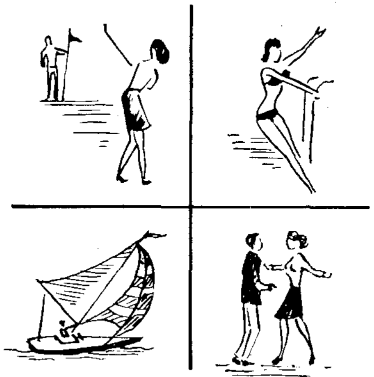

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strations—those little or large parades, usually to celebrate dissatisfaction, that are a precious inherited Revolutionary French privilege for the neighborhood politicians. The trade unions, which supply a driving power that the weakened Communist Party has lacked ever since the 1968 student riots, when it dodged the responsibility of leading the pack, were intelligently organized to propagandize against the *anti-casseur* law, if only because it is the trade-union delegates who call French strikes, and in case of explosive trouble later the leaders could, by the new law, be arrested and imprisoned as the organizers. By the time the *anti-casseur* law was passed last week, it had been thoroughly identified as "a repressive law against individual liberty" and dubbed "*une loi scélérate*," or "an iniquitous law," meaning a law worse in its repression than what it seeks to repress. The infamous original *lois scélérates* were passed in the eighteen-nineties against some anarchist manifestations led by a man named Vaillant, and they have remained like historical wayside warnings to French reformers ever since. Because the *anti-casseur* law is as complex as a spider web, the penalty it can inflict on whoever tangles with it, and for whatever specific cause, has already been simplified to a maximum two years in prison for persons participating in violent attacks on property and for those actively taking part in violent demonstrations. As a matter of fact, the penalty can rise to five years in prison for the organizers of a legally forbidden meeting that intends to use *force ouverte*, and it can bring three years in prison to the leader alone if he fails to warn his followers to cease and desist when violence begins—as if he had eyes in the back of his head. In presenting to Parliament the finally approved law, Minister of Justice René Pleven was oddly begged by the government to "use it only with the greatest discernment," since its chances of engendering injustice are obviously multiple. Even now, the problem of identifying the *casseurs* will be difficult, unless they are caught with rocks in their hands in front of broken windows. At first, there was talk of identifying campus troublemakers by photography—an idea given up after one or two tests, because the young miscreants' faces were so distorted by rage, pleasure, and excitement during riots that their own mothers failed to recognize them except by their clothing. Despite its unpopularity, the passing of the *anti-casseur* law may be of extreme importance to the French social scene

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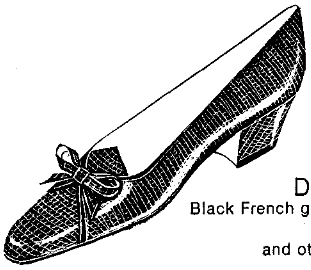

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and to the collegiate youth who animate it. As for the trade-union men and the Communists in any future parades, they will know how to take care of themselves.

THE new film meriting, and receiving, a sensational success here is "L'Aveu"—"The Confession"—directed by Costa-Gavras, who based its extravagantly popular predecessor, "Z," on a recent Greek political crime. This new movie is perhaps somewhat less good cinematographically, though it is also excerpted, almost like a theft, from real life and living history. But it is superior psychologically, being a slow, visible, audible study of courage and of the mental and physical resistance of an imprisoned man, devoted like a martyr to his political faith, which is Communism. It reminds one of Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," of years ago, containing similar possible steps in humiliation. "L'Aveu" is made from the book of that name by Artur London, published here two years ago. A member of the Czech Communist Party since youth, he fought with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, entered the French Resistance, was deported by the Nazis to Malthausen, and in 1951, after the war, became Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Prague. In this high post, during the Russians' first occupation, he was arrested, held in secret confinement, and interrogated and tortured for twenty-two months. Thirty of his friends, including Rudolf Slansky, General Secretary of the Party, were arrested with him; eleven were executed, and the rest, including London, were condemned to detention for life. He was liberated in 1956 after Khrushchev's famous anti-Stalin diatribe at the Twentieth Party Congress, which restored liberty to so many. What the film relates is the principal episodes of London's imprisonment and the basis for his trial. The camera illustrates the words and facts, thus showing the basic Soviet technique for destroying an educated adult's intelligence, his memory, and finally even his will to resist. In prison, he is forced to lap his food like an animal, to keep ceaselessly walking within the square of his cell, and to sleep in a prescribed position. Required to repeat endlessly the story of his life and his ideas in the past, he becomes addled by his own errors of memory and condemns himself, as if he were a traitor, which, indeed, he finally confesses himself to be, like all the others in his prison group. Though of what is he guilty? Of nothing except having been semi-

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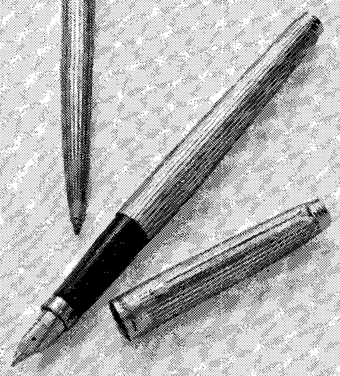

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destroyed in prison. But within himself, through all these mental and fleshly tortures, London remained faithful to what he originally believed about the exalted social salvation of Communism, the way Christian martyrs must have believed in the power of the Cross to save them before they were fed to the lions in the Roman Circus. This is a very affecting movie, as a true, rather glorious tragedy with a happy ending, since London still lives, especially through this film. Yves Montand, in the main role, is amazing, impressive, almost unrecognizable. He becomes a new version of himself—thin, isolated, a resistant mind in a resisting body. It is a performance of conviction. If you can bear watching it, this is a very great film to see and sit through. The film ends with a shift to Prague in 1968, with a scene like a postscript. The Russians have returned to occupy the city again. On a brick wall, students and workers are writing in huge letters, "LENIN, AWAKE! THEY HAVE GONE MAD!"

"BEGINNING TO END," a selection from the works of Mr. Samuel Beckett, edited and performed as a one-man recitative by the Irish character comedian Jack MacGowran, formerly of the Dublin Abbey Theatre, had its Paris première last week at the Théâtre Édouard VII. It will be presented in September in New York, and later in London. Mr. Beckett, a friend of MacGowran's of long years' standing, supervised his adaptation. The Édouard VII's opening night was visibly a Paris cultural event, with Salvador Dali arriving early, his mustachios akimbo, followed by certain of the bilingual literary Parisians and by most of the remnants of the American Joyce circle here, now as attached to Mr. Beckett as this isolated man of great gifts allows. The performance, which runs two hours, with an intermission, consists of the actor-spokesman (presumably Lucky, from "Waiting for Godot") making a cohesive running report of the troubles and the exasperated wisdom he has accumulated in his long Dublin life—a monologue amalgamated from the Nobel Prize-winning Mr. Beckett's works, including "Malone Dies," "Molloy," "Krapp's Last Tape," "Watt," something called "An Abandoned Work," and "The Unnameable," which is part of a trilogy, and also from "Embers," which was written for the B.B.C. What are recounted are the commonplaces of poverty and of being a tramp. On a stage that is bare except for a small rock that

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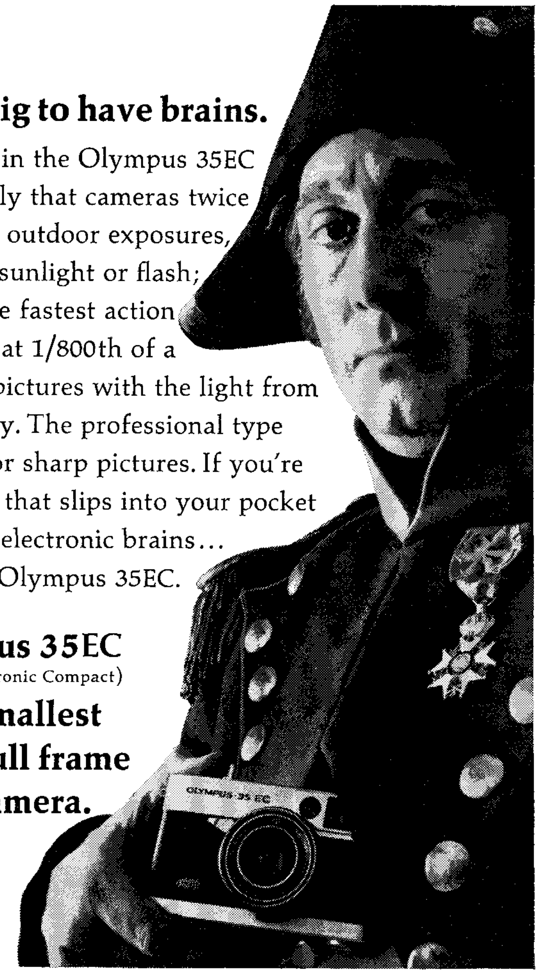
represents the cliff by the sea over which he hopes his mortal dust will soon float out on some tide, Lucky stands or shuffles about and occasionally scratches himself, precariously garbed in a remarkable all-weather long, elderly, raddled overcoat, held together by a pair of safety pins—a man of memory abandoning himself to what he can recall, most of it vexatious. He mentions his early memory of his senile mother standing in the window in her nightdress, who dies and leaves him homeless. He even drags up some reference to his father, nearly unknown to him. He recalls the talk of Bolton and Holloway, two old fellows chatting by the fireside one night. He recalls his early habit of dreaming pleasantly of animals, as against the realities he has since known—being chased by stoats and being driven nearly out of his mind by finding himself helpless in a farmyard filled with chickens and ducks. He expounds on his attempt to systematize the problem of stowing away sixteen "sucking stones" in the various pockets of his greatcoat and trousers, so that by rotating them he may be sure to suck a fresh one each time—a dither of confused mathematics and careful planning that is inordinately comic to listen to. He engages in a long genealogical tirade about his mother's mother's mother and his father's fathers, over generations, that is insanely funny. His is a strayed mind, occasionally directing itself onto paths of memory, only to fall by his own wayside through elderly lack of interest. There are patches of lovely poetic language about the sea sands and the seasons, ending in a bitter, wise complaint that spring's return will start the whole senseless process once more in motion, as the continuum of life. Suddenly he announces, "That's enough," and shuffles offstage with the same abruptness he had shown at the beginning, when he announced, almost with satisfaction, "I shall soon be quite dead, at last."

MacGowran gives a performance of perfected balance and cross-grained comedy, mixed with melancholy explosive anger at the unbearable burden of the surprises of life on earth for a man who has lived on its lonely roads and has seen and recorded them in his memory. It is an artist's acutely intelligent interpretation of Beckett's humor and pith and creativity. By his voice and his rambling gait, MacGowran animates and brings to life, merely with words, the existence of people we have never seen but listen to when he speaks.

—GENÊT



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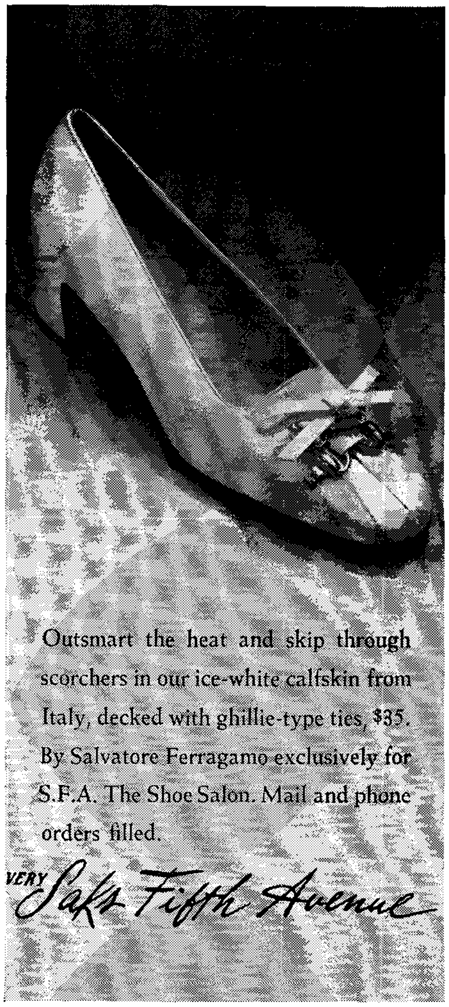

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Nights Out

LAST week, I escaped from the museum. The museum is a place where audiences of almost exactly three thousand people listen to or look at very expensive and highly predictable things of guaranteed quality that are presented at considerable loss to somebody—backers, governments, and so on. The Philadelphia Orchestra with Van Cliburn, on Tuesday night of last week, fitted into this category. So did the presentations of the Royal Ballet, which is even more a museum than our Metropolitan Opera House. I don't mean to imply that things outside the museum are better than things inside it. On the contrary, they are usually inferior. But they are not predictable, and sometimes they are fresher, more controversial, and worthy of at least passing attention.

So, ignoring all this, I went instead that Tuesday night to the Paul Taylor Dance Company's performance, at City Center. This is, as nearly everybody interested in such things is aware, one of our more enterprising young dance troupes, and though it flirts with ballet from time to time, most of its work descends from the style of Martha Graham. I was not much impressed by the opening number—something called "Junction." There was a striped backdrop in gray and red, and a batch of costumes made the front and back of each dancer different colors—all this to be credited to Alex Katz. The music was by Johann Sebastian Bach, from the Solo Suites for Cello, Nos. 1 and 4, and it was played very ably by a cellist named Beverly Lauridsen, who sat on the stage behind the dancers. The choreography seemed to follow the rather obvious method of wedding fast movement to slow music, and vice versa. In fact, I thought that Miss Lauridsen was the most interesting feature of the production. It also struck me that the dance—in some areas, at least—has come full circle, back to the "interpretive" dancing of Isadora Duncan's day, when the dancer "interpreted" a piece of great music to her audience. Miss Duncan, during her later years, was much criticized for this method, because people felt that they could understand the music without her help. The period of the Diaghilev ballet followed, when special ballet music was composed by eminent composers for purely ballet purposes. Since then, there has been a mixed policy. Massine did ballets to symphonies by Beethoven and others, and they were awful. Balanchine did ballets to almost forgotten music by minor composers, and they were good. Martha Graham always insisted on scores written expressly for her. Anyhow, it seemed to me the other night that Mr. Taylor's Bach ballet was a throwback, and the quality of the music so outweighed the choreography he had devised to go with it that I did not find much pleasure in his contribution.

I did like the next number, however. This, called simply "Duet," was an extremely intricate bit of choreography danced by Carolyn Adams and Daniel Williams. The choreography was so interesting that one forgot the fact that it, too, was being done to a fine piece of classical music: Haydn's Largo, Opus 51. Next came "Three Epitaphs," with costumes by Robert Rauschenberg that turned all the dancers into gray, faceless creatures, who went through various comic episodes. The music, whose arranger, or disarranger, was not named, purported to be an ancestor of jazz—music as "played by country brass bands" in the Old South. I am not sure just what effect was intended in this item. The faceless creatures were obviously blacks, but their antics were of the kind we associate with Uncle Tom or minstrel-show Negroes, and the point of the satire, if satire it was, was not clear.

Then there was the première of the evening, "Foreign Exchange," done to conventional electronic music by Morton Subotnick, with costumes by Alec Sutherland. This seemed to be an ancient Greek boy-and-girl Rite of Spring amid ruins of some sort. Most of it was completely enigmatic to me, though here and there an episode of humor came over the footlights, and I must admit that humor expressed purely in terms of abstract movement is an art in itself. The evening ended with an item called "Churchyard."

THE second event I attended was Wednesday night's concert in Carnegie Hall by the young Japanese pianist Minoru Nojima. Mr. Nojima is twenty-four years old—a solemn-looking, spectacled gentleman with a bang over his forehead—and he gave his concert with three flags prominently displayed on the stage. One was the American, one the Japanese, and the third, I learned after some inquiry, was the flag of the State of Texas. Mr. Nojima had won second place in the Van Cliburn piano competition, in Fort Worth, and was making an obeisance to the state in which the competition was held. In his opening number, Mozart's Sonata in A Minor, K. 310, I thought his playing a little stiff and lacking in variety of color. But when he got started on two of Liszt's Études d'Exécution Transcendante, my hair began to stand on end. Here was a near-ideal performer of brilliant piano music—an artist for whom nothing in the way of technical fireworks held the slightest difficulty. And besides possessing this enormous command of pianistic technique, Mr. Nojima managed everything with a beautiful tone—not only beautiful in the pianissimos (which is comparatively easy) but beautiful in the fortissimos, in which there was grand sonority and no pounding at all. I was reminded of that prodigious pianist Moriz Rosenthal, and though there have been pianists since his time who had an extraordinary command of bravura piano playing, not many of them have been in a class with Mr. Nojima. He followed the Liszt items with Prokofieff's Sonata No. 8 in B Flat Major, which he did with an exemplary command of style and with some more pyrotechnics. After the intermission, he played Books I and II of Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Paganini. Here, too, he exhibited that extraordinary technical facility, along with a deep understanding of the emotional content of the work. Sometimes people wonder at both the remarkable interest and the remarkable proficiency of the Japanese in Western music. I do, too. But there is no question that it exists. And in Mr. Nojima we have an especially fine example of this interest and this proficiency—one every bit as good as we ourselves can offer.

LAST Friday night, still outside the museum, I went to the Washington Square Methodist Church to hear a program entitled "Music for Earth, Peace, and Soul." There were about a hundred people in the audience. The church, like most churches, is not ideal acoustically. There is too much echo. But the interior, dominantly brown, with a huge organ at the back and a small stage in front of it (there was no altar), is conducive to meditation and to

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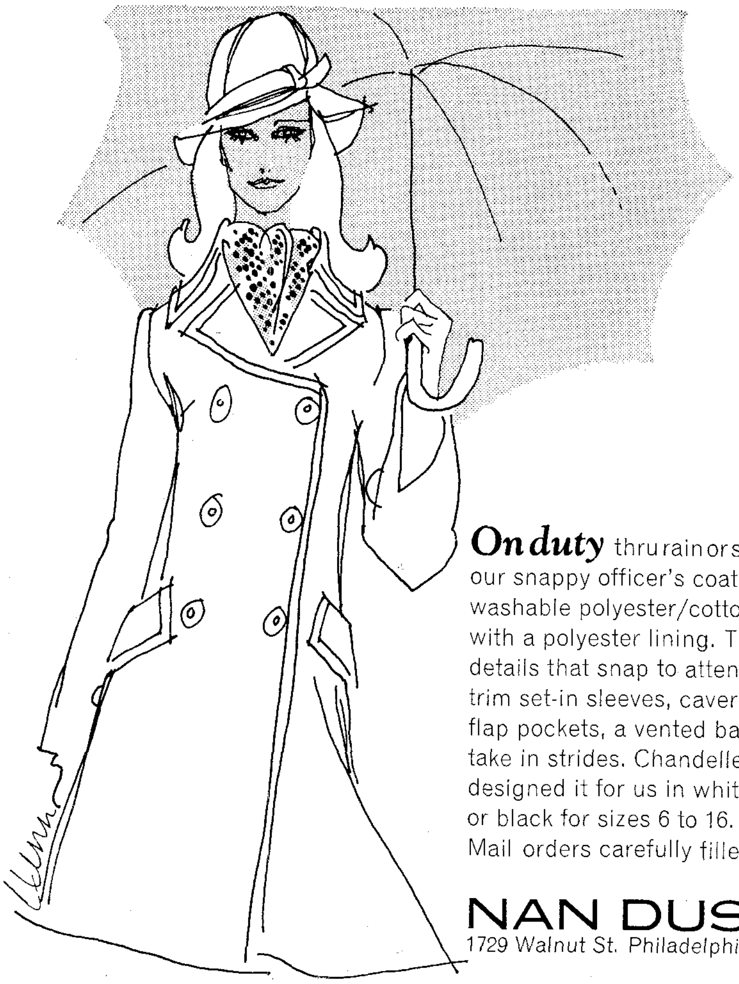

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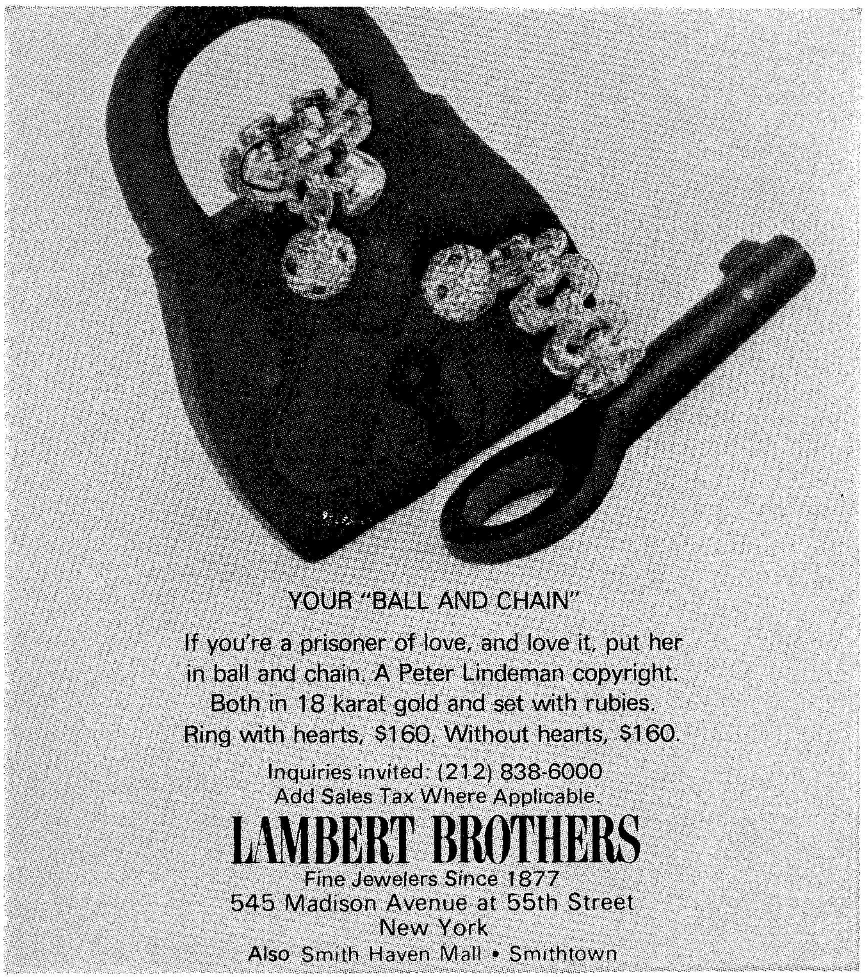

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the presentation of the sort of musical ceremony that took place. Again, I could not work up much interest in the opening number—a Piece for Organ and Electronic Tape, by Joe Ferrerio. Mr. Ferrerio had put the tape together, and an able performer named Leonard Raver did the part for the organ. The trouble with current electronic music is that it all sounds alike. There are always the same tinkling upper-register notes and the same blips and bloops. There is also, in current electronic music, a total avoidance of rhythm—or, to be more exact, a total avoidance of any rhythmic beat—and this deficiency prevents it from having a profound hypnotic effect on an audience. Music without some sort of regular rhythm is, to me, without interest. The next number was "Pow-Wow," a Music Ceremony in Three Sequences, by Paul Abels. This was all ceremony and no music. A chanter named Bob Haney provided American Indian chants and war whoops, and a group sat around in a circle smoking peace pipes. Then there was a Sonata for Pen, Brush, and Ruler, by Barry Spinello, a not very captivating film of abstract art in motion, projected against the organ pipes while Mr. Abels banged away at a piano. The only really interesting work of the evening was "Requiem II/ Games of Power," by Ronald Herder. This involved a large brass-and-percussion orchestra called the New Music Ensemble of Miami University (which, by the way, is in Ohio), Winford C. Cummings as conductor, a contralto named Kay Litton Loudenslager, and some lighting effects. Mr. Herder's music ranges from Gregorian chant to big climaxes with full use of the brasses. It is a setting of a quite beautiful nineteenth-century epic poem by Giacomo Leopardi called "La Ginestra" (the Italian word for the tall grass, sometimes called "broom," that covers untended hillsides), and the portions of the poem used have a distinctly ecological reference—the tall grass is being praised for its ability to survive the onslaughts of Vesuvius. While I did not find Mr. Herder's music exactly intoxicating, I must admit that it had a certain theatrical effectiveness.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

SAIGON, MAY 7

SOUTH VIETNAM is now experiencing another one of the paroxysms that have shaken the country so often for so many years that one wonders how it can hold together, let alone fight a war. The latest convulsion has been brought on primarily by economic problems—soaring inflation, growing discrepancies in income, and the mounting cost of the war. All this has inevitably agitated the body politic. As many Westerners tend to forget, the Vietnamese, behind their façade of fatalism, are a highly volatile people, and the visible manifestations of the present troubles have been frequently violent emotional outbursts that have filled the streets with shouting mobs and that reached a climax this week with a bloody clash at the National Pagoda in which several people were killed. The significance of the demonstrations goes beyond recent complaints by students and by disabled veterans about repressive acts and privations imposed by the government, and even beyond the general resentment over the murder of Vietnamese citizens by Cambodians across the border or by Vietnamese Communists in this country. There is a rising undercurrent of anger over the war itself, and over both what the Americans have done and what they have not done. Even some of my most pro-American Vietnamese friends are beginning to wonder if the time has not come to stop associating with Americans and Vietnamize themselves personally. One of the popular newspapers is running a daily contest for which its readers submit details of atrocities committed by individual Americans—such as homicide, rape, or simply leaving the scene of an accident.

If the whole American venture in Vietnam can itself now be classified as a tragic accident, it is one whose scene we are not apt to be leaving soon. Widening the scope of the war, in Laos and Cambodia as well as in Vietnam, may, as President Nixon hopes, shorten the conflict, but few observers here—whether Vietnamese, Americans, or members of the foreign diplomatic community—really believe that it will. We seem to be nearing the moment of truth, and the truth is that consistent misunderstanding and mismanagement of the war from the outset have now brought us to the highly dangerous point of withdrawing our troops while broadening our commitment—a script worthy of Lewis Carroll. Years ago, the American military establishment, after warning against our becoming involved in a war on the Asian mainland, began to express resentment at being "shackled" and forbidden to attack Communist bases and sanctuaries outside South Vietnam. The generals were permitted to engage in limited bombing of the North, but that was stopped in order to get the Paris peace talks started. It seemed to me that there was at that time a certain logic—at least, military logic—in the pleas of the soldiers, which, in the case of Cambodia, were rejected because that country was officially neutral. We would be widening the war, it was maintained, instead of fighting a limited war, which was what President Johnson kept insisting we were doing, and we would sink lower in world opinion, which had already condemned our bombing of the North and our killing of civilians in the South. But now, at what we have been hopefully claiming is the penultimate moment, we have suddenly invaded Cambodia in an effort to destroy the vital Communist base areas, particularly the headquarters of COSVN—the Central Office for South Vietnam—from which the war in the Mekong Delta and in other parts of the South has been directed. And we have done this a month and a half after the unseating in Cambodia of Prince Sihanouk as chief of state and the takeover by the Lon Nol government, which has proved incapable of maintaining either Cambodia's territorial integrity or its neutrality. We are attacking when the situation in Cambodia is already grave and when the Communists have—as one could have predicted—dispersed most supply depots and headquarters, redeploying them, under Hanoi's orders, either deeper inside Cambodia or back into the South Vietnamese jungle. In fact, on March 18th, the very day of the coup against Sihanouk, a Communist document (it bore that date and was captured twelve days later near the Vietnamese border) said, "We must positively protect our agencies [base camps] and logistic installations in the border area by moving all of them to our territory [in the jungles of South Vietnam]." The document added, "The elements that may be selected to stay in the border area are to disperse their depots" and "be combat-ready for self-preservation and to fight back whenever the reactionary

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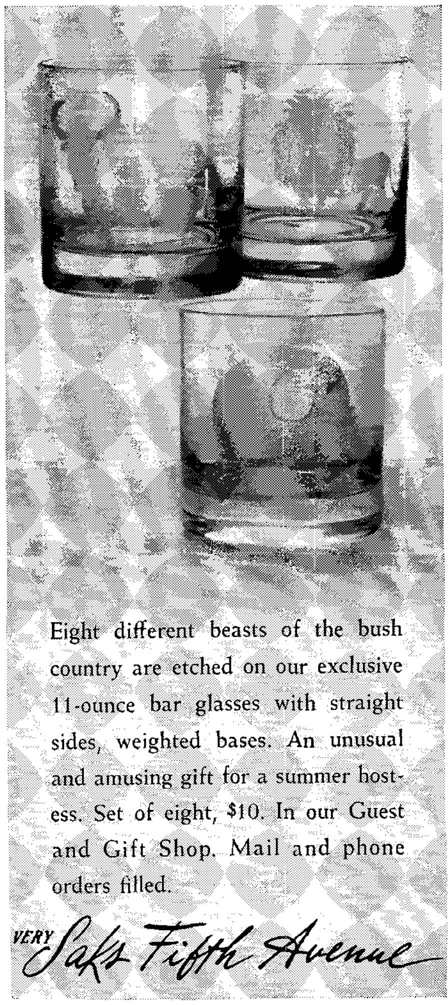

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[Cambodian] troops attempt to destroy them."

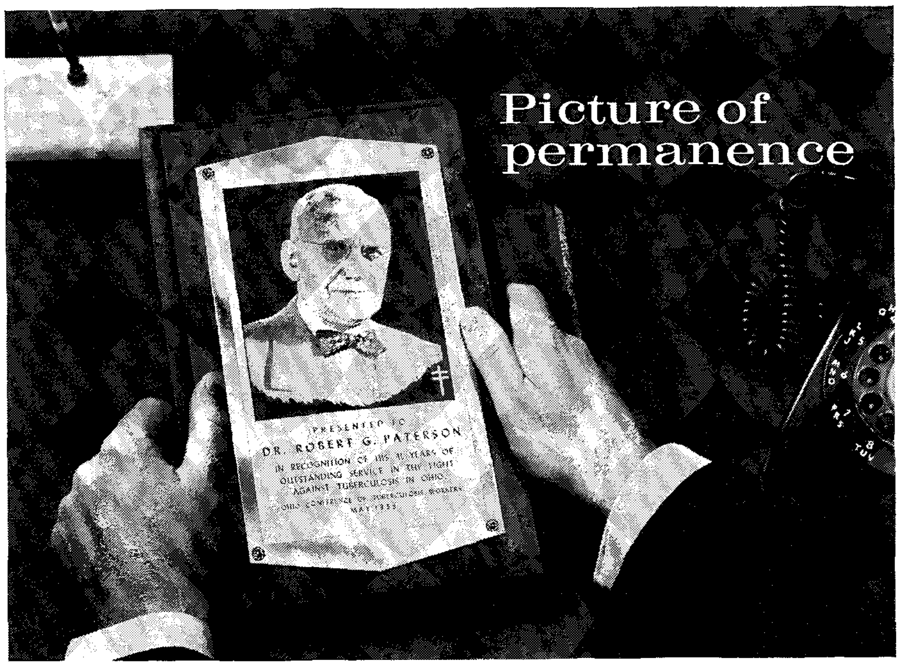
If it is true that the government of Lon Nol did not know in advance about the American and South Vietnamese offensive, the attack clearly appears to be a violation—or, at best, a peremptory alteration—of the so-called "rules of engagement." Such rules, which are usually established by ranking civilian officials, up to the President, impose certain guidelines and restrictions on the military. In effect, they are a kind of top-level, top-secret martial law, and the American military men here have always professed to follow them, though there have been exceptions, justified by pleading the military necessity of "hot pursuit" or "protective reaction." These exceptions have included our bombing of, and occasional ground forays into, the Demilitarized Zone separating North from South Vietnam. Our resumption last week of the bombing of North Vietnam after our reconnaissance planes had reportedly been fired upon there was justified under the heading of "reinforced protective reaction."

President Nixon has cited the need "to go to the heart of the trouble" and "end this war rather than to have it drag on interminably" as the main justification for the attack on Cambodia, but eight weeks of such an operation—eight weeks is the period he has allotted to it, and this, of course, does not allow for its prolongation or its repetition—patently amounts to more than the President implied. No matter what the President has said about restricting the troops' area of action, what has taken place is a full-fledged invasion. If, as he said, "we will not allow American men by the thousands to be killed by an enemy from privileged sanctuary," one is left wondering why the sanctuary wasn't attacked sooner—at the height of the fighting along the Cambodian border several years ago, say, or at the height of Sihanouk's flirtation with the Communists—and in a more efficient manner. Wide sweep operations like the current one have failed more often than not throughout the history of the Vietnam war, and this one—so far, at least—appears, from the American military point of view, ineffective, too. The Allies may kill two or three thousand people and ultimately find some large caches of weapons and some underground installations, but it seems apparent that our potential gains are dwindling even as we get bogged down in mud. If the Allies were determined on this course of action in any case, they would surely have been far better off making swift, commando-type raids within a few days of the coup in as many different places as possible—especially in the areas east of the Mekong, where the Communists have moved quickly to gobble huge chunks of Cambodian territory. The Allied action will doubtless make things more difficult for the Communists temporarily, but Hanoi now has a better excuse and a better opportunity for retaliating as it sees fit in the course of its attempt to conquer the whole of Indo-China. Indeed, one of the first effects of our invasion seems to have been a rallying of pro-Sihanouk Cambodians to the new joint Sihanouk-Communist government-in-exile, thus creating an increased likelihood of a full-fledged Cambodian civil war. Hanoi and Peking would be the ones to pick up the pieces then.

TO be sure, the difficulties that the Communists are facing all over Indo-China are not to be underestimated, as they are the first to admit. Besides the difficulty of moving supplies down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the rainy season that is beginning this month, the North Vietnamese are fully aware of the other problems they are confronted with in prosecuting the war in South Vietnam. These problems stem partly from the gains that the Saigon government has made in its pacification program, which, with all its faults, has brought a widely increasing number of the population under government control. Though these people remain, for the most part, politically uncommitted, they can at least make a living without being drafted into the Vietcong or recruited by the Communists and taxed by both sides. The resulting manpower shortage for the Communists—particularly in the Mekong Delta, which contains about a third of South Vietnam's eighteen million people—has been exacerbated by heavy Vietcong losses, both in the main force and in the regional and local guerrilla units. Sizable elements of five North Vietnamese regiments that Hanoi has sent into the Delta have therefore been broken up into small groups to fill the shattered Vietcong ranks. These Northern replacements now make up about eighty per cent of the former Vietcong main-force units and more than half of some of the battered regional and local units as well. As strangers in the South, who know little or nothing of the terrain, the Northerners are often resented by the more independent-minded and easygoing Southerners. This has become apparent in sometimes startling ways. When I visited the Delta recently, I was told that the bodies of North Vietnamese soldiers killed in action were very often simply left lying in fields or floating in canals, whereas those of Vietcong regulars or guerrillas were always carried off, in keeping with a practice traditionally followed by the Communists, even under the most hazardous conditions, throughout the war.

Directives issued by the Central Office for South Vietnam—notably, its Resolution No. 9, which was issued late last year, and the more recent Resolution No. 14—have repeatedly stressed the theme of renewed guerrilla warfare that is likely to last for a long time. Resolution No. 14 carefully omits any references to such staples of earlier resolutions as "a decisive victory" to be gained "in the shortest possible time." Even if there should be a cease-fire, the new resolution says, "only guerrilla warfare can achieve our purpose in the complicated situation" that would follow. The Communists also acknowledge that "the people's confidence concerning the revolution became weaker" during 1969, and that this has led to "rightist tendencies" and to "a decrease in political struggles." Belatedly, the Communists say that they "failed to realize the importance of the coördination of guerrilla war with our three-pronged attack"—on the military, political, and diplomatic fronts. The truth of the matter is that the Vietcong simply haven't enough guerrillas to go around now, though we cannot assume that they will be unable to "re-guerrilla-ize" the situation once the Americans are gone. "The only way to cope with an enemy who has large numbers of troops and war facilities is to wage guerrilla warfare through the three strategic areas [the mountains, the lowlands, and the cities], to wear down and destroy the enemy on a continuing basis."

For the first time in many years, Hanoi is renewing emphasis in South Vietnam on the use of captured arms and ammunition and the manufacture of weapons—measures that hark back to the period after 1958, when the Second Indo-China War began, against the regime of the late Ngo Dinh Diem. So far, the Communists admit, "the expansion of the guerrilla-warfare



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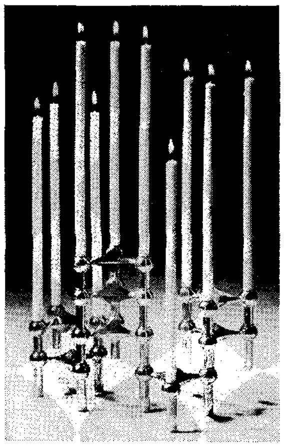
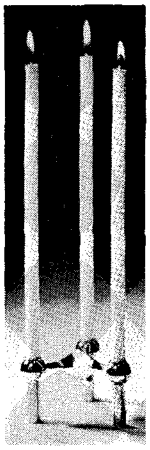

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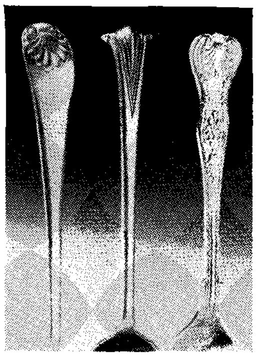

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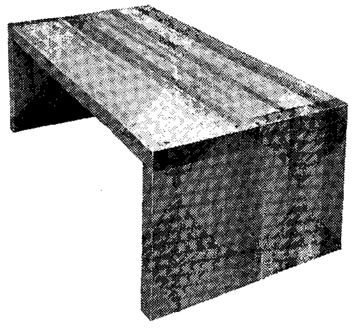

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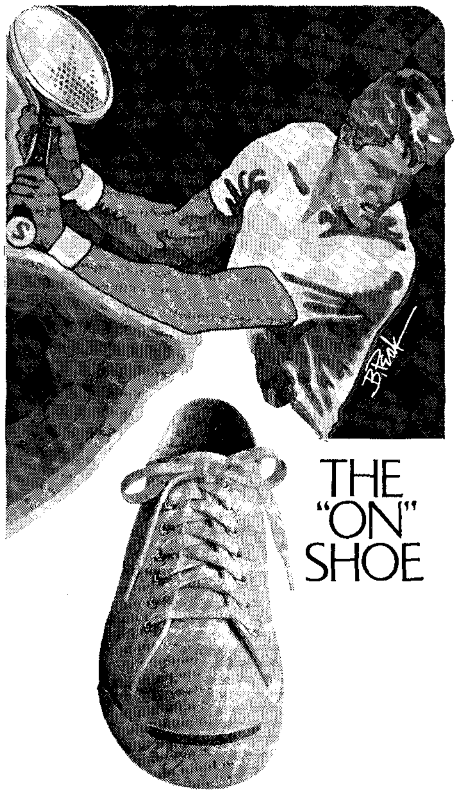

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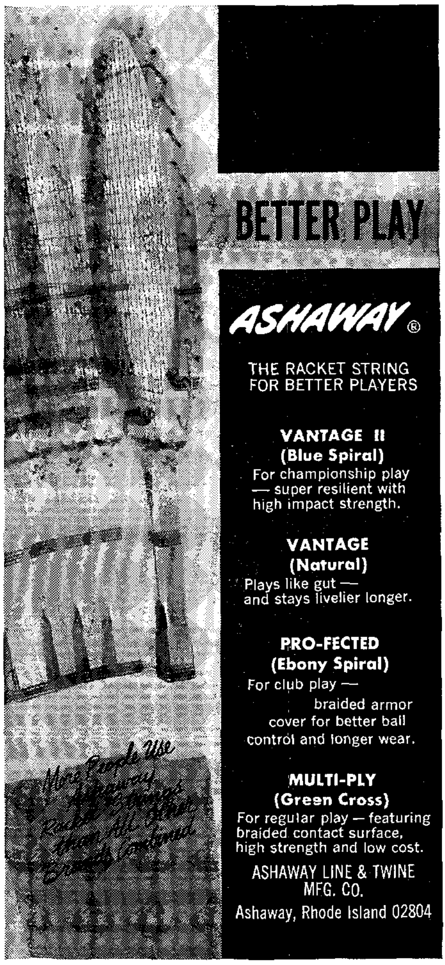
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movement has been slow and limited and has thus failed to meet the requirements of the general offensive and uprising campaign." For this reason, the word has gone out not to strike at a large number of objectives simultaneously but "to strike at a few objectives over a wide area." The husbanding of strength and the use of restraint instead of "going ahead with the military struggle when conditions are not ripe" is the 1970 formula set forth in the words of Le Duan, First Secretary of the Laodong (Workers') Party in North Vietnam. (Le Duan probably remains first among equals in the contest still going on over who will succeed the late Ho Chi Minh.)The Communists—despite the manifold problems they face, and despite their inability to compete with the economic inducements that the government can offer the population, thanks to American aid—retain an organizational edge. The V.C.I., or Vietcong infrastructure, composed of about fifty thousand people, including perhaps five thousand important Party leaders, has been weakened, but it remains intact. What the Communists are basically trying to do in the hamlets, villages, and cities is to create an "in-place" force that will lie low and wait for new opportunities to attack. In some localities, including Saigon, where the special police have greatly stepped up their efforts, the Communists have had some trouble doing this, but elsewhere—in other cities, in towns, and in the ninety-five per cent of the hamlets that the government labels "secure," or almost so—there is no valid measure of V.C.I. strength, and surely not the American computers that rate the security of hamlets on the basis of answers to a hundred and thirty-nine questions. No computers, and no Americans, can really find out who among the Vietnamese are loyal to the government today, how many of these may be "in place" tomorrow, or which side of the flimsy fence the majority of the people are actually on.

What is probably true is that—in the words of John Paul Vann, the able and experienced head of the American-Vietnamese pacification program in the Delta—"tens of thousands of people here have made the decision that the war is over for them." They have come to feel that the pressure that the government—and especially its local militia, the Regional Forces and the Popular Forces—is putting upon them makes the risk of supporting the Communists too great. This does more than anything else to account for the presence in the Delta today of only an estimated seventeen thousand guerrillas, compared to twenty-six thousand a year or so ago, and for a decline there in the guerrillas' basic manpower reserve—which used to supply not only the Delta but the area north of Saigon, too—from three hundred thousand at the time of the 1968 Tet offensive to about a hundred and thirty thousand now. For every four men the Communists lose, only three are replaced, and most of these are "fillers" from North Vietnam, about half of whom reportedly suffer from malaria after the arduous trip south. Generally speaking, Vann points out, the North Vietnamese are easier to fight than the Vietcong, "because they are tied to their logistical tail, in their bases along the Cambodian border, and they haven't got the same popular support as the V.C." Also, he says, "having to attack quickly and then withdraw quickly, they are more vulnerable to air, ground, and artillery reaction, since they can't melt back into the population as readily as the Southerners."

DURING two recent trips I made through the Delta, one with Vann and one with George Jacobson—the deputy chief of the country-wide pacification program and a man with ten years' experience in Vietnam—I noted a number of developments that looked encouraging for Saigon, but I also saw some things that left me wondering how stable the situation really is. The population has been moving back into areas long held by the Vietcong, using canals and roads that had been closed for years, but though incidents of terrorism have been decreasing, they still occur. Economically, many of the people are better off than they were a year ago, thanks partly to a record rice crop, but prices are rising, and the advantages of the so-called "Honda economy"—the result of the American policy of flooding the country with all sorts of consumer products to soak up local piastres—are beginning to wane. Some farmers are hoarding rice for prices to rise still further, and others are selling rice to the Vietcong, who are willing to pay very well for it. Survival is the underlying theme, so there is a general wait-and-see attitude and a continuing amount of quiet accommodation with the Communists. This means, among other things, that the gathering of intelligence information under the South Vietnamese-American Phoenix program is still extremely uncertain and that there is a widespread unwillingness

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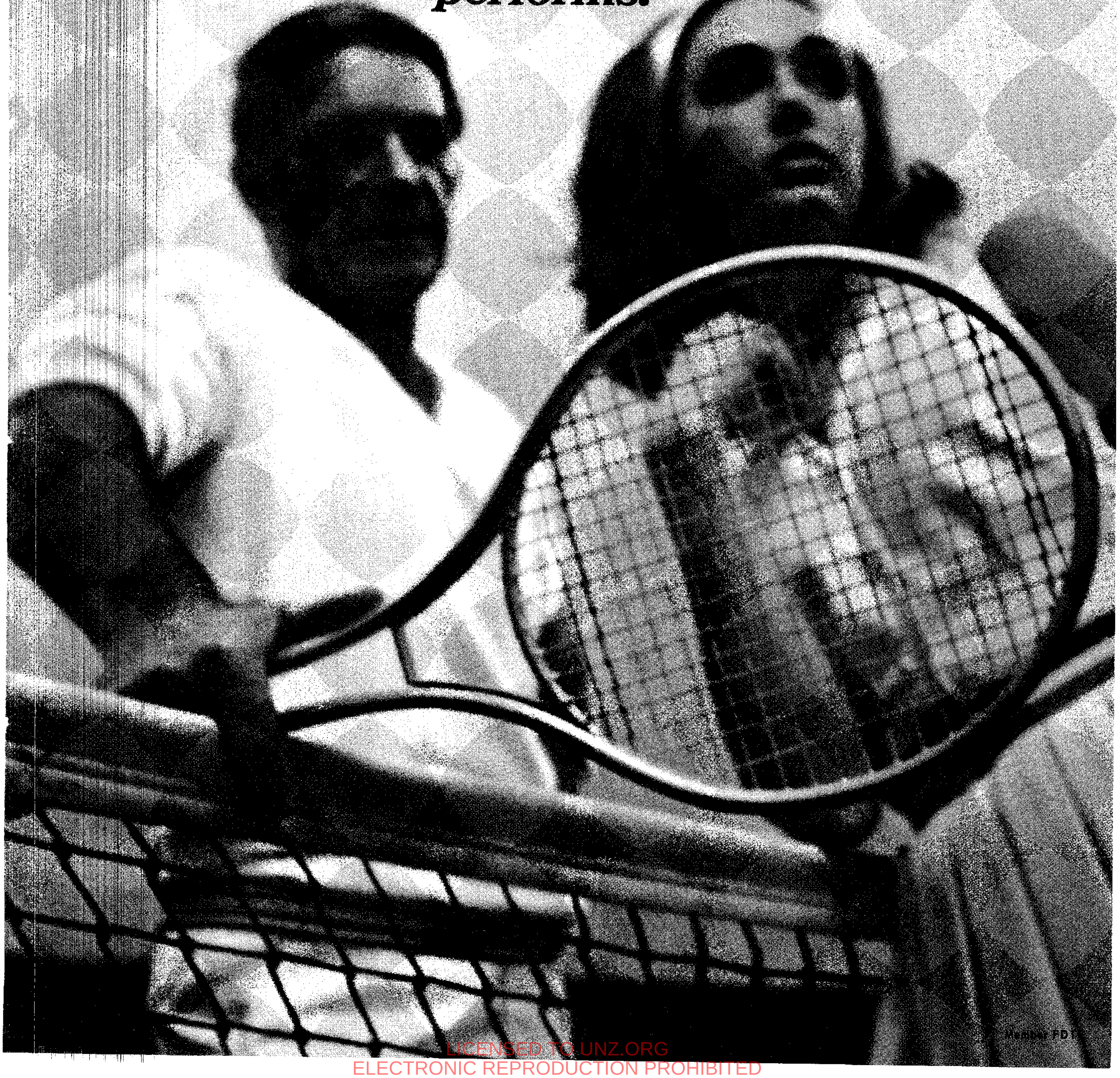

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to act upon it. Once the Americans stop riding herd on this effort, it could easily come apart. So far, more Communists are being killed or are surrendering than are being caught in the intelligence nets, and some of those surrendering are suspected of being plants for the future "in-place" game. This spring, elections are being held for the offices of half the village councils and a third of the hamlet chiefs elected in 1967. In the Delta—and elsewhere, too—there have been more candidates and more enthusiasm this time than last. During the elections, some candidates and incumbents have been assassinated, and some suspected Communists have been elected, but by and large the Vietcong have not interfered with the voting process as much as had been anticipated.

Village-development programs—local projects for providing such things as irrigation pumps, bridges, and pig farms—are making considerable headway, but the real test of whether the Thieu government can gain support in the rural areas will come with the attempt to carry out Thieu's recently passed land-reform act. On paper, the act is historic. For the first time in a fifteen-year history of would-be land-reform programs in South Vietnam, tenancy has been legally eliminated and the farmer is able to own the land he tills. Since eighty per cent of the nation's arable land is in the Delta, the program is essentially tailored to conditions there. If it is successfully carried out nationwide, between eight and nine hundred thousand hectares of land (a hectare is about two and a half acres) will be distributed free to about a million tenant-farmer families over the next three years. More than half the total rice land in South Vietnam will be affected, and almost half the population (reckoned on the basis of six children to a family). The government is paying the former landlords two and a half times the value of the annual crop yield of the land transferred. Twenty per cent is paid in cash and the rest in government bonds, but to avoid further inflation the Americans, who are helping to finance the program, are providing dollars to be used by the government for the importation of non-luxury items. This, in turn, will help free piastres to pay off the landlords. Ten million dollars has so far been allocated and another thirty million is being sought in our Congress this year. Ultimately, the program will cost about four hundred million.

Each farmer in the Delta will be allowed to own three hectares of land, but in central Vietnam, where the average holding is smaller, the limit is one hectare. A landlord anywhere in the country who tills his own land can keep fifteen hectares. Farmers who were given land while it was controlled by the Vietcong will be allowed to retain it. Anyone receiving land is forbidden to sell it for fifteen years—a period that the Americans regard as too long, because it will freeze the pattern of small holdings and thus hold back mechanization. While the reform measure has great political significance, potentially altering the social and economic structure in the villages, and, Thieu hopes, inspiring new loyalty to the Saigon government, there are many hurdles to overcome. A Delta farmer who is tilling twenty hectares now, for example, may want to dispose of seventeen to his friends or relatives, and may pay off land-authority officials to arrange it. The province and district chiefs and the land registrars in the villages will be the key figures in executing the law. For example, it will be up to them to see that the distribution follows prescribed priorities: that the first to receive grants, after farmers now tilling their land, will be soldiers and veterans, relatives of war dead, and prewar cultivators. The margin for maneuvering and for payoffs and favoritism is a wide one, particularly in view of the urbanization process that has taken place in Vietnam of late years, since there are likely to be contests over land titles between those who now want to return to the countryside and those who have stayed there all along. In some parts of the country—notably, the "floating-rice-field" areas of the Delta, where members of the Hoa Hao religious sect have large holdings—"struggle movements" against the law have already been started, and the Vietcong can surely be expected to incite more trouble. In principle, a farmer owning his land and harvesting more rice than ever before, owing to the use of the new miracle-rice seeds developed in the Philippines under United States auspices, and now at last able to reduce or entirely avoid the influence of middlemen in disposing of his crop, should rally to the cause of a government that has made all this possible. But things never work out quite that simply in Vietnam, and it is still uncertain if land reform will at last succeed or will once again be subverted.

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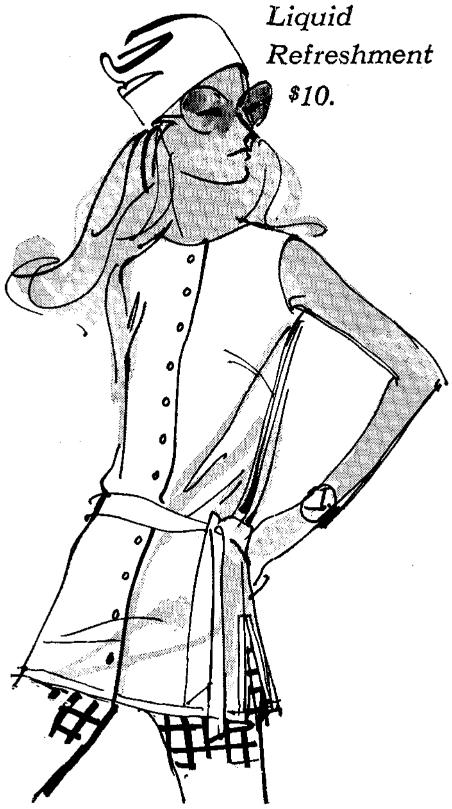

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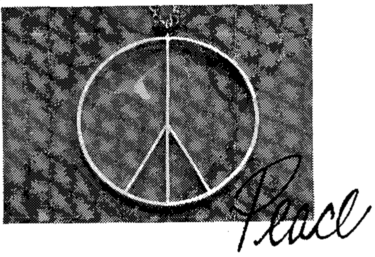

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and no part of it is more beautiful than the central coastal area reaching from Phu Yen Province up to Quang Nam Province. This is traditional revolutionary country, and many of the heroes of the nation's historic anti-Chinese and anti-French struggles were born here; since the days of the Vietminh, before the Communists came to be called the Vietcong—a name, incidentally, that they never have accepted, because they regard it as a propaganda tag invented by Diem—the Communists have been determined to gain and hold this area. It may turn out that they cannot hang on in the Delta, or they may decide to wait until the Americans are gone to prosecute a new guerrilla effort there, but they will be less ready to give up either in the central coastal region or in the highlands to the west.

I recently visited Phu Yen and Binh Dinh, the province just north of it, and I came away with the odd feeling that, despite some obvious changes, the situation was in many ways what it was five years ago, when American troops kept the Communists from cutting the country in two there by moving across from the coast to the Cambodian border. And in some respects the picture was disturbingly like the one I found in 1962, when I returned to Vietnam after an absence of ten years. This was particularly true in Phu Yen, a retrograde province that a year or so ago was rated as one of those most loyal to Saigon and is now rated as one of the least so. In 1962, when the Americans only had a handful of advisers in Phu Yen, about the only places the government held securely were the capital, Tuy Hoa, on the coast, and its airstrip. During 1968 and 1969, two Korean regiments were mainly responsible for the successful work of pacifying the lush inland valley region and resettling people there, but now most of the Koreans have moved on and things have deteriorated. Since the first of the year, members of a North Vietnamese regiment have been moving down from the hills and have abducted more than six hundred peasants from the province's central valley. These people—most of them men and women over forty, with a number of teen-age boys—have been seized at night in their homes and taken into the hills, where they have been given four or five days of indoctrination, in the course of which they have been told that the Americans have lost the war and are leaving. Then most of them have been sent back to their villages to lie low and "wait." About a fifth of

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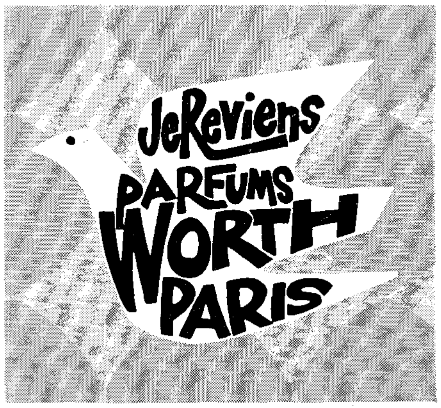

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those abducted have not been sent back; these have been primarily boys between twelve and sixteen, who have been either kept in the hills to help the Communists or sent to North Vietnam for further indoctrination and training. Similar abductions have taken place in a number of other provinces during the last several years, and it is estimated that between five and seven thousand young men have been sent to the North. This is the strongest indication Hanoi has offered that it means what it says about beginning another guerrilla war after the Americans go home. When the First Indo-China War ended, in 1954, some eighty thousand persons voluntarily went North, and some of these formed the nucleus of the "returnees" who were the vanguard of the war against the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, which began in 1958.

Much of the blame for the decline of government influence in Phu Yen belongs to the province chief, Colonel Nguyen Van Ba. An old-fashioned, French-trained officer, Ba has held his present job for four years, but he lost interest in it some months ago when he failed to be appointed a division commander. According to the Americans, Ba has been concerned about the abductions but has done little or nothing to prevent them. He depends on the remaining Koreans and a small element of the American 173rd Brigade for protection, and allows his Regional and Popular Force elements to do pretty much as they choose; many of these territorial troops, in fact, come into Tuy Hoa at night for their own safety and to help Ba's security forces there. During a conversation I had with Ba, he told me that the abductions had ceased a month earlier, but an hour after our conversation, when I drove out in a jeep to an insecure village near the first ridgeline of hills adjoining the valley, officials there told me that nineteen more people had been abducted only two nights before, by members of a thirteen-man band of Communists who had been visiting the several hamlets of that particular village almost nightly. Of ninety-four men, women, and children who had been abducted since January, all but twelve had returned. When I asked one of the hamlet chiefs about the current influence of the Communists—who by day, I discovered, were also collecting rice from the peasants working the fields—he replied, "The people don't believe what the Communists say, but they are intimidated and have to obey." It seemed to me that, partly because of its Vietminh history and partly because of its

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hilly geographical configuration, the Communists were making a test case of Phu Yen, and that they were succeeding in undermining the whole pacification process—and also demonstrating the vulnerability of the Vietnamization process when there is a failure of leadership.

The situation in Binh Dinh, though it was not as critical, was not very different from what I had found there on previous visits, and reminded me that over the last seven years I had seen the province change hands four or five times, always depending on how many Americans or Koreans were around to help the South Vietnamese and the provincial and local forces. Binh Dinh, which has a little less than a million people, is one of the most populous provinces in the country. The Koreans and most of the 173rd Brigade are there today, but they may all leave by the end of the year, and it is very doubtful whether the Vietnamese can then handle the security situation alone. Binh Dinh has always been a target for terrorism, and early in April, during the most recent flurry of Communist activity throughout the country, there were a number of assassinations, ambushes, rocket and mortar attacks, and hit-and-run ground attacks on Vietnamese bases, which together caused substantial damage and fairly heavy losses. The combined Allied forces hit back hard, costing the Communists even heavier losses, but although slightly more than half the hamlets are now considered to be completely or almost completely secure, and people are moving back into some that had been abandoned, the over-all situation is still rated as tenuous. And because of its long Vietminh history Binh Dinh, like Phu Yen, is a hard place to judge. "Whom can we trust enough to give guns to?" Tom Stephens, the American deputy province senior adviser, asked me.

WHATEVER happens in Laos and Cambodia, where the Communists, for the most part, are now in a position to call the tune, Hanoi remains fully aware that South Vietnam is still the main prize and the key to the control of Indo-China. It is equally aware that, except in perhaps ten or twelve of the country's forty-four provinces, the Communist forces are not now strong enough to sustain a pattern of attacks. The amount of matériel they have been sending down the Ho Chi Minh Trail—as many as a thousand trucks a day during February and March, each carrying three or four tons of arms and supplies—has demonstrated that the Communists are still thinking in terms of long-range resistance. The rate of troop infiltration over the last few months has tended to fluctuate. The reasons for this include manpower problems in the North, where Hanoi is still having trouble finding enough workers for its own agricultural and industrial development, and a desire to conserve military strength and deploy replacements more carefully in view of the extension of the battlefields into Laos as well as Cambodia.

During an upsurge of activity in South Vietnam that began on the night of March 31st, when the Communists launched about two hundred attacks throughout the country—mostly rocket and mortar assaults, with some ground fighting—they did not succeed in striking many of their chosen targets, such as the city of Can Tho, in the Delta, but they did manage to do considerable over-all damage. The next night, the number of attacks dropped to sixty, and over the next ten days diminished to ten or twenty a day. A fresh "high point" can come at any moment, though some intelligence experts do not expect it until August.

The Allied assault in Cambodia obviously makes it harder for the Communists to strike and then duck back across the border, as they have been accustomed to doing, but it also offers them new opportunities to strike within South Vietnam, since they can take advantage of the wider deployment of Allied troops. This is what they have always sought to do—force the Americans and South Vietnamese to concentrate their forces in one place and then hit in another. A key to the military success of the Cambodian operation will be their response to it in Vietnam in the next month. Some observers also anticipate a lot of new action across the D.M.Z., in the vicinity of which the Communists recently stepped up their activity, leading the Americans to respond with their brief air strikes in North Vietnam.

All in all, as long as the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong can be kept on the run by aggressive tactics on the part of the Americans and the Koreans, the two or three good ARVN divisions, and the improving territorial forces, the chances of another major offensive, or even a sustained smaller one, within South Vietnam are slight. And yet

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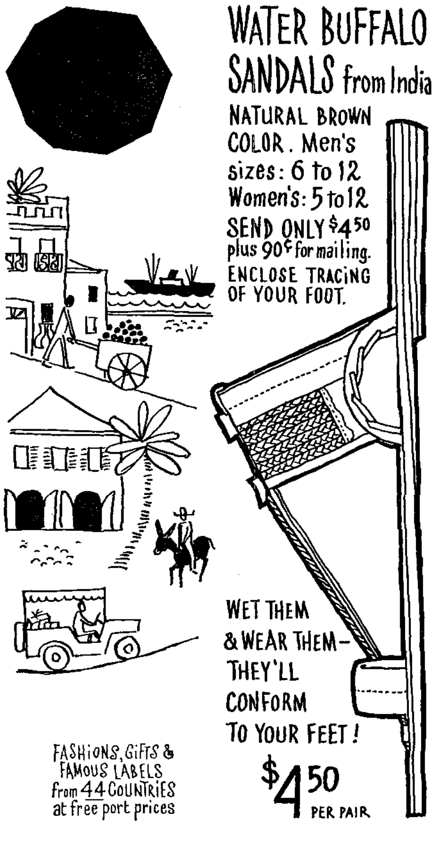

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there is nothing to convince one that the South Vietnamese can carry the burden of the war against a strong, persistent enemy willing to suffer high losses. The contest depends largely on time, involving, on the Communists' side, their ability to restore the strength of the Vietcong and the guerrillas and to solve the problem of blending the North Vietnamese into their forces in the South, and, on the government's side, its ability to coördinate its efforts and weld a more mobile force. In this, each component—ARVN as the strike element, the Regional Forces as the aggressive provincial troops, and the Popular Forces and volunteer self-defense units as the defenders of the villages and hamlets—must learn what it is doing and how to work smoothly in conjunction with the others. At the moment, neither the Communists nor the South Vietnamese have succeeded in their aims, but the Communists seem more imaginative and better able to respond quickly to a changed situation.

NONE of this will matter if the political center in Saigon fails to hold, and the Communists know this, too. The turbulent events of the past two months haven't helped; in fact, the South Vietnamese and the Americans have only themselves to blame for letting things get out of hand. There seems no excuse for the sudden severe deterioration of the economic situation, or for the development of what amounts to a "war of nerves" between Thieu's government and the Americans over how to deal with it. Nor does there seem to be any excuse for the continued neglect of the disabled South Vietnamese veterans—something that was apparent months ago but ignored until it became uncontrollable, with the result that one-legged and one-armed men have been knocked around and tear-gassed by police. Nor can the treatment of the student rebellion be condoned, though the Communists and other political factions, and a new, swinging "Honda set" as well, have obviously taken advantage of it to raise as much general havoc as possible. Over many years in Vietnam, I have seldom seen so much division within the American mission. One expects that among the Vietnamese, but in terms of our institutions we have proved ourselves as inept as they are at handling the problems involved in a war as complicated as this.

On the economic front, the price of rice and everything else is skyrocketing,

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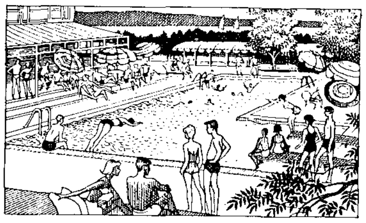

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and, owing to corruption along the channels of distribution, the rice is not always reaching the people who need it most—the soldiers. There is constant talk of devaluing the piastre, or of establishing a new "floating," or free, market rate, as the Philippines did recently. Some such adjustment is undoubtedly necessary, but this alone won't solve the problem. The hard fact is that the Vietnamese simply cannot afford to pay for the expensive war that the Americans are now handing over to them. Saigon officials say that the country needs at least an additional two hundred million dollars this year to help defray the current deficit in the defense budget alone, and they argue that it is ridiculous for us to hold back this relatively small amount when we are already paying for Vietnamization at the rate of some two billion dollars a year. "That two billion means nothing if the man firing the new M-16 rifle you've given him hasn't enough food for his family," one Vietnamese Minister said to me. There is absolutely no doubt that the average soldier and the average civil servant cannot get along on their salaries. Senator Tran Van Don, the head of the Senate Defense Committee, who is one of the leaders of the political opposition to Thieu, has been travelling extensively around the country the past few weeks and has talked with many soldiers. "Everywhere I go, the one word I hear is *doi—doi, doi, doi*," Don says. The word means "hunger."

The Americans nod their heads and agree that things are out of joint, but they keep insisting that the Vietnamese must put their own economy in order, cut down on corruption and black-marketeering, prevent the outward flow of capital, limit unnecessary expenditures, and do a number of other things before any more aid will be granted. In a way, this is like telling a spoiled child that he has one day in which to learn to behave himself or he will be sent to reform school. Further, the Americans say that not until all these things are done can a sensible estimate be made of how much less it will cost to support one Vietnamese soldier than it has cost to support an American G.I. out here in the manner to which he is accustomed. (One guess is that the figure will be about seventy-five per cent less, which says something about what has sometimes been called "the beer-and-PX war.") At best, the situation will remain critical for the next two years—the shortest time in which the Vietnamese can hope to establish relative security after the American withdrawal. During this period, the Vietnamese will have to raise their income in part by increasing their exports and improving their miserable trade imbalance. Their receipts from taxes are virtually nil, but to reorganize a leaky tax structure at a time like this in such a way as to make the rich as well as the poor pay up overnight is a task that even the best of bureaucracies—and Saigon is one of the worst—would find difficult. Improvements can surely be made, but not enough of them can be made quickly enough to matter much.

Our criticisms particularly annoy the Vietnamese because they claim it is we who created the inflationary economy, by allowing the market to be flooded with luxury items to soak up piastres. Life has indeed been more comfortable for the private entrepreneur—the mason, the cyclo-driver, the whore—but not for those who are doing the fighting, in the field or in drab, fly-infested, un-air-conditioned offices. The whole economic problem, of course, is deeply enmeshed in politics, and here, too, the Americans are blamed—for having foisted an impossible Western system of democracy upon an underdeveloped country that can't possibly cope with it, especially in the midst of a brutal war. If that criticism is justified, then the Vietnamese must also bear some of the blame.

Several months ago, President Thieu considered trying to introduce an economic-austerity bill in the National Assembly, raising taxes as much as sevenfold on some luxury items such as foreign cars. The House of Representatives refused to accept the bill, so Thieu, acting under a decree that dated back to the time of Diem, imposed the measure anyway. A senator, acting as a private citizen, brought suit against the government in the Supreme Court, charging that the decree was illegal. By then, the government realized that the measure had not been properly prepared anyway and was full of anomalies. The able but sorely tried Minister of Economics, Pham Kim Ngoc, prepared a new measure that would rectify the discrepancies and began drawing up a list of items whose importation would be completely prohibited, such as machines that the Vietnamese could make or assemble themselves, cosmetics, fruits, and whiskey. The revamped austerity bill was passed late in April by the House and is now before the Senate. Meanwhile, the Supreme

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Court has declared the earlier measure illegal.

THE government's mishandling of the students' and veterans' problems grew steadily worse in April, during three weeks of demonstrations that were systematically broken up by police with tear gas—which they often threw into the wind and hence back into their own faces. The students were protesting initially against the reported torture of several of their number who had been arrested on charges of treason and subversive activities, and against the proposal that the accused be tried by a special military tribunal instead of by a civil court. Late in April, after Don's committee presented evidence to the Supreme Court that at least a third of the students had been beaten and tortured—or, in the case of the four girls, humiliated—that body ruled that such procedures were unconstitutional. The Court also clipped the wings of the military tribunal by ruling that its members had been illegally appointed and that its sentencing and appeal procedures were also unconstitutional. The government apparently got the message, for it admitted that some students had indeed been tortured—something that it had earlier denied vehemently. As things look now, the chances that any verdict of the military tribunal will be upheld are slight, even though the government claims to have firm evidence that at least four of the students had direct contact with the Vietcong. While the government attempted to mollify the students further by recognizing their union, their response was to take to the streets again. As of this week, the government has shut down all schools in the Saigon area.

The students have now become the spearhead of opposition to the government. The situation thus differs from that during the crises that occurred between 1964 and 1966, in which the Buddhists set the opposition course with the students following their example. Now some militant Buddhist leaders have joined the student-protest movement, while others, including Thich Tri Quang, the monk who led the 1963 campaign against Diem, are lying low. This week, students and militant Buddhists joined to forcibly occupy the National Pagoda, in the center of Saigon, in protest against the government—which, in turn, dispatched troops to oust them. On Wednesday, in a tragic echo of the affair at Kent State, four people were killed by soldiers clearing the pagoda.

As for the veterans, what began as

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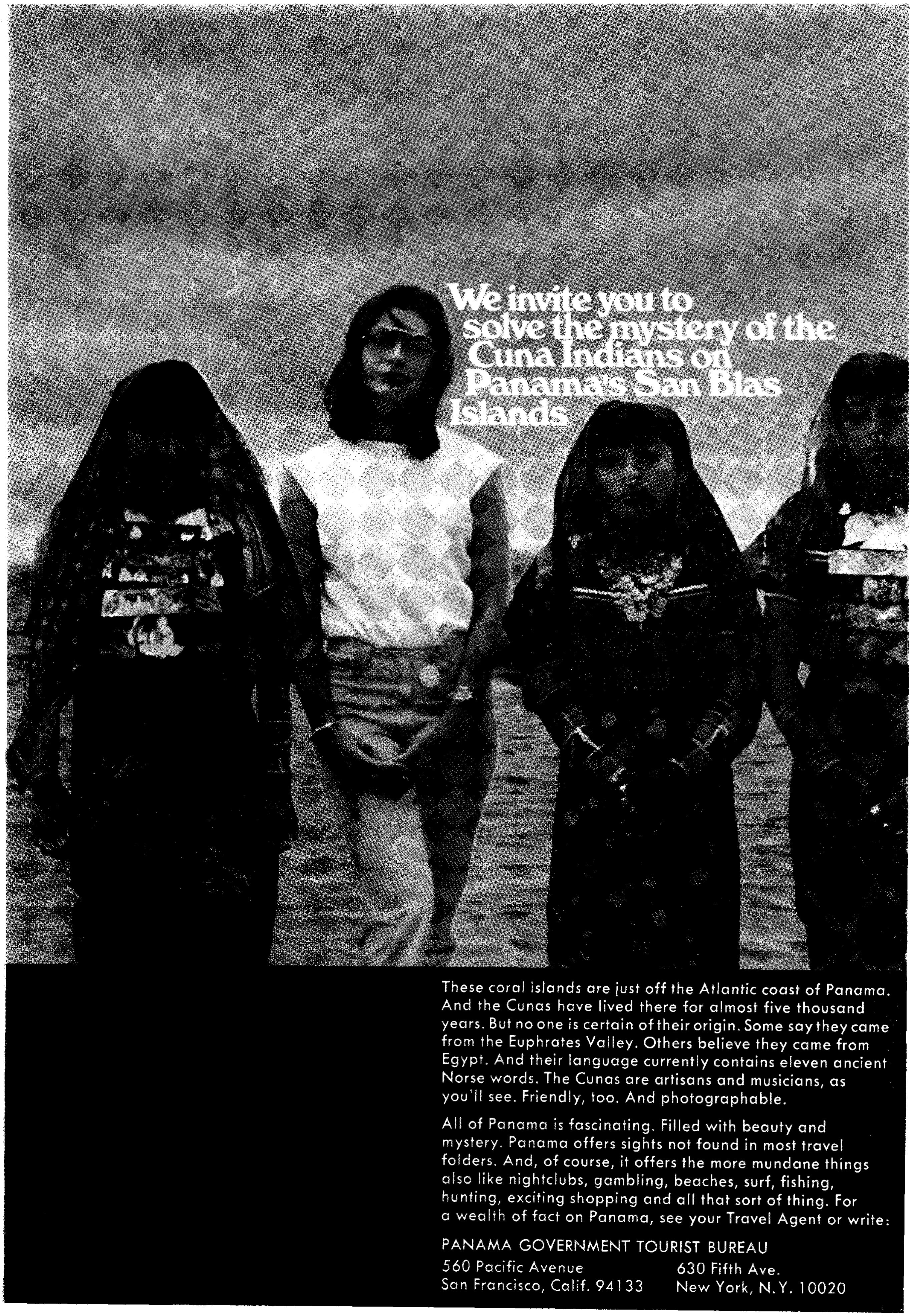
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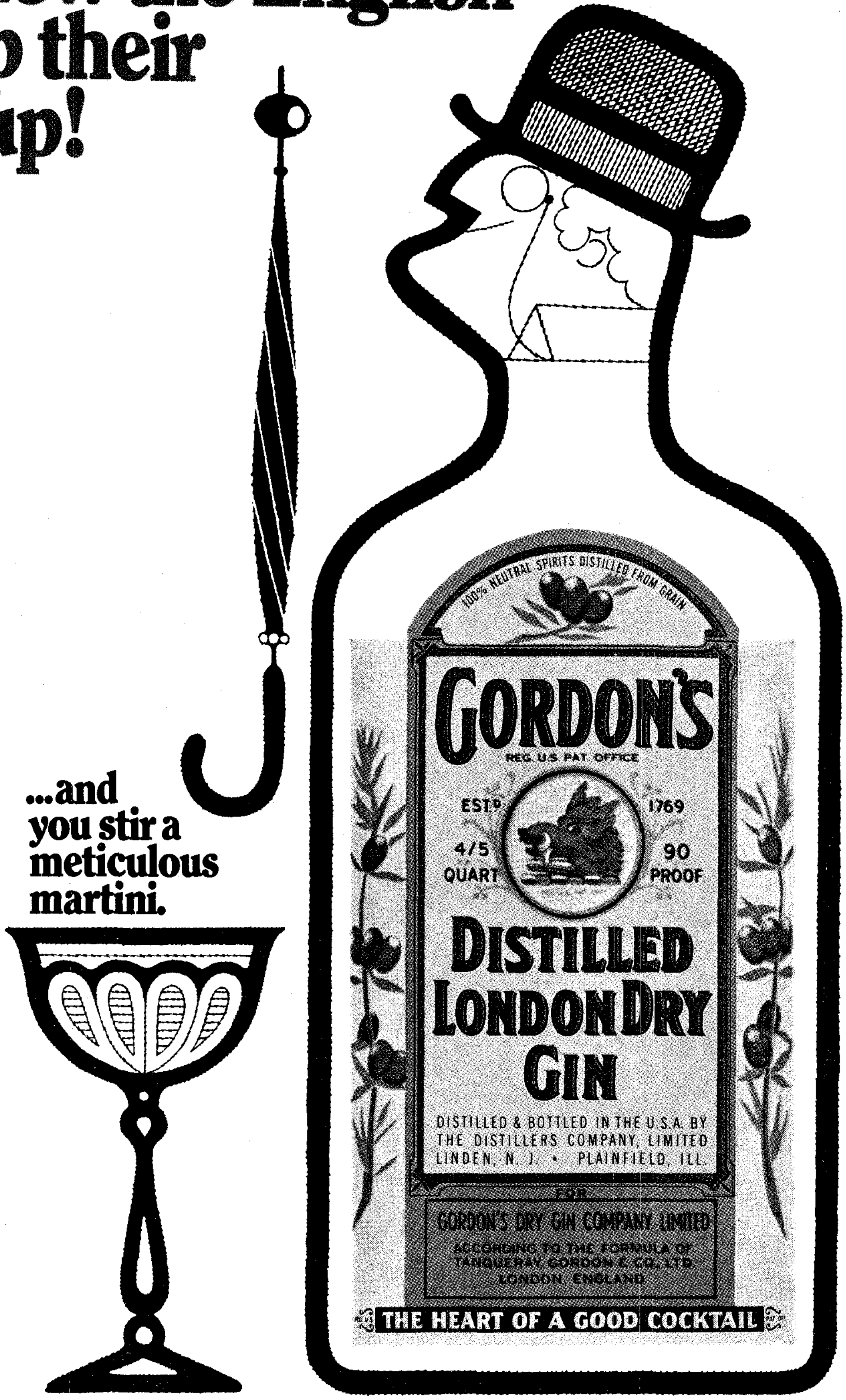
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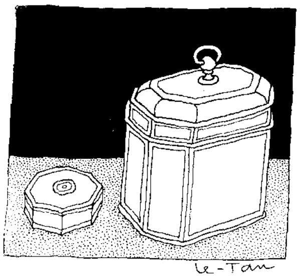
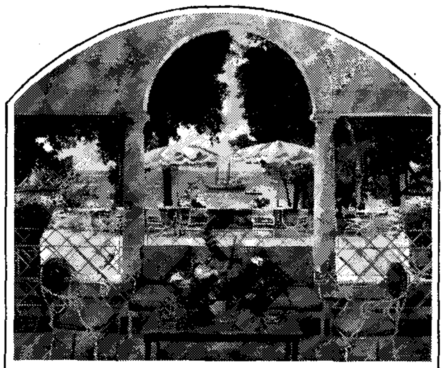
a legitimate protest against a lack of adequate housing and financial support for disabled ex-soldiers has become another *cause célèbre*, for government inaction resulted in other elements' taking up the veterans' cause for their own purposes and helping them put shacks on government and private property. Belatedly, the government then moved to give the veterans more benefits, especially housing, but by this time they had joined with the students and other dissidents in a whole rash of demonstrations. On April 28th, at a soirée for ex-generals held by Senator Don (an ex-general himself), Duong Van Minh, the nominal leader of the anti-Diem coup in 1963, who is acting more and more like a man who wants to run against Thieu for President in 1971, expressed sympathy for both the students and the veterans. Minh warned that if the government continues its blindly oppressive policies, soldiers on active duty will soon join the fight—"a disaster that must be avoided."

A particular source of embarrassment here in recent months, for both the government and the Americans, has been the case of Tran Ngoc Chau, an able former province chief and former head of the government's pacification headquarters, who has many friends among the Americans. Chau, who left the pacification job and entered the National Assembly in 1967, subsequently had a number of contacts with a brother, Tran Ngoc Hien, a dedicated Communist who was arrested last year in a spy roundup here. Few people doubt that Chau remains a dedicated anti-Communist, but he has the misfortune of also being known as a dedicated opponent of Thieu, whose ire he has aroused by talk about a coalition government. In February, the military, under Thieu's orders, seizing the pretext of Chau's contacts with Hien and flouting his presumed immunity as an Assemblyman, dragged him from the Assembly building and before a military court that sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment. Chau maintained that he had reported his conversations with Hien to the C.I.A., and for this reason and others it was felt that our embassy should have come to his defense. The Supreme Court has, for the moment at least, rectified matters by throwing out the military verdict, but Thieu's unjust action, and our embassy's unjustified inaction, will remain on the record.



The Supreme Court has thus momentarily emerged as the conscience of the foundering Second Republic. Though it is by no means certain that the Court will be able to retain that role, what it has done so far adds up to one of the most encouraging developments since the 1967 Presidential elections. It is becoming more and more apparent that Thieu is moving in the direction of what some of his aides have politely described as "clear-sighted dictatorship." Most observers, however, doubt his ability to be either clear-sighted or, for that matter, an efficient dictator. More and more Vietnamese are blaming the Americans for having sponsored him and then nursed him to the point where he has isolated himself from almost everyone except his inner Cabinet and the few Americans who see him regularly. He speaks constantly of "national salvation," but he seldom mentions the necessity of adhering to legal principles and constitutional procedures, and so far various attempts he has made to form a political party of his own with "clear-sighted" aims have failed. The blunt truth is that Thieu is unsure of himself and mistrustful of almost all Vietnamese outside the palace, and that American efforts to build him up, give him confidence, and "bend" him to be more liberal have collapsed.

Several weeks ago, Vice-President Ky, who has been trying, partly at the suggestion of the Americans, to get Thieu to delegate some authority to him or to others, had a long talk with the President, during which they compared their situation to an automobile race. "Thieu said I wanted to go too fast," Ky later told me. "He said that I might reach the finish line first, but that there was also a chance that I would have an accident en route, while he could be sure of arriving safely. I asked him, 'What's the sense of entering the race in the first place if you don't try to win? And if you go too slow the spectators will want their money back.' " Ky told me that he had tried repeatedly to move Thieu to action, and that Thieu had often agreed but then had failed to follow through. "Some people say Thieu is a dictator," Ky said. "Actually, he is too weak to be a dictator. And he doesn't learn from his mistakes. What he most lacks



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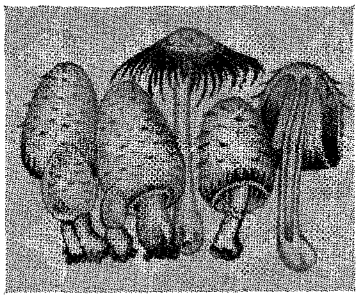

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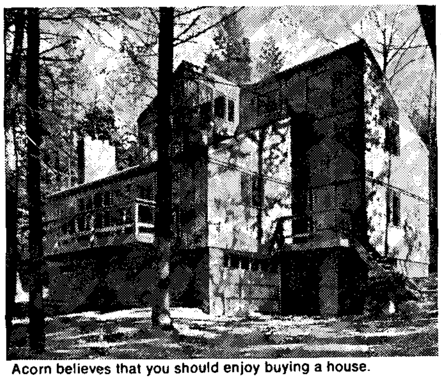

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is confidence in himself. As for those, like Don and Minh, who are willing to help him if he would let them, it's too late—not for them, but for Thieu."

In view of all that is happening in South Vietnam, the Cambodian adventure may well prove disastrous. I can think of no better summation than to quote from an open letter published a short time ago by Senator Thai Lang Nghiem, an ardent anti-Communist and the official spokesman for Senator Don's political group. "The people's confidence is now frozen, their hope has now disappeared," Nghiem wrote. "Early in this Year of the Dog, we are witnessing the bankruptcy of the regime's political authority, the failure of all efforts to build up a Second Republic. Many had hoped that the beaten path of failures would have served as an example to the new leaders, but they are now advancing along the same path, following the same political ground rules that were used by the old leaders. Old and new leaders come from the same social strata—those which used to be controlled by foreigners, the scum of society that floats on the surface of the boiling social pot." Nghiem went on to speak of "the impotence and the blind, unjustified pride that have dominated our lives for so many years," and continued, "The heart of the matter is not the offensive of the Communists but the dirty nature of our own people, our own leaders. Our minds are dirty, our hearts are dirty. It is clear that we are up to our necks in corruption. It has entered our bloodstream, our lungs, our hearts. It is no longer an individual disease. It is systematized. It has got hold of the whole regime. Corruption comes from the organization of power. To stamp out corruption means to reorganize power—in this case, political power, political institutions. Power must be put back in the hands of the people. The New Year of the Dog is the New Year of general fatigue, of a feeling of pain after being beaten up."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

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Middle of May, when the iris blows,
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Poseidon   torso of Eros
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THE RACE TRACK

Preakness Time

AND now we come to the second of the season's classics for three-year-olds—the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore this weekend. There will be a smaller field than there was for the Kentucky Derby—probably no more than fourteen starters, only about half of whom ran at Churchill Downs. Also, the race—a mile and three-sixteenths—is half a furlong shorter than the Derby. Of course, such facts change the picture, but the Preakness will be a good show. It usually is. Picking the winner—that's a horse of another color. I shan't bore you with trying to assess Oh Fudge and Robin's Bug among the probable runners. (Just for that, I suppose they'll run one, two.) I do think the route is not far enough for High Echelon, who was third in the Derby, and is too far for Silent Screen, who was in front at a mile in the Derby but finished fifth. The trio from which the winner may come are My Dad George, Personality, and Dust Commander. My Dad George is a thoroughly genuine individual, who is always right there, or thereabouts. It would be a mistake to write off Personality because of his failure in the Derby. Drawing an outside post position was handicap enough to begin with; then, getting into close quarters in the soft footing finished his chances. With better racing luck, he'll go well. As for Dust Commander, the day after winning the Derby he developed a swelling—horsemen call it a filling—in his left front ankle, which may have been caused by the bump he got at the start of the race. Happily, the injury responded to treatment, and X-rays showed that no harm was done. So he went to Pimlico. He was the best horse in the Derby, and if he stays sound and likes the track, I believe he'll rise to the occasion again.

TIME was when the Withers Mile was the first of the classics for three-year-olds, but with the changing scene it has lost its importance. Coming, as it does now, between the Derby and the Preakness, it's just the seventh race on the card. But the ninety-fifth running at Aqueduct last Saturday was a smasher. Hagley took the lead quickly and, except for a brief interval when Cut the Comedy passed him on the turn for home, led the eight other runners all the way to win by a couple of lengths from Delaware Chief. Tatoi was a couple of lengths farther back. Hagley's time by quarters was 0:22⅘, 0:45⅕, 1:09⅖, and 1:34⅘, which is noteworthy, to say the least. However, the most important horse running at Aqueduct that afternoon was Ribofilio, who, making his first start in this country, lost by a mere nose to Beau Brummel in a mile-and-a-sixteenth gallop over the turf course. Ribofilio, a really magnificent bay son of Ribot, was top of England's Free Handicap at two but was something of a problem last season, so his owner, Charles Engelhard, sent him over here to Mack Miller, who will no doubt train him into another Assagai, the runner who was tops on the grass a few years ago.

Altogether, Aqueduct and the weather combined to produce the most delightful racing I've enjoyed since Handicap Day at Santa Anita. The management at the Big A was pleased, too; it had another five-million-dollar day.

SPEAKING of races on the grass, jot down a victory for Fort Marcy. The old boy not only beat War Censor, Jungle Cove, and seven others, to whom he gave weight in chunks, in the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico last Saturday but ran the mile and a half in 2:27⅖, which is a new course record. By the way, Arts and Letters will run in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park this weekend. Oh, well, life's just one winner after another for Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable and its trainer, Elliott Burch.

COLONEL MARTINGALE's off for Baltimore in the morning.

—AUDAX MINOR

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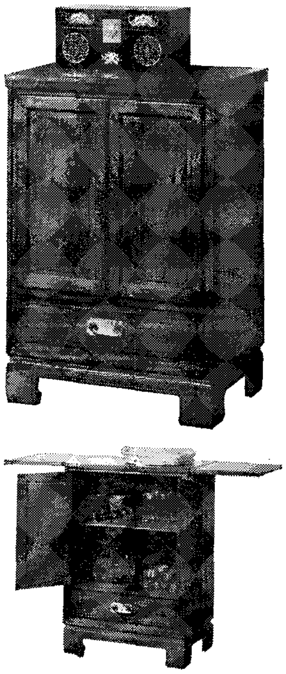

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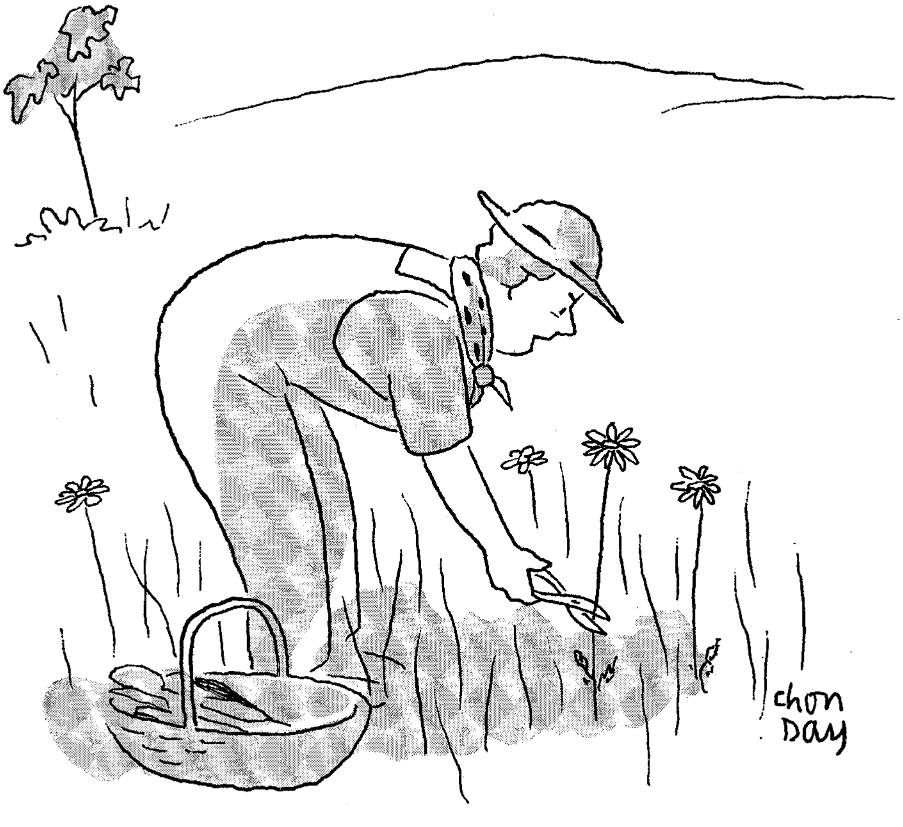
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 9

WHIRL is King, and Richard Nixon is First Minister. Except as Commander-in-Chief of his vast armies and armadas of ships and aircraft, he seems powerless, or nearly so. He can speak more civilly of and to his critics, and perhaps he can leash his snarling deputy, who last night in Idaho dropped some ugly lines from his text—not, Spiro Agnew explained, because they were ugly but because they had been written by a ghost and did not reflect his unique sensibility. Nixon has twice this week listened to and talked with some student protesters, and he did not berate them. But he cannot gain control of events by bonhomie or civility, or by forbearance in the face of incivility. What is at issue is not manner or style but policy. In his appearance on television last night, he seemed conciliatory, and even apologetic, but the policy remains substantially unaltered, and his detractors remain unpersuaded and unappeased. They would prefer a rude peacemaker to a polite warmaker. And one suspects that he lost some favor with those who continue to support his policies; to anyone who opposes conciliation, his efforts at it must reveal not strength or dignity of character but weakness under pressure. There is as yet no measure of his losses in congressional support, but there will be within the next few days. Without doubt, the invasion of Cambodia has produced defections in the legislative branch, and it now seems entirely possible that for the first time an anti-war majority exists in the Senate. Whether it could force, or stay, the President's hand in Indo-China is questionable, but an effort will be made next week.

There is almost as much trouble within the palace as without. The Administration that Nixon formed nearly a year and a half ago now seems less an Administration than a jerry-built governmental conglomerate in the process of dismantling itself. The department heads and the lesser bureaucrats are having at one another in intemperate and impolitic language, and seem united mainly in their resentment of the treatment accorded them by members of the White House staff, whom they accuse of lying to the President and to them and of behaving with insolence to all who question their judgment. There have been and will continue to be resignations, perhaps in unprecedented numbers. Two hundred and fifty State Department officials have formally registered their opposition to the Cambodian adventure, which they are employed to justify and defend. If there is widespread opposition in State, there must be at least as much in most other branches. If it is true that Robert Finch has as much as suggested any kind of complicity on the part of Spiro Agnew in the Kent State killings, it scarcely seems possible that he can continue to serve. The Secretary of the Interior's letter to the President amounted to an accusation of gross Presidential negligence and dereliction, and was thus an act of patent insubordination. The Secretary of State is reported to have encouraged his colleague in this act. The Secretaries of State and Defense have said little about the parts they played or did not play in the decision to go into Cambodia, but it is plain that their enthusiasm was and is limited and that their participation was minimal. Most of what discussion there was seems to have taken place not in the National Security Council but in something called the Washington Special Action Group, to which neither William Rogers nor Melvin Laird belonged. While this group was holding regular sessions late in April, Rogers told a congressional committee, "We recognize that if we escalate and we get involved in Cambodia with our ground troops that our whole program is defeated." And four days before the Cambodian announcement was made, at a time when the President is said to have already made up his mind, Laird, in a taped interview for *U.S. News & World Report*, said that the Cambodians should defend themselves, and that, for his part, he would even "rule out the use of U.S. advisers" with the Cambodian Army.

The Administration was, to be sure, in poor shape before Cambodia. There had been an uncommon amount of infighting since the early days—much of it the inevitable product of Nixon's effort to put together a government of factionalists. The revolt in the State Department over Cambodia is led by men who were opposed to war anywhere in Indo-China; they might as reasonably have deplored the extension of the war into Laos—an earlier development, but one that is hardly different in principle or lack of principle. (It differs in being smaller and in being largely clandestine and under the management of the C.I.A.) But before Cambodia there seemed at least a chance that tensions in the government and in the country might somehow be lessened. Few observers here took "Vietnamization" seriously as a plan for the South Vietnamese, but it seemed to be going over in this country, and de-escalation was slowly taking place. Spiro Agnew was still talking, but fewer were listening, and he seemed some-



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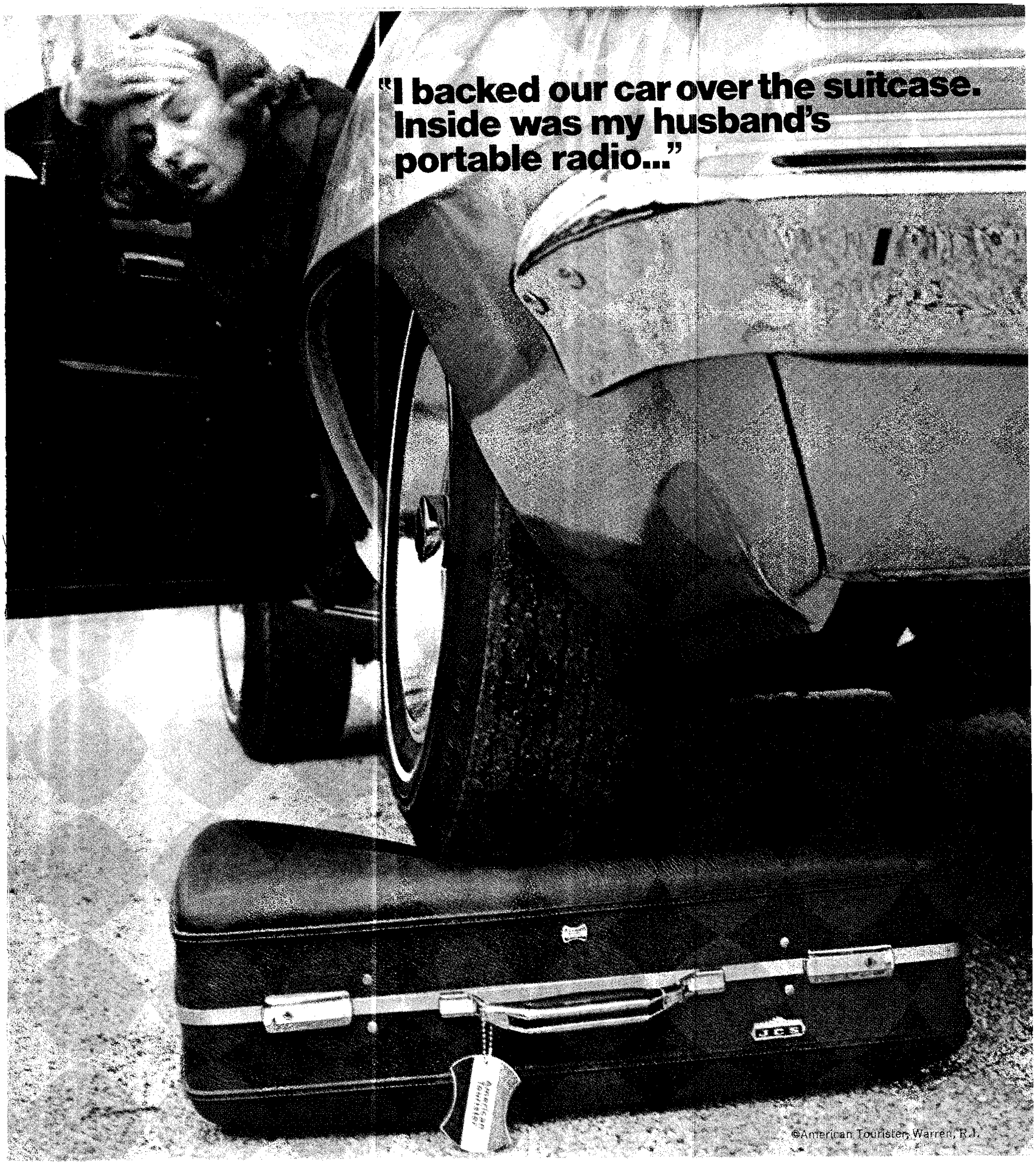
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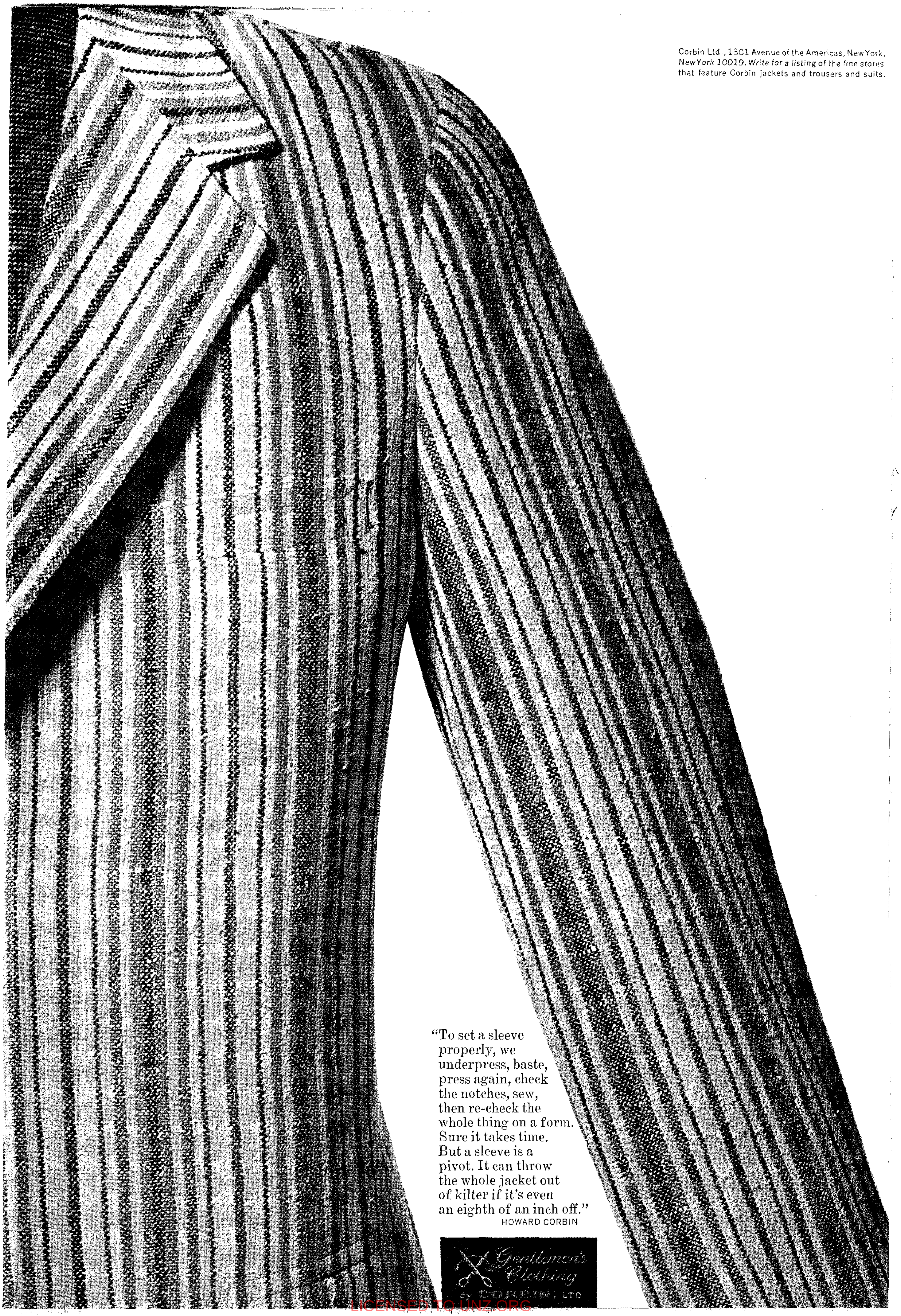

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thing of a spent force except in those redoubts of reaction that used to applaud every sentence Joe McCarthy uttered. Efforts were being made to compose differences within the Administration. The Attorney General went as far as to defend the Supreme Court and, by implication, some of the decisions the President had denounced in 1968. What was predictable all along, however, was that one more war would be disastrous, even if it could be defended by the argument that it would ease the withdrawal process in Vietnam, and even if it could be said that the Cambodians welcomed our intervention. Coming from the Nixon Administration, such defenses would have been judged according to their source, not according to their merits—if any—by the young and by millions of their elders. Nor would they be accepted by many other governments, some of which might subscribe to the military rationale but would nevertheless feel compelled to oppose the action for political and diplomatic reasons. It was presumably the domestic and international considerations that weighed most heavily with the Secretaries of State and Defense and with other skeptics within the government. To what extent they conveyed their misgivings and the reasons for them to the President may never be known. But they would have been derelict if they had not given him their assessments at some point. In any case, he reached his decision on military grounds and put aside all other considerations. This can be said with some assurance not because anyone is privy to all his thoughts but because of an abundance of evidence that the reaction took him greatly by surprise.

It is the duty of Presidential advisers to weigh the probable consequences of any contemplated act—an administrative appointment, the initiation of a new government program or the abandonment of an old one, a tour of the provinces, the launching of a war—and to be as sure as possible that the President understands their assessments. A Chief Executive can hardly function without counsel of this kind, and in most cases he has little choice but to accept what he is told. He cannot judge the wisdom of building a post office in one place rather than another, or appraise the character of every officeholder he appoints or dismisses. But what Richard Nixon should have known without being told by anyone was that the invasion of Cambodia in April of 1970 would have the most extreme repercussions here and

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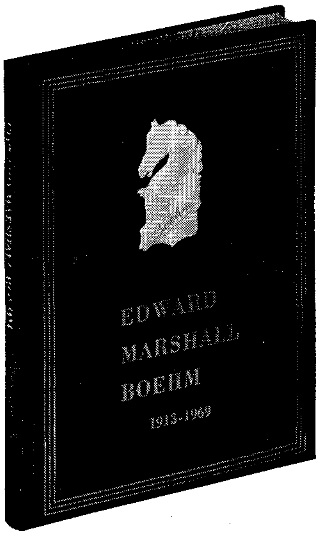

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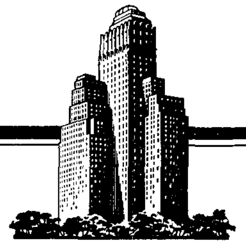
abroad. On matters of this sort, the President himself—and particularly this President—should be the world's leading authority. He owed his election as President in 1968 to the divisive effects of the war in Asia, and he owed his election as Vice-President sixteen years earlier to the divisive effects of another war in Asia. He understood Lyndon Johnson's fate and was determined not to suffer a similar one. In his speech announcing the invasion, he did remark that his decision might prove politically unwise, and that he might be sacrificing a second term. But this at the time seemed an expression of self-pity, injected to win sympathy. In any case, what should have been his and everyone else's concern was not the election in 1972 but the state of the Union in 1970. And this, it seemed, was far from his major concern in those days when he was plotting his course.

How, properly warned or not by his advisers, he could have miscalculated so gravely is now a question in everyone's mind. The fashionable explanation is that of Presidential isolation. This theory is most expertly and authoritatively set forth in a recent book, "The Twilight of the Presidency," by George Reedy, a brilliant former journalist who served Lyndon Johnson in the Senate and in the White House. Briefly and too simply put, it is that a man stops being an American citizen once he becomes President. His world becomes that of an absolute monarch. Courtiers bathe him in flattery. He is told only what he wants to hear. No one is allowed to see him who will not gratify his mounting taste for praise and concurrence. And so on. No doubt there is a lot to this, and it may go part of the way toward explaining Nixon's recent behavior as well as Lyndon Johnson's in his Presidential years. Walter Hickel's letter was a plea for the President to come out of isolation. But the theory is inadequate as an explanation of Nixon's misreading—if that is what it was—of the country's mood and temper. Lyndon Johnson was quite a special case. Washington and Texas were the only worlds he really knew. He surrounded himself with courtiers long before he became President. When he took office, his support was nearly universal. Nixon, on the other hand, has an extraordinary knowledge of American life and a fair knowledge of the world. Those around him may do their best to shield him from unpleasantness, but they cannot altogether succeed in doing so, for he has known adversity even as President. He has to deal with



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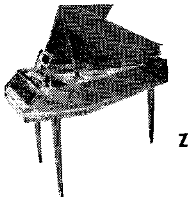

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an opposition Congress, and if the opposition's leaders refrain from harsh criticism in his presence, their criticism is made known to him by their votes on the House and Senate floors. He follows the election returns. It is inconceivable that he does not on occasion remind himself that he has won only a single election on his own in twenty years—and that by the slimmest of margins.

In his book, Reedy comes to the conclusion that the institution of the Presidency may be nearing its end as an effective agency of government. That seems a melancholy prospect, for in recent decades the Presidency has been the one agency that seemed responsive to public grievances. Regal or not in their conditions of life, most of our last several Presidents have been tribunes of the people. At the same time, though, most recent Presidents have been war leaders, and it would seem to be this circumstance that does most to explain what happened to Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. It is not that they were unaware, because of being overprotected and uninformed, of the consequences of their martial activities but, rather, that when forced to choose between the advice of generals and the advice of civilians they almost invariably sided with the generals. It may be, of course, that this in itself is to be explained by the circumstance that the Presidency seems to be taking on many of the aspects of a monarchy: most kings have been obsessed with war and with the doings of their commanders. Whatever the case, it seems beyond dispute that when Richard Nixon, despite all the bad advice he has been given by generals, had to choose between what his military men thought he should do for their pursuit of the war in Indo-China and what many of his civilian advisers thought he should do for the pursuit of peace in this country, he retired to Camp David, meditated there, and came out to give the military what it wanted. And he was surprised by the storm he raised not because of any oversight on his part but, rather, because of his by now reflexive assumption that the military considerations are the paramount ones. He has become an addict of sorts. If this is what the Presidency is today—an office for rubber-stamping "O.K." on war plans—its eclipse might be a blessing. Or perhaps, since Dwight Eisenhower was the only recent President who did not seem to share the obsession, the office should henceforth be reserved for retired generals who don't think much of other generals.

—Richard H. Rovere

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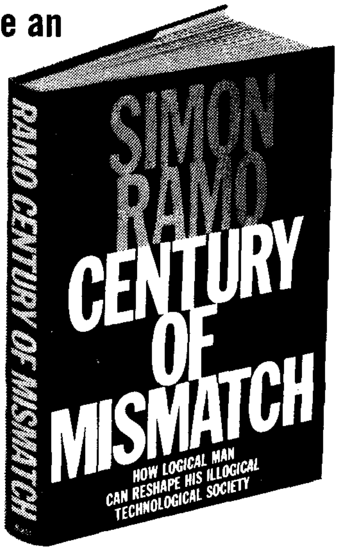
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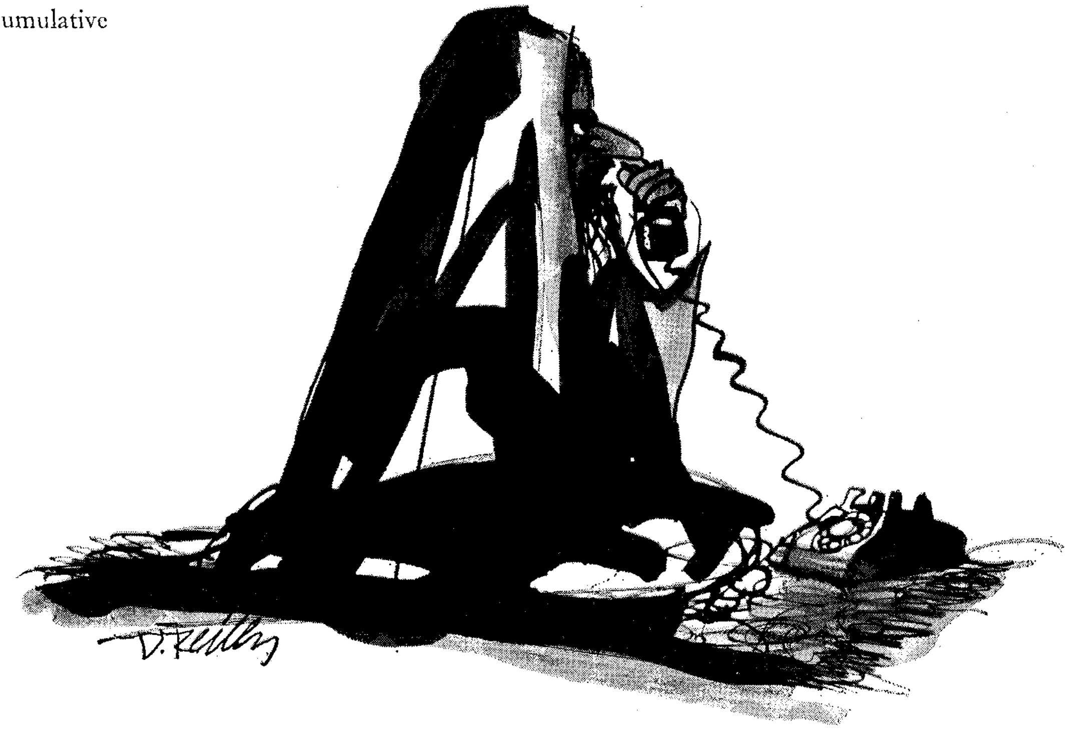
BOOKS

Telling It The Way It Was

"HARD TIMES: AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION," by Studs Terkel (Pantheon), is a beautiful book. It is more than that; it is a folk song—as clear and to its purpose as "Simple Gifts"—composed by American voices to celebrate and commemorate the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Terkel has orchestrated a hundred and sixty of these voices to tell us, in their own words, what it was like back then. The folklore of the thirties is terribly well documented. Most of us, and not just those who lived through those days, have been over-indoctrinated in the conjure-words of the period: breadline, lockout, sitdown, Hooverville, Blue Eagle; most of us have read, and nodded over, a dozen worthy histories of the slump. If "Hard Times" were just another one, we would all be justified in leaving it on our coffee tables or, better still, back in the warehouse. But it's not. Mr. Terkel, a brilliant radio interviewer, has gone on the road to track down the stories of scores of Americans, a few of them great but most of them ordinary men and women who made and were made by the Depression years. What comes through in their individual stories—and even more strongly in the cumulative effect of all of them—is a sense of solidarity in adversity, of a willingness to reach out to others, of an ability to see others not as households of accreted possessions but as naked human beings. The Depression had the virtues of its faults: by striking status and impedimenta away from people, it made it both possible and necessary for their similarly stricken fellows to see them plain. If, in the words of the song, " 'tis a gift to come down where you ought to be," that was the gift of the thirties to America. In the birth of that paradoxical nation of the simultaneously desperate and clear-sighted was the rebirth of some elemental American principles: truth, justice, and fraternity.

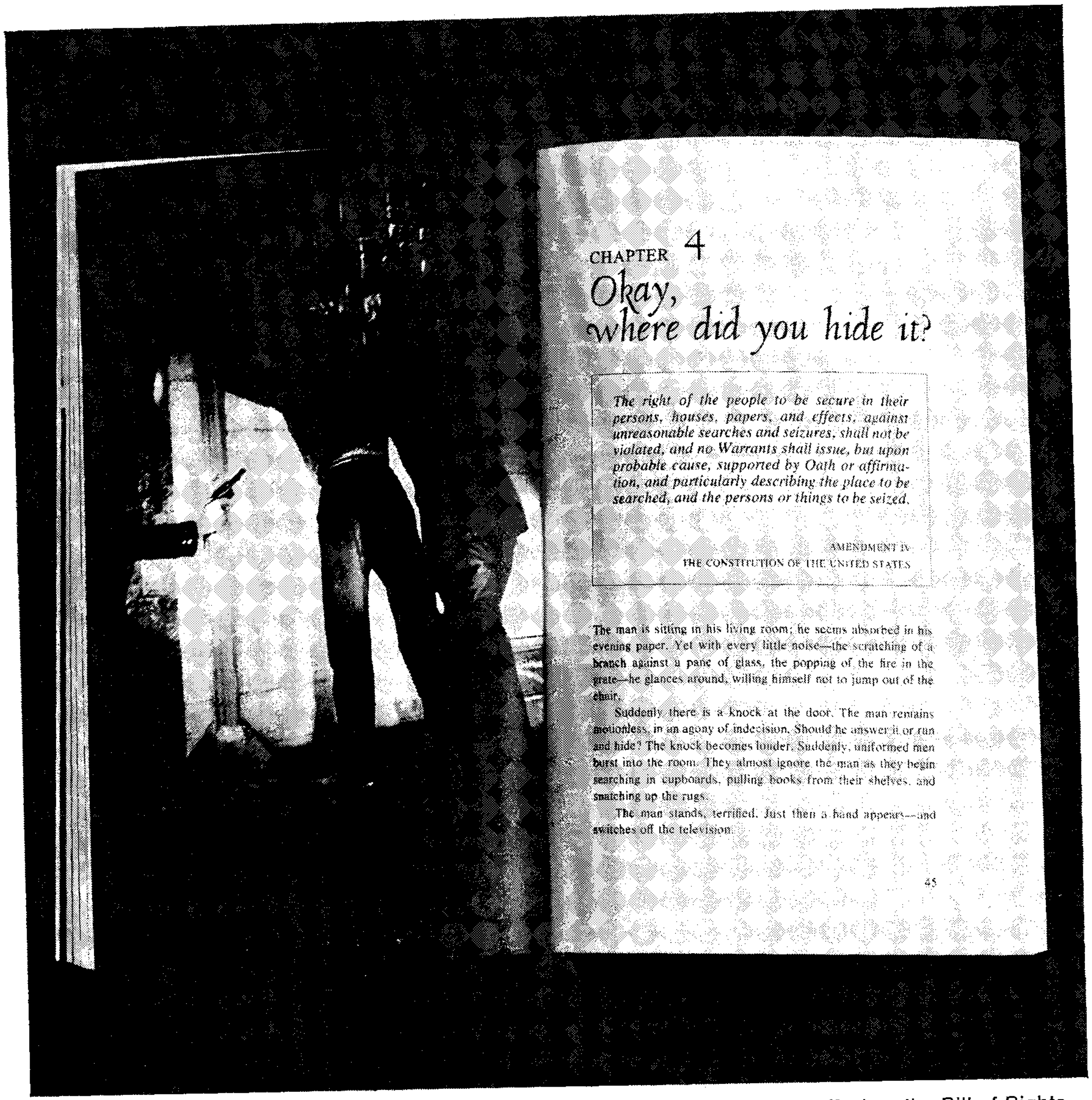
Taken all together, these stories begin to sum up some of the things we may have lost in this country since war came, with affluence just after it. Taken singly, though, a surprising number of them ring a distinctively personal note—the sound of one man talking, the music of a single human voice. And this is what makes "Hard Times" the essential—in both senses—book it is. No two of these people are anything alike, and few are even similar. Nor are their stories, which offer an astonishing variety of ways in which people reacted to and grappled with adversity forty years ago. Jim Sheridan, a bonus marcher to Washington, tells how the railroad trainmen at division points added empty boxcars to freight trains to help the marchers on their way; Frank Czerwonka, who left Chicago to hire out as an itinerant worker, talks about professional criminals on the bum; Robin Langston, the son of a black restaurant owner in the South, recalls how his father taught him self-respect; Phyllis Lorimer, who grew up in a shabby-genteel family in Greenwich, recounts how she found a sense of freedom in her first job, as a chorus girl; Bob Stinson, a retired automobile worker, remembers the unity and exhilaration of the first sitdown strikes; Diana Morgan, who calls herself a "Southern belle," tells how she became a social worker and was moved by the experience; Doc Graham, a retired confidence man, recalls in florid language the criminal life of Chicago in the thirties; Harry Terrell and Oscar Heline, a farmer and a farm lobbyist, remember the farm foreclosures in Iowa and the steps they took against them; Saul Alinsky discusses the practical problems of organizing the poor in Chicago; Scoop Lankford, an ex-convict, describes the insulated life in a penitentiary during the Depression years. And so on.

If there are conclusions to be drawn from "Hard Times," they can, I think, be set down like this: First, the Depression was in some ways an ennobling experience. Second, it created a generation of almost compulsively close and prudent people (perhaps the celebrated "silent majority" of today), and probably a second generation of largely acquisitive ones as well. Third, to judge by the comments of the few young people interviewed by Terkel, the third generation has very little conception of what the Depression meant, and even less equipment to deal with economic hardship if it should return. Whatever the conclusions, I hope you will read the book. There is nothing



"Increase meditation and chanting to every two hours and call me in the morning."

You can feel it.
The anxiety.
The dread. The panic.



CHAPTER 4

Okay,
where did you hide it?

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The man stands, terrified. Just then a hand appears—and switches off the television.

45

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remotely like it; unless my ear has failed me, there is no other record as full and as faithful of the American voices of the time before our time.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WHITE LAND, by William Dieter (Knopf). This first novel, set in Montana in the eighteen-eighties, opens with a crackle of high tension—an unspoken clash of personality between a Kansas cowman who has driven ten thousand cattle north for wintering and a young Montana ranchman whose sheltered range he has contracted to use. It is a superb scene, and electric with dramatic promise. But it ends, and Mr. Dieter gradually loses control, his characters blur, and his book slides away in an unheard-of blizzard (of maybe supernatural origin) that destroys the herd, cuts the cast to a convenient handful (the cowman, the ranchman, a simmering spinster, an apathetic crippled boy, a sinister Indian), reveals them all as near hysterics, pits the Kansan in a battle that lasts for weeks against wave after wave of ravening wolves, and produces a dutiful ornamentation of symbols: a Seventh Cavalry guidon from the Little Bighorn, a brace of Arctic snowy owls, a one-horned bull, a mysterious stationary density of snow. There is also a thematic homily—"All understanding starts with humility"—and a happy ending, with the cripple cured, the spinster satisfied, and a few cattle surviving.

GENERAL

THE GRASS OF OBLIVION, by Valentin Katayev, translated from the Russian and with an introduction by Robert Daglish (McGraw-Hill). When the author of these memoirs, a Russian writer and editor, was a schoolboy poet in Odessa before the First World War, he met and was encouraged by Ivan Bunin, who was already an established writer. A tutorial intimacy persisted for several years after the war, until Bunin, who mistrusted Bolshevism, emigrated. Katayev placed his hopes in the Revolution and moved to Moscow, where he became a close friend of another great Russian writer, the poet Mayakovski, who later committed suicide. Exile and suicide are not happy themes (one of Mayakovski's mourners in the book is Isaac

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Babel, later killed by the government), but then the lot of Russian writers has not been happy. Katayev's memoirs, though, are not self-pitying. His account of these two men and their circles, of himself when young, and of past places and times is extremely refined and, at the same time, very grand. Humor, sorrow, history, delicacy—in a word, art.

THE TREASURE OF SUTTON HOO, by Bernice Grohskopf (Atheneum). Sutton Hoo is an estate in Suffolk, England, where in 1939 (just before the outbreak of the Second World War) an archeological excavation revealed what has been identified as a cenotaph for an Anglo-Saxon king of the seventh century. This cenotaph took the form of a buried ship some eighty feet long, stocked with a treasure of armor, weapons, jewelry, ornamental utensils, and coins, and its recent meticulous examination by a company of specialists in many fields (art history, linguistics, literature, numismatics, biological chemistry, botany, ornithology, geology, music, navigation) under the direction of the British Museum has shown it to be a blaze of illumination of the Dark Ages. It is literally an illustration (and an authentication) of "Beowulf." In this lively work of living scholarship, Mrs. Grohskopf, an American enthusiast, describes the mounting excitement of the dig, the appraisal, and the continuing interpretation of the priceless find. Illustrated with photographic reproductions of the more important treasures, and a map.

MYSELVES WHEN YOUNG, by Frank Budgen (Oxford). The early autobiography of the English painter, now in his eighties, who is also the author of the authoritative "James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses.'" Mr. Budgen lived in his youth a number of different lives, and he recalls them here in their strange and episodic succession—a childhood oppressed by the ravings of the millennialist Brother Prince (who believed himself a reincarnation of Christ), an adolescence spent on an anchored square-rigger of the Marine Society (where poor boys were trained as merchant seamen), a hitch on a coal schooner, a spell as a sorter at the London General Post Office and as a militant lockstep Socialist (from which he emerged in agreement with Nietzsche that "Napoleon was the most anticipatory man of

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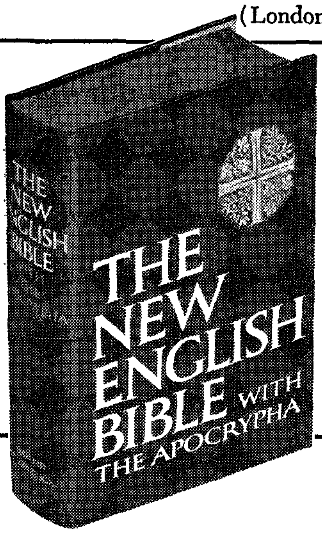

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our age"), a term as an art student in Paris ("These were the days when if you were not at least half mad or if your pretenses to that condition were unconvincing you were considered to be a bourgeois"), and the four years of the First World War as a British propagandist in Zurich, where his long friendship with Joyce began. All of the lives are worth remembering, and it is a true experience to relive them with him. Photographs.

CARNIVAL, by Arthur H. Lewis (Trident). An affectionate, high-spirited look at an American subculture—that of the people who work in travelling carnivals. The author discovered that, like many other American enterprises, carnivals have grown bigger and better organized; to retain the good will of their patrons and to protect their substantial investments, the owners now insist that every sideshow and every game be honest. But Mr. Lewis's account of a pair of old-timers reminiscing about the huge repertory of ingenious cheats and con games they no longer practice is wickedly diverting. Younger carnival workers can be marvellously articulate, too; quite a few of them—clowns and barkers—admit they are would-be actors.

LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS, by Antony Alpers (Crowell). A collection of myths, legends, tales, and chants from the many different cultures of Polynesia, culled from old sources and in some cases retranslated by the author, a New Zealander who now teaches English in Canada. The introduction and notes are scholarly and useful, there is a prefatory note on the pronunciation of Polynesian words and a glossary in the index, and the illustrations are copious and delightful. Highly recommended.

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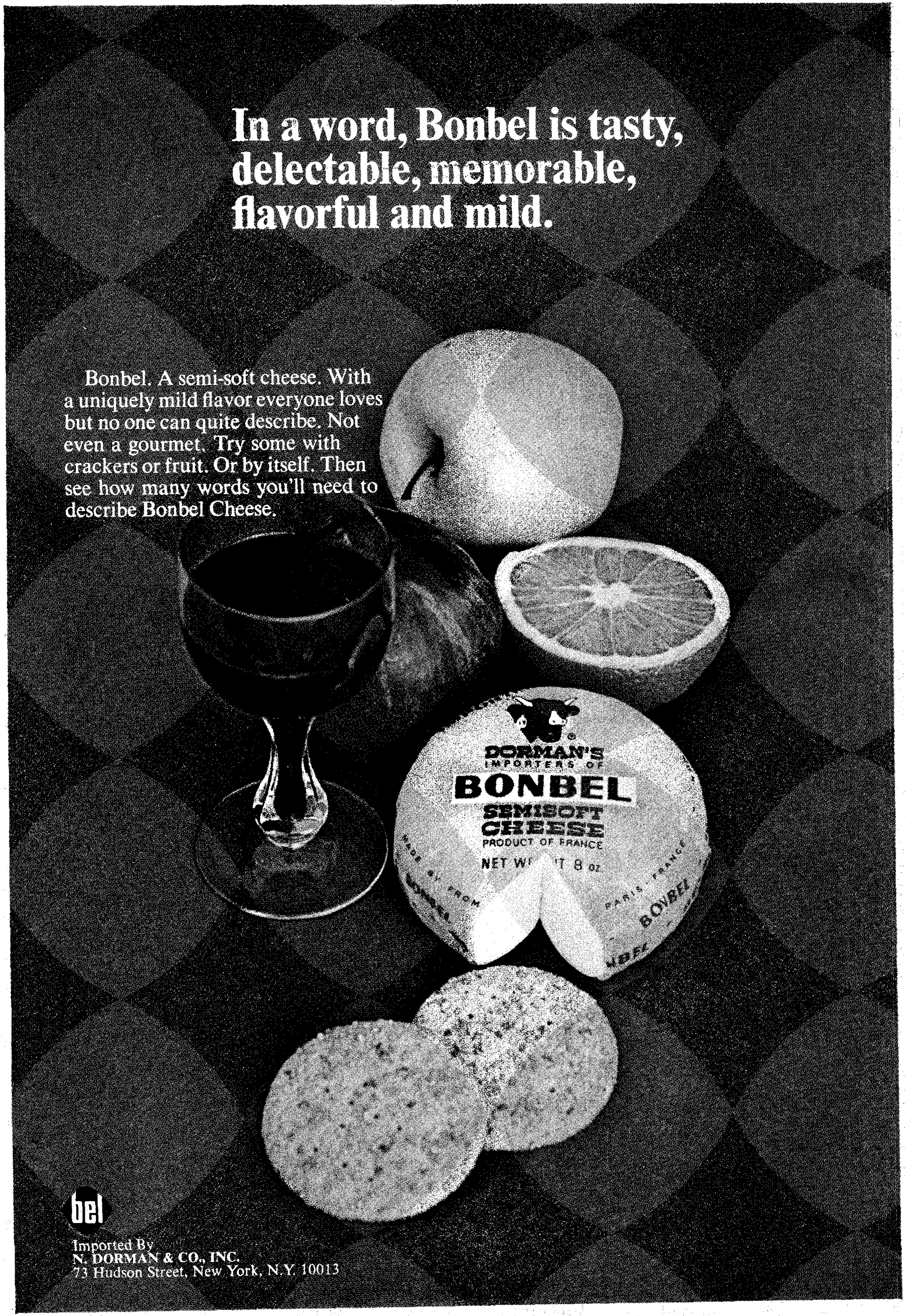
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